shelved with main collection
EEM

T.R. N.C

Cl. 378.756 Bk. J833Q

TRINITY COLLEGE
LIBRARY C
DURHAM : NORTH CAROLINA

TRINITATIS COLLEGIUM, N.C.
ERUDITIO ET RELIGIO

Rec'd Dec. 16, 1907
Class of 1907

TREASURY ROOM

Tr. R.

378.756
T833S
V.20
1906-7

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

http://www.archive.org/details/trinityarchivese20trin

PAGE

About J. S. Bassett — Flowers + Bryan 5
Americus and Its People — M.A.B. 270
Apology (Ed.) 358
At the Baseball Game (Poem) — W. T. B. 322
"Autobiography of a Southerner Since the Civil War" by "Nicolas Worth" (Ed) 49
Bachelor as the Ideal American Citizen, The — One of the Bachelors 76
Blue Flame, The — Reese Scroggs 61
Call of the Waters — "Tollman" 269
Chivalry — Van Twiller 228
Christmas (Ed.) 144
Christmas in Germany, A. — W 103
Christmas with Irving and Dickens — X 111
Class History (Ed.) 331
Coleridges', "Ancient Mariner" 320
Colonel, The: A Character Study — Jule B. Warren 273
Correspondence of Bedford Brown (Ed.) 155
Crazy John's Story — B. O. D. 296
Death of L. C. Bledsoe (Resolutions) 38
Debates (Ed.) 323
Dr. J. S. Basset 44
Eagle, The (Poem) 229

Easter Observances — Miss May Wrenn 209
Editor's Table 48, 97, 152, 241, 327
English Language & Japan — B. Yanagita 225
Everyman: A Morality Play — W. A. Stanbury 81
False World Transformed — C. L. Bivens 304
Fanning's Escape — J. S. Wrenn 309
Founders of Rich Square Meeting, The — J. Peele 183
Hallowe'en — Everett 25
Haunted House, The — A. O. T. 84
Historical Society (Ed) 198
Homeward and Home, As It Appeared — W. V. M'Rae 141
How Casey Won the Day — R. M. Norment 303
Interscholastic Rivalry (Ed.) 234
Jim — "Ark" 32
John Redeems Himself — A. O. T. 135
Kickers (Ed.) 281
Lame Taylor, The — H. A. Willey 310
Lectures (Ed.) 329
Letters Relating to Eastern N. C. 189
Library .. (Ed) 325
Life (Poem) 279
Lingo (Poem) — Edmund Vann 80

Literary Notes 45, 94, 149, 238, 283
Literary Societies (Ed.) 90
Love's Guiding Gleam — J. B. Warren 208
Mr Joie King, Paragrapher — J. B. Warren 202
Mountain Flood, A. — R. C. Kelley 6
My First Client (Ed.) 287
My Library — H. A. Willey 318
My Violet Bell (Poem) — I. T. Mann 302
Naming of Roanoke, The — W. A. Bryan 68
Need of a New Song (Ed) 143
Newspapers (Ed) 280
Nocturne (Poem) — Reese Scroggs 127
Nonpareil Athletic Rally, A. — Kelly Edwards 277
Ode to a Library — D. W. Newsom 335
Old House, An — C. L. Bivens 312
On Reading "The Complete Angler" — G Siler 317
Opportunity (Ed.) 40
Perfect Day, The (Poem) — H. E. Spence 37
Poem, A — Berle J. Faucette 334
Poem, A — "L" 322
Poet's Dilemma — "L" 269
Public Speaking (Ed.) 88
Prophecy 344

Quit Kicking Poem — S.F. Pearce 357
Rambling Story, A — W.A. Stanbury 215
Reflections on Entering the Sophmore Class -
Pearl Brinson 294
Review of Chas. Mc Neils Poems - W.S. Lockhart 1
Sam Jones (Ed.) 145
Sand Banks of North Carolina - L.E. Blanchard 193
Senyire, The (Poem). 263
Shakespere's Christmas - Lelah H. Starr 128
Silence (Poem) — L.G. White 67
Smile and a Frown, A - Anne H. Browning 356
Some Biological Considerations -
J.M. Templeton Jr. 257
Song of the Angels (Poem) — "X" 110
Sophomore, The (Poem) - Homer H. Winecoff 308
Story Without a Name, A - Holland Holton 15
Success (Ed.) 42
Thackeray's English Humorists - Pearl Brinson 314
To Dr. C.D. Mc Iver (Poem) — "G" 24
To La Belle (Poem) - E.B. Hobgood 134
To Rev. Sam P. Jones - (Poem) C.C. Barnhart 75
To Trinity (Poem) — "L" 118
To Trinity (Poem) - E.R. Welch 343
To Western North Carolina - E. M'Intosh 357

Translation, A – The Peaches — Julia B. Minor 336
Trinity — J. H. Highsmith 350
True Scholar, The — (Ed.) 235
Unforseen Deliverance, An — L.G. White 119
What Matter? (Poem) — H.E. Spence 60
What's the Matter? (Ed.) 247
Witch, The (Poem) "I. T." 13
Ye Chronicles of Ye Noughty Sevens 351

The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., June, 1907

Graduating Class

of

Trinity College

333376

1907

Brown, Annie, West Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School.

Bryan, William Arnold, (Billie Best), Rich Square, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian; Secretary '05, Vice-President '07, Chaplain '07; Secretary and Treasurer of Historical Society '05-'07; Assistant Librarian '05-'07; Treasurer of Class '07; Board Directors and Alumni Editor of Trinity Chronicle '07; Head Correspondent Press Association '07; "9019."

Campbell, Claiborn McMillan, Jr., (Henry VIII), Randleman, N. C.—Prepared at Rutherford College, N. C. Columbian; Secretary '04, Censor '06; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Literary Editor of Archive; Vice-President Class '07; "Tombs;" "9019."

Cole, Edwin Arnold, (Cousin Eddie), Charlotte, N. C.—Prepared at Union Home School. Hesperian; President '07; Vice-President '07; Critic '07; Inter-Society Debater '04; Alternate Randolph-Macon-Trinity '05; Emory-Trinity Debater '05; Vanderbilt-Trinity Debater '06 and '07; Debater's Medal '05; Member of Debate Council '07; Chairman Chronicle Board '07; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '06; "9019."

Culbreth, Frank, Fayetteville, N. C.—Prepared at Fayetteville High School. Columbian; Vice-President '07; Chaplain '07.

Daniels, Lennon Gregory, (Tim), Wauchese, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian; Assistant Marshal Commencement '05; P. K. A.; "Tombs."

Duke Mary Lillian, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Sigma Delta.

Guthrie, Guy Moore, Engelhard, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian.

Hicks, Claude Bernard (Big Dog), Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Columbian; Class Football Team '04; Class Baseball Team '05; Baseball Team '07.

Hicks, Irene Maude, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School.

Hoffman, Ural Nathaniel, (Hoff), Iron Station, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian; Sophomore Debater '05; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Sophomore and Junior Scholarships; Assistant Librarian '06; Founder Trinity College Press Association; President '06; Joint Founder Trinity Chronicle '06; Associate Editor '06; Editor-in-chief '07; Member Governing Board '05-'07; "9019."

Holton, Holland, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Hesperian; Prize Winner Sophomore Debate '05; Inter-Society Debater '06; Vanderbilt-Trinity Debater '07; Debater's Medal '06; Orator's Medal '07; Secretary '06; Vice-President '07; Critic '07; President '07; Member Chronicle Board '07; Secretary Debate Council '07; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Braxton Craven Medal '04, '05, '06; Commencement Orator '07; Associate Editor Archive '07; "9019."

Hutchison, John Wadsworth, (Hutch), Charlotte, N. C.—Prepared at Charlotte Graded School. Columbian; Assistant Marshal Commencement '04-'05; Class Football Team; Baseball Team '05-'06; Exchange Editor Archive; A. T. O.; "Tombs."

Jerome, Walter Gray, (Jerry), Pittsboro, N. C.—Prepared at Gatesville Academy. Hesperian; Critic '07; Chairman Executive Committee '06; Marshal '07; President '07; Inter-Society Debater '05; Declaimer's Medal '05; Trinity-Vanderbilt Debater '06; Assistant Manager Commencement '05; Chief Marshal Commencement '06; College Marshal '06; Class Baseball Team; Assistant Librarian '06; Manager Trinity College Book Room '07; Vice-President Athletic Association '06-'07; Commencement Orator.

Jones, William Murray, (Snipe), Fairfield, N. C.—Prepared at Fairfield High School. Hesperian.

Jordan, Nan Wynne, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Class Historian; Class Secretary '03-'04.

Kelley, Richard Cecil, (Dick), Chattanooga, Tenn.—Prepared at Bramwell, W. Va., High School. Hesperian; President '06.

Lance, Hicks Edwin, Arden, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Hesperian; Vice-President '07.

McGhee, James Forest, Lexington, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian.

McPhail, Joseph Rogers, Jr., Mt. Olive, N. C.—Prepared at Glencoe High School. Columbian; Secretary '04; Assistant Registrar '04-'07; Captain Class Baseball Team '05; Member of Glee Club and Orchestra '05-'07; Manager of Glee Club and Orchestra '07; Secretary and Treasurer of Glee Club and Orchestra Association '06; "Tombs."

Michael, Susannah Gregory, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Freshman and Sophomore Honors.

Minor, Julia Brent, Oxford, N. C.—Prepared at Oxford High School. Sigma Delta.

Nathan, Meyer Edward, (Johnnie), Charlotte, N. C.—Prepared at Charlotte High School. Hesperian; Vice-President '07; Vice-President Tennis Association '05; "Tombs."

Page, Henry Allison, Jr., Aberdeen, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian; Manager Baseball Team '07; President Tennis Association; Class Football and Baseball Team; K. A.; "Tombs."

Peele, Luther, (Dick), Gibson, N. C.—Prepared at Gibson Academy. Columbian; Chairman Tribunal '07; Orator's Medal '07; Commencement Orator '07.

Pender, Leon Evans, (Peter Peanuts), Greenville, N. C.—Prepared at Greenville High School. Columbian; Class Baseball Team.

Pendergraph, Luther Benton, (Bent), Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian; Chairman of Executive Committee '07; President '07; Sophomore Debater '05.

Phillips, Clarence Eugene, (Possum), Salisbury, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian, Secretary '05; Chairman Executive Committee '06; Treasurer '06; Debater's Medal '06; Inter-Society Debater '06; Sophomore Debater '05; Vice-President '07; President '07; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association '07; Curator Historical Museum '06-'07.

Pope, George Pierce, (Pius), Osceola, Ark.—Prepared at Hinemon University School, Monticello, Ark. Columbian; Secretary '05; Chairman Tribunal '07; Marshal '07; Class Baseball Team; Captain Class Baseball Team '05-'07; Class Treasurer '06; President '07; Member of Board of Directors and Business Manager Trinity Chronicle '07; "Tombs."

Spence, Hersey Everett, (It), South Mills, N. C.—Prepared at South Mills Academy. Columbian; Marshal '04-'05; Chaplain '06; Chairman Executive Committee '06; Chairman Tribunal '06; President '07; Sophomore Debater '05; Inter-Society Debater '06; Debater's Medal '05; Alternate Trinity-Vanderbilt Debate; Debate Council; Board Directors and Alumni Editor Trinity Chronicle '05-'06; Vice-President Glee Club and Orchestra Association '06; Sophomore Honors; Basketball Team '07; Editor-in-Chief Archive '07; Class President '06; Commencement Orator; "9019."

Speed, Mollie Noel, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School.

Stedman, William Willis, (Sted, Old Boy), Lockville, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian; Chairman Executive Committee '06.

Stewart, Cyrus Querry, (Sadie), Monroe, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian; Chairman Executive Committee; President '07; Class Football and Baseball Teams.

Templeton, James McPherson, Jr., (Temp) Cary, N. C.—Prepared at Cary High School. Columbian; Chairman Executive Committee; Chaplain '07; Marshal '06; Sophomore Debater '06; Class Baseball Team '06-'07; "9019."

Tillett, Annie Elizabeth, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Archive Staff '07.

Waddill, Mitchell Belle, Carthage, N. C.—Class Secretary '05-'07; Archive Staff '07; Sigma Delta.

Wells, William Mercer, (Bill), Elm City, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Columbian; Assistant in Physics '07; Member Trinity Orchestra '07; Band '06; President Glee Club and Orchestra Association '07; P. K. A.; "Tombs."

Whitley, William James, (Whit), Bonnerton, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Association '06; P. K. A.; "Tombs."

Wilson, Leonidas Portlock, (Port), Durham, N. C.—Columbian; Chairman Tribunal '07; Chairman Executive Committee '07; Vice President '07; Class Baseball Team; "9019."

Wrenn, Frank Reece, (Rummy), Siler City, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Hesperian; Secretary '06; Baseball Team '04-'05-'06-'07; Business Manager Trinity Archive '07; "Tombs;" All Southern Catcher '07.

Young, Lelia Daisy, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Freshman and Sophomore Honors.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1906.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to H. E. SPENCE, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to F. R. WRENN, Business Manager.

C. M. CAMPBELL, JR.,
MITCHELL B. WADDILL, - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

"SONGS, MERRY AND SAD."

BY W. S. LOCKHART.

When the editor of the ARCHIVE asked me to review John Charles McNeill's book of poems, I at first refused, but later, actuated by a desire to see what a North Carolina poet could really do, I consented. I told the editor, however, that when I read the book I was going to write about it just as I felt; that he needn't expect any puff; that I might "put it on the anvil." Somehow the world has got used to expecting bad poetry to be perpetrated on it, and this is what I thought I would find in "Songs, Merry and Sad." But I was sur-

prised. Where I expected little, I found much. Where I thought to find only chaff, I found some kernels of genuine wheat, and I am now ready to say that John Charles McNeill is a good poet. Just how good he is, I will leave you to judge for yourself after you have read his book. I will not compare him with another poet, for poets cannot be compared. There is no unit of measurement for a poet. He is either a good poet or he is not a poet at all, and there is only one test and that McNeill has stood. He has written what my heart has felt, but what my tongue could not utter. When a man can do this: when he can pour forth his "heart-song" and "speak the heart of all his kind," then let us write him down poet; let us say that he has the gift divine.

This poet calls his book "Songs, Merry and Sad," but they are mostly merry. If there is a note of sadness in them, it is more the sadness of hopes deferred than anything else; the sadness of one who, while he cannot understand all, yet believes that all will turn out well in the end. There is none of the sadness of despair. This poet surely has not felt very keenly, if it all, the "sting of perishable things" which withers the hearts of so many men and women when they draw aside the curtain that conceals the stores of knowledge. At least, he has not become bitter, and this is well. May he always be sweet and tender and hopeful.

The poems in this book are not what are ordinarily called great poems. They are just accurate, faithful, and sympathetic descriptions of nature and of the feelings of the human heart. When I read "Away Down Home," I can hear the "bullbat on the hill" and I can see the mocking-bird exulting in the "glory of his wings." As I read "An Idyl," I think I am once again basking in an April sun with a hook and line in my hand. "The Old Clock," with its Nic-noc, nic-noc, I have heard many a time, and I have felt the glory of a September day, just as every one else has, but it takes a John Charles McNeill to describe it. Everybody has seen

> "The Old Bad Woman who will and can
> Be just as bad as the Old Bad Man,"

and anybody who has ever loved will not need to have a "Valentine" and "Love's Fashion" explained. It is hard to say which poem in the collection is the best. The one, however, which appealed to me most is the "Vision," which I quote:

"The wintry sun was pale
On hill and hedge;
The wind smote with its flail
The seeded sedge;
High up above the world,
New taught to fly,
The withered leaves were hurled
About the sky;
And there, through death and dearth,
It went and came,—
The Glory of the earth
That hath no name.

I know not what it is;
I only know
It quivers in the bliss
Where roses blow,
That on the winter's breath
It broods in space,
And o'er the face of death
I see its face,
And start and stand between
Delight and dole,
As though mine eyes had seen
A living soul.

And I have followed it,
As thou hast done,
Where April shadows flit
Beneath the sun;
In dawn and dusk and star,
In joy and fear
Have seen its glory far
And felt it near,
And dared recall his name
Who stood unshod
Before a fireless flame,
And called it God."

In this poem I think the author is at his best. His attitude is that of the worshiper standing on holy ground. It

is not every poet who can be thus: who can see God in what we think to be the most ordinary things.

Another phase of this poet's life is seen in "Two Pictures." In this poem he deals with a vexing social problem. But he doesn't criticise. He feels that there is something wrong and he holds up the mirror for society to see itself. Here are the two pictures:

One sits in soft light, where the hearth is warm,
A halo, like an angel's, on her hair.
She clasps a sleeping infant in her arm.
A holy presence hovers round her there,
And she, for all her mother pains more fair,
Is happy, seeing that all sweet thoughts that stir
The hearts of men bear worship unto her.

Another wanders where the cold wind blows,
Wet-haired, with eyes that sting like a knife.
Homeless forever, at her bosom close
She holds the purchase of her love and life,
Of motherhood, unglorified as wife;
And bitterer than the world's relentless scorn
The knowledge that her child were happier never born.

When we read these stanzas we feel that all is not right with the world. We ask, "Why are things as they are? Why do not men and women share alike in the disgrace of a common guilt?" But the poet leaves us in the dark, just as the Master did nineteen centuries ago. From these pictures we turn away with a sigh and a tear, believing that there is something beyond our ken that we do not understand.

One of the most life-like and clear-cut pieces in the book is the little poem called "Before Bedtime." It is a gem. The poet has been there and seen it. I know he has. Here it is:

The cat sleeps in a chimney jam
With ashes in her fur,
An' Tige, from on the yuther side,
He keeps his eye on her.

The jar o' curds is on the hearth,
An' I'm the one to turn it.
I'll crawl in bed an' go to sleep
When maw begins to churn it.

Paw bends to read his almanax
An' study out the weather,
An' bud has got a gourd o' grease
To ile his harness leather.

Sis looks an' looks into the fire,
Half-squintin' through her lashes,
An' I jis watch my tater where
It shoots smoke through the ashes.

With this I leave him. If you want to see more of him, get his book and read it.

RESOLUTION.

Whereas, Dr. J. S. Bassett, the former President of the Historical Society, has severed his connection with Trinity College, in order to take up his duties at Smith College,

Therefore be it resolved, That the Historical Society express to him its very highest appreciation for the work he has done for historical investigation, and for the efforts he has put forth in behalf of the Society. This organization feels that during the thirteen years he has been connected with the department of history at Trinity, and with the Historical Society, the work that the Society has accomplished has been in a great measure due to his zeal and untiring interest in its accomplishments. The Historical Society publications, and the Historical museum and other accomplishments of the Society have been largely the result of his efforts. The Society wishes for him in his new field of labor the very greatest measure of success and happiness.

R. L. Flowers,
W. A. Bryan,
Committee.

A MOUNTAIN FLOOD.

BY R. C. KELLY.

The little town of K—— in the mining section of Southern West Virginia was literally a "hole in the ground." Situated in a valley at no place more than a few hundred feet wide, shut in on either side by mountains so precipitous as to seem almost to overhang it, in the words of a native the only extended view that K—— afforded was straight overhead. As was common throughout this valley the mountain sides were dotted with miners' cabins, while below were the residences of the more prosperous citizens, the stores and the saloons. Among other evidences of progress K—— claimed the proud distinction of supporting more of the latter in proportion to its population than any other town in the State. In the despairing words of a Methodist "circuit rider," this was the town of all the world where the earth's crust was thinnest.

Whether or not this was true morally, there was little doubt in the minds of the suffering inhabitants on this particular day that the partition between them and the underworld of flames was not very thick. Heat seemed literally to boil up out of the coke-cinders of which the town's foundation largely consisted and the sun's rays smote the tin roofs of the houses like a breath of fire. Through the midst of it all the little creek which the miners called "Bluestone" twisted its greasy course in sullen indifference. Black with the dirt and grease of the mines through which it passed, so shallow in places that it was possible for one to pass over dryshod on the stones, one could hardly believe that this puny stream had twice destroyed almost half of K——. But owing to the extreme narrowness and precipitous character of the mountains it was capable of growing into a mountain torrent with a few hours' rain.

As a protection against its fury a high rock wall had been erected which for several years had secured the town against the stream at its worst.

In the town itself the soda fountains and beer counters were crowded with the grimy faces and rough, uncouth figures of miners and coke-oven hands. In striking contrast with this sooty crowd two well-dressed young fellows were sitting at one of the fountains sipping lemonade. It was evident that one of them was not a stranger, the one the miners called "Dr. Thomas," for he seemed to be on friendly terms with all of them. Thomas, a young fellow of about twenty-five, with dark, restless eyes, and a face which missed being handsome only by the lines of weakness about his mouth, had been practicing medicine in K—— for about two years. The young fellow with him was a college friend who was visiting him.

"By Jove, Thomas," suddenly exclaimed his companion, "who is that young Apollo? Do you raise such timber as that in this God-forsaken hole?"

"Oh, that's young Rogers, the mine boss," said Thomas indifferently, as the object of his friend's admiration entered the door. "Haven't you heard of him?"

"I'm thinking you are going to be wishing you had never heard of him before long, Doc," said the fountain clerk with a knowing wink. At these words a sudden change came over young Thomas, his face became distorted with passion, and a dangerous light flashed from his eyes. But in an instant he had recovered control of himself, and, making some careless remark, passed out into the street.

"Oh, we're on the best of terms, young Rogers and I," said Thomas, in answer to his friend's inquiry, "though we are so unfortunate as to be in love with the same girl. Yonder is the young giant now," he added, pointing to a little knot of men across the street; "I believe I'll go over and invite him to my office tonight for a game of cards; he is the only fellow in town who can play a decent hand." As Rogers and his friend stood talking the young man could but be impressed with the contrast between the two men. His eyes passed from the huge figure of Rogers to his face. The

young fellow thought he had never seen a face so expressive of power. As he glanced at the lofty forehead, the firm, straight line of the mouth, the square jaw, massive almost to a fault, he could not help agreeing with the fountain clerk that Thomas' chances against this man were poor.

Promptly at the hour agreed upon the three men met at Thomas' office. The clink of glasses and the steady flip of the cards was heard until after midnight. Then the players seemed to be growing boisterous, and the voices of Thomas and Rogers were heard in heated dispute. Suddenly a shot rang out, and Thomas cried: "My God, you have killed him." In a few minutes Rogers staggered out of the door with his face full of the agony of remorse and horror, and disappeared in the darkness. Within sat Thomas, gazing at the prostrate form of his friend on the floor, a smile of intense satisfaction wreathing his face.

II.

The little country store in the wilds of Wyoming was crowded with the usual denizens of such a place. The tall, lazy-looking owner was stretched at full length on the counter, while the stove was encircled with the usual crowd of tobacco-chewing, news-carrying rustics. A very heated discussion on the probable condition of the weather for the following year was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of one who seemed to be a stranger. His gigantic form almost filled the doorway. His face was a strange, remarkable one. There was an expression of bitterness and cynicism in it that almost amounted to hauteur, yet the prevailing expression was not one of sadness so much as one of unconquerable defiance.

Recognizing the men around the stove by a curt nod he immediately made his purchases, and, without a word, stalked out. It appeared from the conversation after he had gone that he had been at this place for several years, and that throughout that time he had lived in a cabin up in the

mountains in utter loneliness except during an occasional "spree." For, as one explained, he was a "heavy drinker."

"He cares no more for his life than I do for a rusty nail," said one; "why, he jumped right into the rapids three or four days ago to rescue some unknown devil who has been working in the lumber camps. They tell me he has been nursing him ever since, though of course nobody dares ask the unneighborly chap a question about any of his affairs."

This characterization of young Rogers was literally true. Since he left K—— on that memorable night he had been completely transformed. Instead of the gay, rollicking young fellow we knew only a few years ago, we find a bitter and utterly hopeless man. He had separated himself from the society of every human being, and when thoughts of the awful crime he had committed forced themselves on his mind he would find forgetfulness in the bottle.

Now for some time he had been too busy to think of this. The fellow whom our friends in the store spoke of his rescueing and afterwards nursing was still in his cabin. He had broken his leg against one of the boulders in the rapids, and for several weeks young Rogers had kept him in his cabin. From the very first there seemed something strangely familiar in his face. Today Rogers believed he remembered him. And yet the news was too good to be true. Rogers could not believe that fortune would bring such luck to one whom she hated as intensely as she did him, and yet he had seen the man's face before.

At last he asked the question that meant everything to him. When his patient answered, a strange light broke over his face, all the old bitterness fled before his new-found happiness. So he had never killed a man, as Thomas made him believe. This young fellow he had snatched from the jaws of death was Thomas' friend, the one whom he thought he had shot on that fateful night. The young fellow explained it all. Thomas succeeded in getting Rogers and the young student insanely drunk. He then bet Rogers that he was too

drunk to shoot the head off a statuette which stood on the mantel just above the student's head. Rogers took the bet and just as he pulled the trigger Thomas, reaching under the table, pulled the student's chair from under him and threw him sprawling on the floor.

As soon as the student was sufficiently recovered Rogers boarded a train for West Virginia. He was supremely happy. He had been told that the woman whom he had loved through all these years had been true to his memory and steadily refused all offers of marriage from Thomas. His heart bounded with all its old-time joy when he thought of this, and the flying train seemed to creep with a snail's slowness. So he would soon hold Ethel in his arms—that girl whom he loved more than his own soul!

III.

The Bluestone is no longer a puny stream. It is a roaring torrent, sweeping all before it. For two days rain has been falling continuously, the rock wall has been washed away and the river is overflowing the streets of K——. In many houses it has reached a depth two and three feet and still it is rising. There is no doubt that all is lost, in three hours every house in the town will be washed from its foundation. Already all houses are forsaken and the terrified inhabitants are huddled on the hillside, with what few valuables they could snatch in their haste. Night has come and mercifully hides the destruction of property from the owners' eyes. But there is one man in the shivering crowd on the hillside who is not thinking of property. Thomas is searching for Ethel, but can find her nowhere. He more than half believes that she has made no effort to save herself, and has remained to be swept away with her home. She had held up bravely until a few days ago, always refusing his continued pleading, and always believing that some day Rogers would return. But becoming desperate Thomas had at last forged a letter purporting to be from

one of Roger's friends, and containing an account of his death. Since then she had shown none of her old hopefulness and had not left her room. A thousand times Thomas had cursed himself for showing her the letter, for he saw plainly that it was slowly killing her.

He now started hastily for her home. The water in the streets was now waist deep and he realized that he must get her out of the house quickly if at all. When he reached her home, he found the front door open and the hallway flooded with water. He bounded up the stairs, calling her, but received no answer. All the doors but one were open; he turned the knob, looked into this room, and beheld Ethel with a death-like pallor in her face, her eyes fixed upon a picture of Rogers.

"Come with me, Ethel, you can't die here like this. Come with me, and stop thinking of a dead man," he said pleadingly.

"I love you, Ethel, and maybe some day you will learn to love me; at any rate allow me to save your life."

To this speech he received no reply except the heart-piercing command, "Leave me!"

"But I will not allow you to die here," said Thomas, making a step toward her.

"Do not touch me," she said coldly, "my life is my own, and whenever it becomes unendurable I shall take leave of it."

"Well, if you are so d—— anxious to see Rogers I'll aid you; go hunt him in hell," he said savagely. And drawing his revolver, he fired point-blank into her bosom.

At that moment the huge form of Rogers filled the door, his face full of joy and eagerness. For one instant he gazed at Thomas, with his smoking revolver, then caught sight of the bleeding form of Ethel on the floor. At one bound he was at her side, and with infinite tenderness caught her in his arms.

Thomas, at first transfigured with surprise and wonder,

stood gazing at the two. But quickly recovering himself, he started across the room for the door. But Rogers, seeing his intention, seized him by the shoulder, locked the door, and threw the key out into the river which had by this time completely surrounded the house, and which in less than a half hour would wash it from its foundations.

In vain the wretch pleaded with Rogers to open the door, and pulled and kicked in a vain effort to force it from the hinges. But Rogers, with the dead form of Ethel in his arms, seemed not even to hear his frantic cries. And still the waters rose, the house trembled every moment beneath the rush of the flood. Within, Thomas lay grovelling on the floor, crazed with terror, and Rogers was gazing into the dead face of Ethel when a pile of drifting logs struck the house, lifting it from its foundations, and all was lost in midnight darkness.

THE WITCH.

BY "I. T."

Not with her haggard glances,
Not with her cat and broom,
No talony claws and unkempt hair
And murderous potions and mixtures rare
And midnight charms and trances
To drive men to their doom.

No fetters and chains of error,
Nor appalling solitude;
No human victims in deathly pangs
Entwined by serpents whose murderous fangs
Strike mortal hearts with terror
In their human gore imbued.

But she conquers by beauty's power
With the spell of her dark-brown eyes:
—Those eyes as tender and clear and bright
As the glittering gem of the starlit night,
When the bell tolls midnight's hour
'Neath the cloudless autumn skies.

And not with the Gorgon's features
Which turned men's hearts to stone;
Yet the mortals who gaze into those eyes
Feel love's entrancing power rise,
And are changed to helpless creatures
With wills and hearts all gone.

And those delicate dainty fingers
Know well where the heartstrings lie
And gather them all within their grasp.
—How well I remember their gentle clasp!
The sad sweet impression lingers
As it was when she said "Good-bye."

So while she sits in the gloaming
At the close of the autumn day,
Not only I, but others I know
Have hearts that are throbbing in hopeless woe,
And the thoughts are always roaming
To the fairy far away.

And if while the moon is gleaming
Through the grand old elm grove
I could only—'tis foolish to wish it so,
But ah! how happy I'd be to know
That my darling was only dreaming
Of me—and returned my love.

Eyes of the stars' bright luster,
Hair of the chestnut hue,
With form so fair and face so sweet!
Do you wonder my madness is so complete?
That my hopes about her cluster
And my love—though in vain—is true.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

BY HOLLAND HOLTON.

The sole physician of Fairville was Dr. Bluff—the most practical man of his kind. So he thought—an old gentleman hale and hearty, magnificent in physique. Old he was called because of his profound sense of dignity; not from any great length of years; his half-hundred mark was yet before him. A figure tall and erect, disdaining aid of staff or cane, yet of a tallness practically unnoticed in the general portliness of bearing and sense of pompous importance. His step, firm and certain—the very atmosphere about him filled with vigor and brusque habits of business. "Intensely practical" he loved to declare over and over, and with that he always coupled the proud assertion of "a fortune hewn from the solid rock of adversity." As a matter of fact as an orphan, he had led a hard life on the farm; as a youth he had taken his part in the war; and then as a man he had struggled into prominence by administering pills to his neighbors—with little help from friends or kindred. In short, Dr. Bluff boasted himself a thoroughly self-made man, and as is the way was not at all ashamed of the production. His lordly nature but naturally disdained the pleasures of lesser spirits: checkers and chess—child's play; card games—uninteresting; music and art—effeminate; and novels—mere chaff to fill craniums innately void. Thus, according to his own ideas, the old doctor was altogether a stern man of duty and business; and, it must be confessed, he tried his best to conform to the pattern. But only in one way did he meet with any marked success, and that was that sometimes when he jumped to conclusions he would be very likely to look upon the darkest possible side of matters, without ever allowing what he pleased to call "fool-hopes," to interfere with his stoic determination to make the worst of things. But more of this hereafter; aside from it, the old fellow was totally unable to conform to the standard he set for himself.

Stern looks simply couldn't obscure the kindly nature; and set lips simply wouldn't restrain the kindly word. If Dr. Bluff was determined to make his strength the strength of the straight line, why then all the Doctor's acts of kindness would lack, would be simply the grace of the curve; they would be pretty angular to be sure, but still the old fellow just had to lend a helping hand wherever he saw a chance. The firm mouth would involuntarily relax into a smile; the thoughtful face easily changed into one of kind attention; the portly carriage quickly bent to aid those in misfortune; the busy mind occasionally watched with interest the contests of the checker champions of the village, or duly took a hand in the children's game of "authors;" and to cap all, the Doctor had actually encouraged—nay even urged—Mrs. Bluff to give a generous subscription to the circulating library of the village, "just to help the young people, my dear."

Of course the Doctor himself held aloof from such undertakings; and always made it a point to dissect and ridicule the first chapter or two of every novel that came into the house. But sometimes in his ride from home to his drug-store in Fairville, he accidentally got one of the *trashy things* in his saddle bags. When this happened, Mrs. Bluff always received a jovial lecture about her carelessness "in placing such light reading in a physician's professional library." But no matter; she was a wise woman and said nothing; the next novel was sure to be placed where her husband could find it also. Today, with the most brazen carelessness she had placed the very latest novel on top of a treatise on heart disease, and in his haste, the Doctor had brought both books to town. And now, after supper in his office above the store, he lighted his student's lamp and prepared to read the treatise. By an unlucky chance he opened the romance. The very lamp on the desk trembled for the consequences. But apparently the Doctor did not notice the difference; for when the clock struck seven, he was still

reading the novel. Eight came, and he was yet turning the pages. Nine passed; ten approached, and still he read of Archie and Corinne. Then, just as he reached the climax, a knock sounded on the door. Into the desk went the novel, and out came the treatise.

Jim Bluff walked in. "Young man," began the father with pompous severity, "you have interrupted the only physician in this glorious county of our commonwealth in the perusal of a most remarkable case of heart failure. I was tracing the disease in its most virulent form when you interrupted. I may never re-unite the severed chords of the most interesting discourse. How very la-ment-a-ble!"

In short the Doctor appeared to be bantering his son preparatory to granting his most whimsical request. But just then he noticed what he had not marked before—Jim had been drinking, not much, to be sure, but yet enough to arouse the father's concern. Then too, himself despising his own petty hypocrisy, the good old physician feared lest Jim had suspected his evening's occupation; and this suspicion served to place him in somewhat the position of "Drinkwater Tom" of *"In Ole Virginia* fame, who always felt most constrained to deliver a lecture on temperance when intoxicated himself; so the Doctor was most in the humor to descant upon the "sinfulness of wasting time in trivialities," now that he had himself been guilty of taking a little mental recreation. Jim gave him his chance. He had in mind a good plan to establish a soda fountain at the drug store; the Doctor was to furnish the cash. That gentleman took occasion to class the drinking of soda water as a "triviality," and, uniting it in very peculiar wedlock to the enjoyment of a late novel, plunged into a pompous discourse on his favorite theme, finally making financial assistance conditional upon his son's attention to business, and winding up with a warning to him to cease drinking, upon pain of disinheritance.

Of course the good natured Doctor did not mean what he said—he couldn't if he had wished. But Jim, even when entirely sober, had two very prominent sensibilities: a most jealous personal pride and a perfect repulsion to being driven. His father's threats of disinheritance touched the latter; the conditional advancement of the money, wounded both. In a moment he became furiously angry. Leaving the bills untouched, he turned, quicker than detention, and went down stairs, muttering something about "getting money for himself." The father made no attempt to follow, but sat for a few moments passing his hands over his head in perplexed silence. Then with a half apologetic air he consoled himself and appeased his love of grandiloquence by combining all the lengthy words at his command into something like this. "Only the natural impetuosity of youth, to phrase it epigrammatically—only the boiling exuberance of young blood, to speak metaphorically." Then, proud of the combination and having exhausted all anger by the use of such explosives he resumed more tenderly, "I may have been harsh with the boy, but—O well, a little kindness will bring him around in the morning."

Thus in the same mild mood of relaxation, which earlier in the evening had prompted him to turn aside from his harsh rule of strict attention to business, the worthy physician dismisses care, and finishes his novel, never once doubting that all will be well when Jim takes his place behind the counter next morning after sleeping off the effects of the night's wine. But the story finished, the old sternness returns, and with it the Doctor's determined pessimism. For a couple of hours he sits reading the treatise, but all the while musing darkly about Jim. The more he thinks of the boy, the stronger his conviction that nothing is going to turn out right, the more intoxicated he remembers him to have been; the more direful he considers the threat of "getting money for himself." The town clock striking four reminds him to blow out the light and throw himself on the couch.

He has hardly closed his eyes, firmly convinced that Jim is about to commit some capital crime, when a violent jar almost throws him on the floor, and a thundering explosion removes all inclination toward drowsiness. He thoughtlessly rushes to the window. Putting his head out, he calls excitedly, "Hey, there! what's the matter?" He receives a very emphatic reply in the shape of a bullet whizzing past his ear. In his astonishment all sense of dignity forsakes him, and the pompous Dr. Bluff literally scrambles to one side of the window! By the light of the sinking moon he sees three men run around the corner into the street leading to the railroad. Burning with indignation at the insult offered to his now recovered dignity, he seizes his gun, and from the rear window of his office fires on the retreating criminals. A groan stifled into an oath tells the effect of the first shot and evidently serves to drown in the ear of the Doctor the whiz of the bullet which so narrowly missed his head, for although the old fellow continues firing until the three are almost out of sight, he makes no further effort to hit. *Almost* out of sight, I say, for before they are entirely gone he suddenly remembers his uneasy thought of Jim, and almost instinctively associates him with what has happened below. He strains his eyes after the disappearing strangers; yes, one of them is hardly more than a boy. Can it be Jim? Was he the one that fired at his father? Perhaps it is his own son the Doctor has wounded?

Maddened by such suspicions, the physician makes haste to join the citizens gathered into an excited throng below, discussing the robbery of the postoffice. The postmaster himself is there; but too fearful lest a lurking burglar may yet be within, to investigate the extent of the damages. The citizens, too, one moment whispering in tones more sepulchral than the grave; the next chattering in voices shriller than the ear-splitting wail of a locomotive at midnight, serve to diminish the little man's stock of nerve—already something below zero. But the Doctor upon his arrival,

calms the hubbub; and snatching the lantern from the too willing hand of the postmaster, leads the way into the office. The crowd surge in to the remains of the partition and watch the physician and his companion working busily in the debris, the one searching for a clue, the other trying to find the extent of the loss. Suddenly the Doctor turns pale, and stifling an exclamation of dismay, barely in time to keep from attracting the attention of bystanders, slips the handle of a broken chisel into his pocket.

From that moment he loses interest in the search, and finally excuses himself and goes upstairs to his office. Once there, he bolts the door and sits down by the desk. For a moment he sits as one stunned, then re-assuring himsef that the door is fastened, he returns to his seat and takes out the broken handle. He strains his eyes eagerly to read the initials on it. Yes, there they are in bold letters, "J. B." "And the carving is Jim's; no mistake. Confound the boy, what did he mean!" cries the father in a first burst of frenzy; then with a heart-broken "Jim! Jim!" he buries his face on the desk and the overwhelming thickness of sorrow chokes thought itself. For a full hour he sits, body relaxed, mind stupefied; every throb of his heart beating forth an unconscious weight of bitterness and woe. Gradually the mind re-asserts itself, but some time elapses before the Doctor can devise any definite plan of action. He does not think of Jim's unnatural course in blowing up a safe so near the office in which he had left his father only a few hours before, but it is of the boy himself that the Doctor is thinking; he is trying to devise some means of saving him; if he gives away the clue he has discovered, and assists in the search for the criminals, it will doubtless lighten Jim's punishment—nay, the boy may escape altogether, but then the disgrace will be as great as ever; if he keeps the clue a secret, the community may never know of his son's part in the robbery, but in that case Jim will probably remain with his comrades only to bring greater shame upon the family name. "And

his mother!—it will kill her," he raves. "The boy himself is ruined. All is ruin and ruin; sorrow, sorrow, sorrow without end!"

Thus, being able to see only sorrow and disgrace ahead in any event, the Doctor hoping against hope, decides to let Providence take its course unaided and unhampered by himself. He accordingly excuses himself from service on the posse in search for the burglars and resolves to allow pressure of business to keep him from home until he can tell Mrs. Bluff of the quarrel with Jim without exciting her suspicions in regard to the coincidence of the robbery at the postoffice.

Events favor the plan. The posse with customary vigilance contrive to keep close enough on the trail of the robbers to gain commendation from the State dailies for their zeal in upholding the law, and at the same time avoid any disagreeable encounter with the criminals, until it is at last clear that they have left the State. Then too, as Jim was frequently seized with the canvassing fever and often left quite suddenly to traverse neighboring counties as agent for one article or another, his disappearance creates little suspicion; and what little does arise, subsides when the "Weekly Talk" announces that "young Mr. Bluff left last week to enter college." And Mrs. Bluff herself, brought to believe Jim's quarrel with his father and his subsequent running away as merely a boyish freak, listens nightly for the gay tread on the porch. As for the Doctor's change in manner, the community regard it as only an outgrowth of his idea of dignity, and point him out to strangers as a model of medical deportment. And at last the robbery is mentioned only to awe children at night.

Suddenly interest is re-awakened. A body, on the verge of decay, the face disfigured beyond recognition, is found in the river a few miles north of town and brought to Fairville. Dr. Bluff holds the coroner's inquest. A search in the clothing gives no clue as to identity; everything seems to have

been removed from the pockets by the murderer. But popular fancy persistently declares that the dead is one of the burglars; the murderer, one of his companions. Dr. Bluff himself cannot escape the feeling. He makes one last search in the pockets of the dead man's clothing and finds—Jim's knife; the father is so certain that he would swear to its identity. However, no one else ever dreams of such a thing, and the verdict is simply "an unknown; came to his death by unknown means, probably by foul play." The Doctor then hastens away, and the old fight in the office is fought again; but finally hope again triumphs; the knife is too small a clue to identify the body as Jim's, and offers too little evidence to justify plunging Mrs. Bluff into despair greater than the Doctor's himself. Accordingly, the body receives the best burial the physician can prevail upon the county to give and the knife takes its place beside the chisel handle as a bitter relic.

A few months pass. Mrs. Bluff yet listens in vain for Jim's whistle down the road. The Doctor is rarely at home. Always a hard worker, he has now become a tireless engine plunging from task to task. He spares neither horse nor self. Does a patient summon him? He leaps into the saddle and travels at breakneck speed; a few words tell the symptoms, advice is given, and the Doctor gallops back to town. Is there a moment for rest? Dr. Bluff spends it in reading some treatise. Does the clerk in the store desire some information? He receives such a growl for answer that he shrinks in terror back to the customer. The Doctor's practice extends into neighboring counties, and Fairville shakes its head in dismay to think that his growing reputation as a physician of strict attention to business and as a hard student, may induce him to remove to some larger town. Old friends remonstrate with him for wearing himself out; he merely replies that he has never known any one to die of overwork yet, and throws himself more viciously than ever into the task nearest at hand.

And so it goes, until one Saturday night the Doctor is galloping at usual speed up the hill near his home, when suddenly old Dixie stops so unexpectedly as almost to hurl him over her head. Without so much as "by your leave, sir," she walks over to a stranger dimly seen in the light from the house, and rubs her nose on his arm. He turns and pats her head, and Dr. Bluff sees Jim in flesh and blood, entirely apart from burglarious companions and bearing a far different appearance from the scriptural prodigal. It is no time for explanations; father and son embrace as eagerly and weep as joyfully as long-parted school girls. And before long Mrs. Bluff hears the boyish step on the porch; but there is one thing she has never heard to this good hour, and that is the story of Jim's connection with the burglary, nor has Jim either.

The next day, when seated with him in the office, the Doctor borrowed his son's knife; and, to that young gentleman's astonishment compared it with one produced from the drawer. "Humph! guess I wouldn't make much of a detective," muttered the old fellow and returned the knife. That was all the explanation Jim ever received. That afternoon the Doctor left him in the store and went home to search in the old tool chest for Jim's chisel. He found it. "Well," he exclaimed, "there's no fool like an old one!" And from that day to this, although Dr. Bluff was the star witness in sending the burglars to the penitentiary, he has evinced slight disposition to say much of the robbery of the Fairville postoffice.

TO DR. C. D. McIVER.

BY G.

Strong son of great old Tar Heel State
For you in grief we bow the head
And place your body with the dead—
Oh thus 'tis ordered us by Fate.

Well hast thou wrought within the space
Allotted thee within the sphere
In which we move from year to year,
Each striving by kind Heaven's grace.

Where once was only virgin soil
Now stands a monument to thee
For education of the free—
A glorious product of thy toil.

There is a higher realm for thee
Unknown as yet to mortal ken,
Thy spirit takes its flight from men
To live throughout Eternity.

HALLOWE'EN.

BY EVERETT.

"Come to supper, Father." The voice was that of an elderly-looking lady who was standing in the back-door of an old-fashioned dwelling-house. A red bandanna handkerchief was tied loosely over her head, revealing beneath its edges a few strands of silvered hair. But Miranda Tompkins was not so old as her appearance would indicate. Her neighbors said that she kept her mouth going so much that it tired her hair which became prematurely gray from exhaustion. She took a long hickory tooth-brush from her mouth and placed it in the pocket of her gingham apron along with a tin snuff-box, for she still preferred to use old-fashioned "Maccyboy" rather than the new package snuff. Spitting upon the ground she wiped her mouth on the dish-rag which hung just outside the door and then peered impatiently into the gathering darkness. "Amos Tompkins, will you come to supper or not?" she stormed. "I'm coming, Miranda," answered a meek voice from the darkness, and immediately Amos put in his appearance. He always moved when Miranda spoke in that tone and since it was no unusual thing for her to speak that way, he soon obtained the reputation among his neighbors for being a hustler. As he stepped into the house he began in a timid, apologetic manner to explain his tardiness. "The weather is so threatening," he said, "that I thought I'd better fix the hog beds a little. Winter seems to be earlier than usual this year. We've already had three of the biggest frosts I ever seed for the time o' year. I saw a flock of geese most a mile long going over tonight and the spotted pig was playing with a shuck. Likely to snow, I guess." "Who ever saw it snow by the last of October?" retorted his wife. "If the weather is as slow as you air the winter will happen along about time enough to kill Angeline's June roses. If you'd a been a little later

we'd a eat all the supper up and you mout 'a' done 'thout any." "Guess pap wouldn't keered much," spoke up little Maggie. "The pantry is full of vittles and jest the bestest kind 'nd it don't look like the weather'll let folks come to the party tonight." "If they don't come, Mag, we'll have one mess," said Johnny. "That we will," chimed in Dick; "pig and duck and chicken. No, Ma didn't have any hen to spare 'cept that old domineck that's setting on them rotten eggs in the barrel out there in the shed and she's done wore all her meat and feathers both off—but lots of other things, cakes and taters and, say, Ma, is there any firmity?" "No, there ain't," answered Mrs. Tompkins. "I didn't have any milk to put in it. I said when Johnny killed that toad frog that the cow would go dry and shore nuff it happened'" "Well I wish you'd 'a' sent to Mrs. Barker's after some," Dick replied. "I want some firmity." "Hain't Sis taught you to talk proper before now? 'Pears like you won't never learn nothing," said Johnny, "you mustn't say 'firmity,' say *in*-firmity." " 'Taint so," retorted Dick. "Brother Bennett has got the infirmity He asked the Lord last Sunday in the meeting-house to heal our infirmities 'cause we wuz tired of 'em and I know nobody ever got tired of firmity." "Bro. Bennett has got shortness of wind, that's his trouble," said Mrs. Tompkins, and it serves him right, too. He's too wise in his own mind to try the simple tried and tested remedies of our forefathers. I had the tizik onc't myself when I was a gal and I made a mark on the side of the house and when I growed as tall as the mark the tizik left me. That reminds me, Johnny, have you got them Irish 'taters in your pocket that I put in there to keep off the rumatics?" "No'm, he ain't," answered Dick, "he throwed at a rabbit in the woods yesterday." "What was you doing in the woods, Johnny? I thought I told you to keep out of the woods?" "I was helping Pap to find a turkey-buzzard's feather to wear in his hat to keep off the headache," answered Johnny. "Will that

do any good, Sis?" asked Dick; "I heard you tell Bro. Bennett you didn't believe in signs and stuperstitions." "Sis does believe in stuperstitions," answered little Mag. She's afraid to look back over her shoulder when an owl hoots. I saw her and Joe Barker together the other night 'bout dusk and an owl screeched and she didn't turn her head, but Joe just reached over her shoulder 'nd ki—" "Mag!" The young girl spoke in a warning tone while the tell-tale blushes dyed her rosy cheeks to a deeper hue. Luckily, Mrs Tompkins did not catch the full significance of the child's innocent prattle or there would have been a storm in the house before one come out of doors. For it was through her dislike of Joe Barker that Mrs. Tompkins hesitated to send to Mrs. Barker's for milk.

Little Maggie was right. It did not really look as if the weather would permit the guests to come to the Hallowe'en party. All day the clouds had been drifting by and as darkness settled over the land they became thicker. There was not a star to be seen. The wind whistled fiercely through the woods and out over the fields, moaning and sighing through the great elms in the Tompkins yard. An occasional drop of rain could be felt. But in spite of all this the guests really came. Every young person in the surrounding community was there except Joe Barker. He stayed away because of Mrs. Tompkins' dislike for him. The neighbors could not understand why Mrs. Tompkins should dislike Joe. He was an honest, manly fellow, tall, lithe and supple. He owned a little farm which he had bought and paid for by his own labor. He had a very nice little home which he hoped some day to share with Angeline Tompkins. But Mrs. Tompkins did not favor the match. Angy and Joe had been lovers since childhood and the course of true love did run smooth for a while. But a school-ma'am who boarded with Mrs. Tompkins took a fancy to Angy and persuaded her father to send the child away to a boarding-school. Unlike some others, a

few superior advantages did not turn Angeline a fool. She still loved home associations—and Joe Barker. But her mother declared that her child was too "highly eddicated to marry sech a plain man as that young man Barker." (She formerly called him "Joe"). She had higher ambitions for *her* girl. Her ambitions were impersonated in a certain Mr. Manning, a young Yankee who had been in the community a few months with the avowed purpose of buying lumber for a Northern firm. Mr. Manning was to all appearances a highly cultured man and seemed to possess some money. At any rate he seemed to be able to live without work and always went well dressed. Tonight he was at the party dressed, as Dick expressed it, "slick as a fiddle." In spite of the contempt which he felt for the simple backwoods notions and customs, he made himself very agreeable. He took part with eagerness in all their games and amusement. The evening passed very pleasantly. Game after game was played and finally supper was announced. The young people all went out to supper and did justice to a substantial, toothsome country repast, as only a crowd of country people with good health and clear consciences can do. After supper ghost stories were told until the imaginations of the young were excited to the highest pitch. The hands of the old-fashioned clock traveled slowly toward midnight. At that hour the girls would go alone into a room, light a single candle and eat an apple before the looking-glass. The tradition was that the face of the girl's lover would be seen in the glass in the attitude of peering over her shoulder.

At this time Mr. Manning excused himself on the grounds of having to rise early in the morning, and bidding his hosts good night, started home. He had not gone far from the house before he took a circuitous route and came back in the rear of the building. He intended taking his position at the window so that his face might appear in the glass when Angeline tried her fortune. He believed that the simple

superstition of childhood had made sufficient impression upon her mind to cause her to look favorably upon his cause with such an omen to help him. But he was not the only schemer. There were three others. Joe Barker was also approaching the home for a similar purpose. Johnny and Dick also wished to take a hand in the affairs of the evening. At this juncture they were seated behind the cook-house making a jack-o-lantern. "Johnny," said Dick, "won't Ma be mad? We've taken one of those gourds that was hanging on the fence to tell when Sunday came." "Well, it's too late now," Johnny answered. "We might as well finish since we've ruined the gourd." They proceeded to cut eyes, a nose and mouth and put a candle inside. They meant to put this at the window and scare the girls. The old clock struck twelve. The boys started to the window, but stopped as they saw someone approaching. It was Mr. Manning. He looked up at the window. It was too high. He moved an old barrel close to the window and tried to climb. He succeeded in peering in, but the position was rather tiresome. He climbed down and began to move a box to place by the barrel. He had not moved it far before he stumbled and made so much noise that the big bull-dog was aroused and began to growl savagely. So he decided to try the barrel again. Just as he climbed back to the window he heard a low noise. It was Johnny trying in vain to suppress a titter. He peered in the darkness nervously. Recollections of the ghost stories of the evening came to him. He began to feel a little uneasy. Finally, with an effort he braced his nerves and determined to shake off his superstitions, when suddenly the hideous jack-o-lantern flared out of the darkness. So startled was he that he missed his footing and went head-foremost into the barrel, which happened to contain Dick's hen. Poor setting hen! Poor Mr. Manning! His nose was buried in smashed eggs and feathers. The hen squawked and spurred, and to make matters worse the dog came to investigate. Mr. Man-

ning knew that he had to be quiet or he would be torn to pieces. So he reached around with one hand and choked the squawking hen to death. But the shifting of his position only threw his head farther into the broken eggs. He was smothering. He felt that he must get out or die. Better the dog than suffocation. Slowly he tried to shove himself out of the barrel, but soon discovered that it was impossible. There were some nails driven through the rims and these slanted toward the bottom, so that they caught in his clothes. Struggle as he might he could not free himself. The dust and dry broken straw made a horrible mixture with the broken eggs. He heard a shuffling noise and had visions of torn legs and broken bones. Surely the dog was upon him.

At just this moment the side door opened and Angeline stealthily glided out in the darkness. She was on her way to try her fortune at the bean-stack. If she fathomed it about three times she was supposed to clasp her intended in her arms. She approached the stack with fast beating heart. A tall figure stepped out from behind it and instead of clasping the stack she found herself tightly clasped in the arms of Joe Barker. "Angy," said he, "let's go to Bro. Bennett's and be married." "What will Ma say?" she faltered. "Ma be dinged," said Joe, and they went. Bro. Bennett was aroused and in a few minutes they were made man and wife. Knowing that Angeline's people would be uneasy, they returned to announce their action. When they arrived they found that so engrossed had the company been in the misfortune of Mr. Manning that Angy had not been missed. The dog turned out to be Johnny and Dick, who discovered the unhappy man in time to save him from suffocation. He was indeed in a sorry plight. His face and hair were all covered with dust, dirt and broken eggs. His clothes were torn and soiled and he was bleeding as a result of his contact with splinters and nails. When Joe announced his marriage everyone stood silent, expecting a storm of rage from Mrs. Tomp-

kins. But she saw that it would do no good, and turning with a sweet smile, she said: "Howdy Joe, proud to have you for a son-in-law. What are you doing so late coming to the party, you naughty fellow?"

As for Mr. Manning, he brushed himself sadly and turning on his heel in disgust, he said, in the language of those whom he contemned, "Ding these quare customs."

JIM.

BY "ARK."

O, the Mississippi steamboat, up the river she would come
On the levee by the river's side;
When she used to blow her whistle, how the darkies all would run
To the levee by the river's side.

CHORUS—Soon I'll be home again,
Soon I'll be home again,
To see my sister Sue
And Sophia Thompson, too,
On the levee by the river's side.

Along the banks of the great Mississippi one can hear such snatches of song from the throats of the passing deck hands lounging about the lower decks, while some are trying to snatch a few minutes' sleep between landings, for as long as these negroes are on a boat they must sleep when and where they can and be ready at the sound of the whistle to prepare for the landing. These deck hands are not regular employees on the boats, but are picked up at the starting point from among the loafing, lounging crowd of worthless negroes who may be found any time on the river front of the Mississippi River towns; consequently they are of the "very scum of the earth," half clad and worse fed, knowing nothing but to eat and sleep and do what they are told to do. There they live along the river front, sleeping among the freight always piled up, doing odd jobs and in this way they manage to eke out a miserable existence. But they are nearly always glad when they get a chance to go up or down the river as deck hands, and as long as the mate of the boat stands over them with a whip or barrel stave to give them a cut occasionally, they answer the purpose of the derricks and cranes used for loading and unloading larger vessels. The number of hands varies of course with the size of the boat. They are always under the mate, generally a white man, though occasionally one may meet with a negro, who, by his exceptional ability and power to handle men, has been promoted to the

mate's place. Physical size also has something to do with this promotion, for it is not infrequently the case for a mate to have to keep his men down by physical force.

James Crawford—or as he was known on the river, Jim—was one of these negroes, who, through his superior intelligence and ability to handle men, had risen to mate's place on the steamer Lula Lee, plying between New Orleans and Memphis. He was a giant in size, standing six feet, four inches, strong in proportion to his size and as black as ebony. On the boat he was a hard taskmaster and, seen by one unfamiliar with the treatment necessary to the successful handling of these half savage negroes, he would seem positively cruel as he stood beside the gang plank with half a barrel stave or piece of rope, striking the loitering hands bending beneath their loads. But it is necessary for the mate to inspire his men with a certain dread in order to work them to the best advantage. But Jim's heart was in the right place, for he never refused to help his fellow rivermen when in trouble, and he knew the river as well as a child knows the nursery floor; consequently, he was in demand on the river and many times had he been offered mate's place on larger and more pretentious boats than the one he was on, but he preferred to stay on the Lula Lee, for it was aboard her that he had served his apprenticeship and had gradually risen to his present position.

Jim was passionately fond of children, and when off duty he could usually be found on the wharves with a crowd of children gathered about him, telling them stories of the river, or making them toy boats. They in return vied with one another in bestowing favors upon him, giving him sweetmeats and little remembrances which he preserved and treasured as a miser does his gold.

One cold blustery night early in December of '92 the "Lula Lee" was making her way laboriously up river, loaded until it seemed that she could not take on another pound of freight, but at every stop she took on more. The rain was

pouring in torrents, and the old river was on such a boom as the oldest rivermen had never seen before. Whitecaps lashed and buffeted the old boat till she creaked in every joint. The wind was straight from the north, and cut like a knife. The boat groaned and reeled like a drunken man as she rounded in to the bank at Berryman's Landing. Jim was as usual the first one ashore, looking about to see what freight he had to take on and arranging that taken off. He was met by one of Mr. Berryman's tenants, who told him that he had a sick lady and little girl who wished to go up the river to a sick husband and father. Jim accompanied him to the covered wagon standing near, where, by the dim light of his lantern, he saw a pale drawn little woman and a prattling child of about four years of age. Taking the child in his mighty arms while the white man assisted the mother, Jim conducted them safely down the slippery bank to the gangplank. The child, seeing the dark, cold water and hearing it swirl hungrily about the prow of the boat clung instinctively, with that perfect confidence known only to childhood, to Jim's neck, her chubby little hands all pink with cold showing in marked contrast against his ebony colored skin. Arrived safely on deck, the child completely won the heart of her conductor with her childish prattle. Depositing her gently on the sofa, Jim turned to go when the child, running up to him, seized one of his great black hands in both of hers and silently caressed it; Jim rushed out brushing a tear rudely from his eye, for such marks of faith and affection from a little child awakened memories of his own little girl whom he had loved as ardently as ever any father loved his only child, but who, with her mother, had been taken from him during the great plague which had swept that part of the United States the previous summer.

Soon the freight was all loaded and they were off again into the night. It was bitter cold and the wind blew a gale. The deckhands were cold and crowded into the boiler room for the warmth afforded by the fires under the boilers. Sev-

eral times during the early evening Jim went into the saloon to see if there were not some service he could render the passenger and the little girl. Each time he was met by the same smiling little face and assured by the mother that there was nothing he could do.

The night wore on. Landings were made and passed, but now they were coming to a stretch where the stops were fewer, and where they went for ten or fifteen miles without a landing on either bank. The moon cast a fitful light through the shifting clouds, making fantastic and weird pictures upon the faces of the high bluffs that lined the river banks. It was the roughest night the old boat had ever experienced and she groaned in every timber and rocked and bobbed about like a cork.

Suddenly the cry of "fire" was heard. In some manner a pile of greasy rags and waste material had been ignited in the engine room, and the flames spread over that part of the boat as if she were made of paper. Immediately all was confusion, for on the river boats there is no fire drill as on ocean going vessels. The negro deck hands were wild with fright; they and some of the crew seized one of the two life boats, and flinging it overboard crowded into it. Poor fellows, not one of them was ever seen alive again. The overturned boat and two dead bodies told the sad tale of their fate.

Instinctively, at the first alarm, Jim thought only of preserving order among his men; but he soon found it was useless to try. He then turned to the other boat, and loosing it, helped the remaining members of the crew, the lady passenger and the captain aboard. He was about to step in and push off when he heard a shriek behind him. Turning, he saw the little girl standing at the head of the main companionway with flowing hair and hands outstretched, calling piteously for her mamma. Jim gave the boat a mighty shove and sent it far out on the water, out of danger from the burning vessel and turned to rescue the little girl from her

perilous position, for the flames were leaping up hungrily toward her and there was but one avenue of escape. Jim rushed up the rear companionway through the blinding smoke, and reached the child in safety. He turned to retreat the way he had come, but finding himself cut off in that direction, he rushed into the nearest stateroom and, wrenching the door from its hinges, lashed the child to it with bedclothes. Picking up his burden he made his way quickly through the smoke to the bridge of the upper deck. Clasping the door with its burden tightly, he jumped far out into the dark swirling waters below. He had scarcely taken a dozen strokes when a mighty explosion rent the air. The boilers had burst and the Lula Lee now drifted a burning mass of broken timbers.

I wish that I could tell of how this black hero reached the bank safely. He saved the child whom he had learned to love, and who had shown him kindness, but gave his own life in the effort. Next morning he was found by a searching party about fifteen miles below the wreck with his left arm still tightly clasped about the door with its burden, but he was stone dead, having been crushed by floating driftwood. He was tenderly taken up and buried beside the river, for he had often said that when he went on that last trip that has no end he wanted to be buried beside the old river that he had passed his life on and had learned like a book, but that had at last played him false and had numbered him among its victims. The grave of many a man who served in the higher walks of life is long since forgotten, but every year on the anniversary of the wreck of the "Lula Lee," there comes a little woman from the town below to pay her humble tribute to the black hero who on that terrible night gave up his life that he might save her own.

THE PERFECT DAY.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

[Sorrowfully dedicated to our dead.]

A night of dismal dark and gloom—
The day's last cheering beam has fled.
We sit within the charnel room
And keep our vigil with our dead.
"Thy will be done," we humbly say,
And then in pain we murmur "Why?"
Yet must await for our reply
The coming of the Perfect Day.

Why should we lose in hopeful bloom
Our comrade, dear to every heart?
Why should death's hand in direful doom
Decree that he and we must part,
And take him in his strength away,
And leave our mourning hearts to ache?
We'll know whene'er the shadows break,
And stands revealed the Perfect Day.

Why should the plans on earth begun,
The heart's wild search for earth's unknown
—And heaven's too—be left undone,
And leave us shattered hopes alone?
Why should life's efforts go astray?
And ideals fail 'neath bitter blight?
Why not attain the glorious height
Complete, as in the Perfect Day?

These things we ask with breath abate,
Our craft mad plunging through the deep,
Assailed by storms and ruled by fate—
We scarce can tell the course we keep;

Yet trust somehow to find the way
And spite of tempest's awful scourge,
In spite of billows' tossing surge,
To anchor in the Perfect Day.

Death's harpies toll the dismal knell
To our dead,—and though benumb
Our hearts yearn out a last farewell
—Our lips in pain and suffering dumb—
We leave him thus? The soul cries "Nay"
And faith's bright angel spreads his wings
And hov'ring o'er us sweetly sings:
"He'll meet you in the Perfect Day."

RESOLUTIONS.

Inasmuch as in the death of L. C. Bledsoe, the class of 1907 has lost one of its brightest and strongest members, a man deeply concerned in all the interests of his class, faithful in his class work and one of our leaders on the athletic field, and a man, by his kindliness and gentleness to his fellows, withal by his perfect manliness, thoroughly endeared to his classmates, both as individuals and as fellow-workers in the recitation room, we desire to express to the other organizations of which he was a member, and especially to the saddened home, our heartfelt sympathy in their loss and our own bitter sense of bereavement in their sorrow. We grieve with them. But this testimony we bear to him who has left us—a quiet, unassuming faithfulness to right and duty which so characterized him while with us, has left an impression and influence for good upon us which we trust not soon to forget; and though we mourn the broken arc, we pray the God in whose power rests the perfection of the round, that when we too must leave our tasks unfinished, we may have labored as conscientiously as did our fellow. God be with us as with him, that we may finish our course, having fought as good a fight and kept as simple a faith in Him.

LELA YOUNG,
C. E. PHILLIPS,
HOLLAND HOLTON,
Committee.

WHEREAS, In His allwise providence, the God of this Universe has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved friend and brother, Leroy C. Bledsoe, be it resolved by the Columbian Literary Society of Trinity college:

First—That in his death we have lost a faithful and beloved member. One who in his quiet, unpretentious manner was always ready to do his duty and did it according to the dictates of his conscience.

Second—That we feel sorely the loss of our brother and realize that his was such a life as is worthy of imitation.

Third—That a copy of these resolutions be given to the ARCHIVE and the Chronicle for publcation, a copy furnished the family of our deceased friend, and a copy be spread upon the minutes of the society.

J. F. MCGHEE,
H. E. SPENCE,
GEO. P. POPE,
Committee.

H. E. SPENCE, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
HOLLAND HOLTON, - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Another college year is upon us with its opportunities. Once more the iron-throated monster in the tower peals forth its notice to sleepy students that they have just twenty minutes in which to dress, eat breakfast and get to chapel. A new activity pervades the atmosphere. The long halls, so dismal and lonely only a few short weeks ago, now resound with the noise of hurrying footsteps. The walks are thronged with students going to and from their tasks.

To the ordinary observer it is simply the same old routine of college life. And yet it is not the same. As each class enters upon its advanced course of study, its members explore new fields and receive new impressions of the world about them. Especially is this true of the new men. Only a few days ago they parted from loving parents and anxious friends and entered an entirely new field and one in which their whole future is to be influenced. Theirs is not an easy lot. Many difficulties will confront them, and the sad part is that so many of them have no adequate conception of college life and must therefore meet disappointments. They see the novel side, the amusements and various attractions. Even the most serious of them look upon a college as a place where knowledge is to be dished out to the eager student. Sooner or later they must change their views and see a college as a place, not merely where facts may be obtained, but as a vast workshop in which they may mould their own ideas and character into a failure or a success. Within college

walls as nowhere else is to be seen the gradual enactment of tragedies and comedies, and he who makes his college life the greatest farce prepares for himself the greatest tragedy.

It is not the purpose of this article to give advice. The new man will receive plenty of that. It is the cheapest and most abundant thing here. We merely wish to call his attention to what we consider the secret of success in life—college life especially. Exercise of will power in the pursuance of duty. As before intimated, the college man has many and difficult problems to face. His work will seem overwhelming. He must face doubts and in some cases undergo a period of transition which leaves him a grown man yet clinging with a child's affections to the time honored faith of early teaching which he must relinquish. When the strain comes we must rely upon something. What shall it be? To some that something is their intelligence, to others wealth, to still others, social prestige and family rank. Having these things men often become over-confident and thus invite failure. These things are merely the resources of life and not the real man. The only thing that can effectually stand the strain is the power that preserves our integrity and holds us to our duty—the unconquerable will. The world about us fires question after question and applies test after test. Some of the questions may be met with the audible word; some of the tests may be met in the simplest way. But Life's deep questions admit of no reply but the grim determination—"I will have things as I desire them." When dreadful objects present themselves, when difficult questions arise, when life turns up its dark mysterious unfathomable abysses to our view, the weak-willed soul loses its hold upon the situation and coward-like refuses to investigate the truth; and when compelled to face the issue collapses in fear. But the strong-willed man does differently. To him, too, the objects are unwelcome, and the questions perplexing. But he can face them and not lose his hold upon the world. And by his grim determination he becomes master of the situation. For in all life's troubles and perplexities the best aid is a will that

defies failure and holds us to our duty. Life's failures are not due to a lack of vision. Thousands in the valley of ordinary life dream dreams and see visions. But the table-lands lie in the distance and the path is too rough and steep, the exertion too great, and so they sit in the valley of dreams and accomplish naught. But he who succeeds, after seeing the vision, begins the toilsome climb and though others fail and falter, though the path be treacherous and difficult, yet he presses on until he attains the mountain height and finds:

> "The toppling crags of duty scaled
> Are close upon the shining table-lands
> To which our God Himself is light and sun."

The first opportunity the ARCHIVE has had to welcome the class of 1910 to Trinity College. Members of the new class, we take advantage of that opportunity with pleasure. Your class is strong—strong in the individuals composing it, if not of as great numerical strength as the other classes of the last three years. It can make for itself a splendid record in the history of the college. That, however, is entirely in the power of its members; the history of a class, like that of any other organization, is simply the story of the men in it who *work*. Success here as elsewhere comes simply from work. Here, as elsewhere, it is simply the reward of earnest endeavor. It is simply the realization through work of some purpose. The man who brings things to pass in college only reproduces—on a very small scale, it is true—the man of action in the great world of achievement beyond. In his small field he must have the same elements of character, though those elements may vary with him as with others. He may be the man of fierce energy, literally flying to his task; he may be the man of resolute perseverance, who sets his goal and relentlessly pursues it. Neither type is to be despised. The plodder makes his mark in college as often as the steam-engine man, and vice versa. We speak of success in its broadest sense—success which is purely relative or

success which stands in the light of its own strength; the success that is entirely superficial as well as the success that springs from the very depths of a manly character; the petty success of idle triumphs over our fellows—who after all may not have striven sufficiently hard to be worth the defeat—as well as the success which stands at the top because of work pushed so near perfection as to admit no superiority, the tinsel success of a reputation for scholarship, debating, or athletic achievement, as well as the success which leaves its imprint on the character for eternity. Whatever your idea of success, gentlemen, it is within your grasp if you but enter college with the firm intention of making it yours—enter with the energy with which a new man can enter, the energy which simply means ability to work and power to persevere; enter with the self-confidence—self-confident "freshness," if you please—which falters at no obstacle; finally enter with the determination which means not merely resolution without perseverance and aim, but resolution, aim and perseverance welded into an irresistible force. These three corner stones of success you can lay if you will while at Trinity college: self-confidence, which may be interpreted as simply "With God's help, I can accomplish what any other man has achieved—and a little more;" *determination,* which is simply an emphatic *I will,* coupled with an equally emphatic *you shall* to the rest of the world; *energy,* which may only mean "I'll run this little engine of mine at full steam until it either flies the track or blows the triumphant whistle at its destination"—together with a fourth: *the power of winning the confidence of others,* which may be acquired in the surest way, though more slowly, perhaps, than by other means, by a simple, honest, manly life.

The corner stones of success!—the success of a restless ambition combined with the fervor of a Hebrew king, and a pagan adoration of the end in itself, perhaps. Certainly it is somewhat different from that more quiet form of success —from which, however, the impetus of our own restlessness has doubtless removed most of us—the one which may make

for truer happiness, may even be more in keeping with the spirit of Christianity itself, the ideal which finds expression in the noble lines of Goethe:

"Haste not! rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last."

Whatever your ideals, however, *at least strike while the iron is hot and the enthusiasm of new surroundings is yours; and strike as hard, as steadily, and in as rapid succession, as God has given you strength.* H.

To the old students possibly the most noticeable thing at the beginning of this year is the absence of Dr. J. S. Bassett, who has for years occupied the chair of history in this institution. Dr. Bassett resigned the position to accept a similar one in Smith College, Nothampton, Mass. His chief reason for making the change is that the great libraries of the North offer him superior advantages for historical research, in which he is so deeply interested. The ARCHIVE wishes him every possible success. We shall miss him and yet we feel that his going is not an entire loss to the South. For he goes as a messenger from the South to the North—and his sound scholarship and broad patriotism will give the North a better opinion of southern men and southern views. We are willing to trust Dr. Bassett with the interpretation of the South's position and we sincerely trust that through his efforts and those of other southern-born men in the North, both North and South will soon come to listen to the words of the illustrious Lamar: "Learn each other and you will love each other."

To Dr. Bassett's successor, Dr. Boyd, we extend a hearty welcome, and trust that his labor with us will be both pleasant and profitable.

ANNIE E. TILLETT, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

One of the cleverest books of recent date is "The Incomplete Amorist," by E. Nesbit, published by Doubleday, Page & Co. In this book the author has displayed her understanding of human nature. Betty Desmond, "the girl," is an art student, who undertakes to study alone in Paris. However horrifying this might be in real life, inside the book it is really very interesting and amusing and it is with never failing interest that we follow the story to its close. The leading man is not our ideal by any means, still he is not entirely despicable. We like Miss Julia Desmond, Betty's mannish aunt. We do not commend the author's use of lies to gain the desired ends, yet in the main the book is clever and original.

"The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair, the best selling book of the summer, is the book of which we hear most. Certainly it has aroused more people to action and put more people to thinking than any book of recent years. This book it was that turned President Roosevelt's attention to the packing-house scandals of Chicago, caused congress to legislate and caused orders for army food to be cancelled. This book it is that is talked of and quoted in foreign countries, and which has recently been translated into French with the rather startling title "The Poisoners of Chicago." And yet it is a disagreeable book, a book which makes us shudder.

Three biographies of recent issue are most notable—"James Anthony Froude," by Herbert Paul; "George Her-

bert," by Palmer, and "With Walt Whitman in Camden," by Horace Traubel. The first of these, the life of Froude, is rather a general outline than a detail sketch. The life of George Herbert is a vauable addition to our list of biographies. Hebert has been neglected more than he deserves, and this careful and sympathetic study of his life is worthy of both the author and his subject. The third biography, Traubel's sketch of Whitman's life at Camden, is valuable, the fact that Traubel was Whitman's Boswell making it doubly interesting.

"Coniston," Winston Churchill's new novel, is the truly American story of the day. It is a picture of the political conditions following the Civil War, and in portraying such pictures, Mr. Churchill is at his best. Unlike his other stories, "Coniston" has a narrow scope. "It is a local rather than a national interpretation of the American spirit" and for this reason there is a clearer characterization. "Coniston" is the picture of a rural country village with its loungers at the corner store or at the post-office, and with the gossip belonging to such places. The central figure is Jethro Bass, the political "boss" of the community, and about him Mr. Mabie says: "So much human nature has rarely been put in one person than Mr. Churchill has put into this old-fashioned country boss." "Coniston" is the most interesting of Mr. Churchill's books.

The past summer months have been a period of considerable literary activity in America. We have promise of a number of interesting books to come out soon. Among these are "Sir Nigel," by Conan Doyle; "A Knight of the Cumberland," by John Fox, Jr.; "Jane Cable," by G. B. McCutcheon, and "Real Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis. Having already had samples of the works of these men, we look forward with great pleasure to their new productions.

"The London Academy," in their recent review of the books of the past season, mention two from America as worthy of special attention. These two are Sinclair's "The Jungle" and Owen Wister's "Lady Batimore."

The two books of the year which will be of most interest and value to college students and faculties are "The German University and University Study," by Frederick Paulsen, of the University of Berlin, translated by Frank Thilly, of Princeton and William Elwang; and "The Launching of a University," by Professor Gilmore, of Johns Hopkins University. The facts that the American educational system is based on the German, rather than the English, and that so many Americans study in Germany, render the first book more important. This book deals not only with the experiences that have raised the German university to its present great height, but also of the relation of the students to the teachers, to each other, to politics and to the church. The book closely associated with Prof. Paulsen's is the story of the setting forth of Johns Hopkins University. This is a collection of experiences which occurred at the opening and through the years of the life of the university. The author does not confine himself to the advancement and work of Johns Hopkins, but also treats of other universities of the country.

JOHN W. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The Exchange Editor takes up his pen at the beginning of the collegiate year with a deep sense of the duty that has devolved upon him. The world is full of men who can criticise, but there is a very small number of men who are worthy the name critic, as we use the term in its highest meaning. It will not be our policy to unduly criticise our contemporaries, yet we do not believe in a mutual admiration society, such as the Saturday Club of the New England authors and poets. It is far better to attempt the suppression of poor writing than to give false encouragement to the young writer.

There has grown up among some college editors a misconception of their literary work. The ARCHIVE has been censured by this class of editors, for not devoting enough space to college locals. This department, in our opinion, is quite out of the domain of a college monthly's activities. Besides, the Trinity Chronicle, printed weekly, takes care of all such work.

The college magazine should be strictly literary in its nature. It should represent much thought and learning on the part of its student contributors. All the short stories, all essays, literary or historical, all poetry should be written in the spirit in which the great master spirits of the world of literature and letters wrote. From the standpoint of reason, it would follow that in an age when the college man is becoming a leader in all phases of our complicated life, literature should ascend to that high plane which it once

held. Why has this not come about? What have those college men, who have drunk at the fountain of knowledge and had the benefit of intimate acquaintance with the great writers and poets of the world since the age of Homer, contributed to the uplifting of American literature?

The interesting and readable magazines of today, judging from their popularity, are not as the spectator of Addison, nor the famous old English Reviews, nor the Atlantic Monthly of Lowell. The American mind has become corrupted. It is in such a feverish state, that even in our quiet moments, we cannot rest, but eagerly seek that mental stimulation or excitement which is only satisfied by the reading of the daily newspaper or the latest magazine, which contains those most intensely interesting articles, "The Treason of the Senate," or "The Crime of the Amalgamated." Yet this is the kind of specious literature which constitutes the greater part of the reading of the American public today.

This is the situation which the college literary enthusiast has to face. Will our coming editors, writers of fiction and history, or our poets cater to a mind already diseased, or will they attempt to cure this sensation-loving public; and pledge themselves to raise American literature to that exalted height which it once held, and help create a healthy public sentiment which seems at present almost lost? The college magazine is a good foundation on which to build. If we get for ourselves the ideal of a noble purpose, there is no place from which such beneficial results can radiate as the sanctum of a college editor.

Amber Chemical Floor Dressing

Is a Disinfectant Dust-Proof Preparation
For Sanitation in Schools and Public Institutions

TODAY it is protecting the health of thousands of children, for it keeps the building sweet and clean and the atmosphere pure. It refreshes the body, brightens the mind, and maketh the heart glad.

IT IS AN AGENT OF THE HIGHEST VALUE in cleanliness, labor saving and immunity from that class of infectious diseases liable to prevail in schools and public institutions.

SHIPPED ON TRIAL to schools anywhere, as it requires no skill to apply it and we furnish special brushes with simple direction for the application.

IT IS USED in every State in the Union. Write for our terms, as we ship goods on thirty days' trial.

Dust Proof Floor Dressing Co.

PROPRIETORS OF AMBER CHEMICAL COMPANY
Established in 1893 CINCINNATI

HORTON & MORRIS,
DEALERS IN
GUNS AND BICYCLES.
WE REPAIR ANYTHING.
All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.
Fine Line of Guns to Rent
107 Church Street

RICHARDSON & HUNTER
PLUMBERS
DURHAM, - N. C.

HORACE PARTRIDGE & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS
Fencing, Football and Gymnasium Equipments a Specialty
Baseball, Tennis, Track and Field Supplies. Boxing and Bowling Goods.

See Gymnasium Director, Mr. W. W. Card.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1906.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to H. E. SPENCE, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to F. R. WRENN, Business Manager.

C. M. CAMPBELL, JR., }
MITCHELL B. WADDILL, } - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHERNER SINCE THE CIVIL WAR," BY "NICHOLAS WORTH."

BY X.

In the October number of the Atlantic Monthly is concluded the "Autobiography of a Southerner Since the Civil War," by "Nicholas Worth." It is significant that so many views of Southern life and conditions are being presented and it is well to have as many side lights as possible thrown upon them. The true story of Southern life since the Civil War has been one of the most pathetic and tragic stories of human history. This autobiography is a most incisive study

of the forces which have shaped the lives of Southern people, and while it is true, I think, that undue importance has in some cases been given to certain agencies, and that other influences and factors have not been given due credit for the part they have played, it is an exceedingly interesting and instructive analysis. It is an attempt to show the forces and conditions which confronted a man who began his career just after the Civil War, and also to throw light upon what confronts a man who begins his career today. It attempts to show the steps of progress that have been made and to point out those things to which the South must look for its best and highest achievements.

To understand the Southern people today, it is necessary to know the forces that have been at work to shape the currents of life for those who have been brought up since the Civil War. Only in this way can we understand Southern character. The writer says, "Since my own life and its somewhat exciting small struggle for light and freedom and a proper perspective have happened to fall in the cotton belt, and illustrate by small deeds and adventures, this great story of freedom of a people, partly achieved and now rapidly coming, I have determined to write the story of it. It is a life story of a period when cotton was beginning to become free. I have changed names and places in the story, and disguised some incidents, not essential facts, only because it is unfair to give publicity to some old deeds and opinions of former enemies that we are willing to forget."

It is very evident that in several instances the true incidents have been very materially changed, and that in some cases there is presented a composite photograph made up from experiences of different individuals. However, the main facts as set forth are essentially true, and the analysis does not suffer from the intentional injection of fiction, and the disguising of names and places. Of course, there has been a great deal of conjecture as to the place where the life of the writer was spent, and as to the identity of several of the

most prominent characters in the story. It is very certain that the scene of the writer's experience was in North Carolina, and that many of the characters represent men and women who lived in this State. It is probable, however, that some characters represent no special individual, but a type, examples of which might be found in many sections of other States.

One thing that impresses an earnest reader is the intense love which the writer has for the people and the section which he describes. One cannot fail to see that whenever it it necessary, in the narrative, to pass adverse criticism on the life about him, it is done not in a captious spirit, but that the truth as he sees it may be told. No one can appreciate more fully than he the things that give charm to Southern life, for "to them that are of it there has always been a charm in Southern life, a charm that those who are not born to it probably never understand."

It is not in a spirit of hostility that it was written, and it is hard to understand why the writer has been charged with being actuated by a desire to write something for foreign consumption. This sensitiveness to criticism which is too often characteristic of Southern people, sometimes creates the suspicion that there may be something which we realize merits criticism.

In this paper, no attempt will be made to give anything like a complete sketch of the life of the writer, as set forth in the "Autobiography," but only to mention a few of the most important incidents, and to call attention to a few of the points brought out in the analysis. It is not the intention to justify the criticisms or to argue against them, but simply to call attention to some of the conditions and forces that confronted "Nicholas Worth." In studying the story of his life it is well to consider how far the attitude of the man towards the life about him may have called into play the forces against which he had to struggle.

The author of the "Autobiography" was born in the cotton belt, just before the beginning of the Civil War. His father lived in a country house near the railroad and owned a little cotton mill. The train stopped when there was some one to get on or off. The first incident that made any lasting impression on his life was going down to the station when about seven years old with Joe, "his slave," "philosopher," and "friend," who was ten, to see put off the train the body of the first soldier to be brought back from the war. This was only the beginning, and from this time he knew the war was no "myth." One after another the men who had gone off to war were brought back in "big boxes," and the land was made desolate. His father ran the little mill, and gave the product to the government to clothe the soldiers. The soldiers of both armies came, and for "weeks afterwards a blue coat or a gray might be seen protruding from the sand by the roadside." His uncles were killed, and "perhaps half the men between twenty and fifty who had lived in the neighborhood were missing when the war was ended." The times that followed the war were turbulent, and the camp followers of the two armies and many adventurers plundered the country. Trying to resist a band of these bent on robbery, his father was shot dead in his own home. His mother took charge of the mill, he was sent to the elementary private schools, and then to Graham's, which will be readily recognized as "the most famous school for boys in that part of the South." Of his training here Nicholas says: "They were eventful years in the great world, of which we knew nothing. We lived in a sort of secluded training place for Southern gentlemen, and I think that nobody then knew what went on in the outside world." During the vacation he spent much time with his grandfather—a splendid specimen of the ante bellum Southern gentleman, and there Nicholas came to know Uncle Ephraim, who remained a faithful attendant of his old master after the war had set him free. Nicholas went to college, while his brother took charge of the mill. The president of

the college was a man of strength and extraordinary eloquence, with wonderful ability to throw his hearers into a "heroic mood," and though he had serious limitations made a wonderful impression on the young student. The only professor who seemed to have influenced him was the professor of Greek, a man whose identity is easily traced. He "learned to read Latin and Greek easily, but he confesses "that is all I learned of college work proper. It had little to do with modern thought, and as little to do with the time and country that I lived in, as instruction given in the Middle Ages. The literary society was the only thing that brought the student in touch with modern life. The Southern boys had "the oratorical habit of mind," and "rousing speech was more to be desired than accuracy of statement."

As soon as his college days were over, his grandfather persuaded him to go to Harvard, where he devoted himself to the study of history and economics. After remaining here for two years the question arose how "he should give his life to the service of his country," as he had taken an oath to do after listening to the heroic appeal of his old college president. After a trip to the west, taken with a view to locating there, he came back to his old home. The mill under the management of his brother was succeeding, and there was no special necessity for him to devote himself to this enterprise. While trying to decide on his life work, he was offered a position as superintendent of a graded school in a town in the State which had taken on new life. He had no special training for the work, but he took it up with enthusiasm. The books and teaching seemed "too remote from every day life." He compiled two books, one a short story of the State, and the other a primer about the products and industries. This work created great enthusiasm among the students and patrons. In the negro graded schools, he worked out a plan of practical training. When the negroes criticised the superintendent for not teaching their children "book larnin'," he called a meeting in one of the school houses, and explained

what he was trying to do for the children of the negro race. There was every evidence that his work as superintendent was successful, but at the meeting of the trustees at the end of the school year, to the surprise of almost all the board, Colonel Stover, a member of the board, arraigned "Mr. Worth:" (1) *In the name of our holy religion;* (2) *In the name of our Anglo-Saxon civilization;* (3) *In the name of our honored dead.* Mr. Worth was not re-elected, and of the revelations made to him, he says: "There I made my acquaintance real with three elementary forces about me, the existence of which I had hardly known till now. They were the church, the race question, and the hands of dead men; and they together made the ghost called Puplic Opinion. Any colonel, by skilfully invoking these could then stop any man in a normal, independent career. Many a Southern man has been banished from the land he loved and would proudly have served by this simple process of invoking these forces against him. You will find such men in almost every State in the Union,—men with the same burning patriotism that we dedicated ourselves to at college, winning success at every calling, and hoping in quiet hours of self-communion that a chance may yet come for them to show the genuineness of their boyhood ambition. The backwardness of Southern people is to a great degree the result of this forced emigration of many of its young men who should otherwise have been leaders of the people and builders of a broader sentiment."

Later "Nicholas Worth" became a member of the Sunrise club in the capital city, and joined in every movement looking toward the betterment of the educational conditions of the State. By a result of this work, he and his friend Professor Billy were appointed to conduct teachers' institutes in order to "stir up the teachers to better methods and greater zeal." This work brought him into contact with the people of all classes as he lectured in court houses and school houses over the State. Sometimes his heart would almost break because of conditions which confronted him, but it taught him

much of human sympathy, and caused him to have a deeper love for his fellows, and to believe more firmly in the people. The people had been told so often that they were "the happiest and most fortunate people on the globe," and the self-satisfaction, with the educational system and with these industrial conditions, gave him the greatest concern. He was led to inquire, "What are the active forces in a democracy?" His own conclusions were, "They must be the pressure of population, the consequent coming of roads, of industries, of activities, the jostle of necessity, not exhortation, surely, even of the most eloquent kind. I thought of the little mill that turned always, and of my brother's busy life, dealing with the real things. That was the way to solve the problem. And would educational exhortation ever do it?"

Mr. Worth was again brought face to face with another factor which he had not yet fully realized. In a conversation with his aunt and cousin in the capital city, he had unintentionally offended them by giving expression to some of his opinions concerning the Confederacy. The import of his opinions was exaggerated, and magnified, and he was led to conclude "That to my aunt and my cousin and all good women like them, I must either be offensive or I must be silent on our history, on the real condition of Southern people, on the negro, on the church,—on almost all subjects of serious concern."

And now as Mr. Worth was to start on his second itinerary he was called to the chair of history in the university of the State. With a reluctance to give up the work in which he was engaged, he accepted the appointment, and began his work with "pride and enthusiasm." However, when the trustees met at commencement, notwithstanding the fact that the president spoke highly of his work, thanks to Colonel Stover and Judge Thorne, Mr. Worth was displaced to make room for a man totally unfit for the position, but who was called by Judge Thorne "a man of learning and of patriotism, who reads our own history as it was enacted by our own

heroes." That night as he was trying to fall asleep "it occurred to him that all these misfortunes had had a common cause, and that cause was visible in the negro. It was his presence that had brought war, stagnation, pessimism."

Even before taking up his work on his educational itinerary, Mr. Worth had almost made up his mind to become a man of practical affairs. He contrasted the work of his brother with that of his own and he confesses: "I sometimes thought that he was the wisest man of us all. If every man had a task like his, and did it well, as he did, most of the results that I hoped for would come quickly. Was not this the way—perhaps the only way, after all—to change the old base of life? But there were few men like him. The problem not to make many like him,—to wake them up. And surely there must be some swifter method than the method of waiting generation after generation, till a few examples of thrift and growth should be universally initiated."

But when "Nicholas" had made up his mind to become a man of practical affairs, his brother and his sister said "You will do no such thing. You will find your work—work for which well-trained men are few—in the educational building up of the State."

By this time there was great dissatisfaction among the people with the political management of the bosses. A farmers' movement, designed originally to improve the agricultural conditions, had become a political movement. There was a revolt against the old time management. An educational convention was called, and delegates were sent to it. A platform was adopted containing much economic nonsense, but those who were interested in the election of a superintendent of public instruction who would advocate these ideas, saw that this movement was the best chance to accomplish this purpose. Against his wishes "Nicholas Worth" was nominated and urged to become a candidate for this position. A little later the minority party in the State endorsed him as their candidate. Anxious to do what he could for the up-

building of the educational interests of the State, he began his canvass. At once there was let loose on him a flood of personal abuse. False reports damaging to his character were circulated, solely for the purpose of defeating him. It was again the cry of negro. But the people believed in his sincerity and he was elected, but was counted out.

After this the way seemed dark. Soon the papers that had heaped upon him so much abuse began to publish articles of a different character. Of this he says, "A month ago I was the vile enemy of social order, now I was a scholarly ornament to society. And it became plainer and plainer to me that there was nothing real in the oratorical zone of Southern life."

The President offered him the position of Minister to Greece, but he did not accept. He devoted his time to writing a history of the State. He attended a meeting in a Northern city where he met a number of men interested in the "Southern problem." He saw how little so many of them understand the real situation. At their request, he traveled over the Southern States studying the educational needs.

In the mean time great changes had taken place in the State. Educational institutions had been established, industrial enterprises had been started up, good roads had been built, and the cotton fields yield twice their former crop. But with all this progress, the negro was still a political question. Race prejudice ran high. The campaign waxed hot. While trying to prevent the lynching of a negro, Nicholas Worth's brother was shot and killed. It now became necessary for him to take his brother's place as a mill-owner and "man of affairs." He now realized how great and important was the work his brother had done. The years passed by. Great changes took place, "changes wrought chiefly by industry." The politics of the State was yet bad, but there was more liberty of opinion, and many things to bring hope. Still "Nicholas Worth" was disturbed because so many young men went elsewhere to seek their fortunes. He

asked, "Did these young men today feel the same oppression that I had felt?"

Again a new political campaign was coming on. "There was a still rising tide of revolt against the old machine. To save the day, the negro was made the issue. Worth was brought to despair in describing the situation. He said, "We had come to the Mount of Hope, and the prospect was fair in our upland South. We were freeing our old king from the fetters of slovenly work and poor land and primitive manufacture, and we were regaining our liberties—prosperity, right training, free thought." But now Mr. Worth was made to despair. The volcanic fires of race feeling were stirred. To him it seemed that he had "deceived himself into a belief in real progress, and that we had slipped back whole decades—whole centuries."

"But I will not forget that the river runs, the spindles turn, and the looms are at work; and every year they are fed by better cotton,—better handled, better sold, for a higher price; and unnumbered millions of human creatures wait for the cloth that is woven of it. We weave more and more; and some time, if we are efficient men, Old England and New England may bring all their looms and all their weavers here,—if we are patient and wise. Patience—sweet heaven, infinite is the patience called for. For we are yet "apart," oratorical, emotional, "peculiar," in spite of the incalculable progress that we have made in the little time covered by this story of a life spent without large result. A well-rounded life surely it has not been; for it has been too volcanic. Perhaps there can be no well-rounded life in this land—except a few unusual women's lives—within a century of slavery.

"Patience, then, is the word,—a long, long patience. Changes have come and are coming. In these forty years they have been many. The people rise; our lands become richer; our vision wider; our temper more tolerant. The South is not a 'problem.' It is a social and industrial condition. You can only gradually improve it. And no social

condition is either so bad or so good as any one man guesses by the small section of it that he sees. We hope to see great results from one campaign, from one lifetime of effort. Great results are visible only generation by generation."

"Then it is that we who sometimes feel the deepest despair at other times feel the highest hope. We cannot get away from our love of the land and the people. Those that work only for themselves seem to us to miss the larger inspiration of our democracy; and we do not get at least—certainly we get at times—the triumphant sense of working at a hard task which is well worth doing. And so we go on, betwixt high hope and weariness, as I dare say men have gone on since human society began. If the bigness of the task is appalling, and the time required to do it indefinitely longer than our day of labor, so have all men found all grave social problems."

WHAT MATTER?

BY H. E. SPENCE.

Our limited knowledge never knows
Whence the fragrance and beauty of tinted rose,
Or the music from warbler's throat that flows,
Nor should we care;
Since life's made brighter by the note
That gushes sublime from the songster's throat,
And the flower's enchanting odors float
And fill the air.

Tho' human wisdom can ne'er reveal
Whence the splendor of visions that o'er us steal,
Or the glory of rainbow's beauty real,
Should we sigh and mope?
When the glory and freshness of the dream
Fill the soul with inspiration's gleam,
And after the storm, the rainbow's beam
Fills life with hope.

Who knows, to the seer, what power brings
To gaze 'neath the outer mask of things
Or soar away on wild vision's wings
To the heights ideal?
What matter, if his prophetic gaze
Sees the promise of brighter, better days
And learns 'mid the false and the tangled maze
That the world is real?

Who dares account for the mystic fire
That sends world-songs to the poet's lyre,
And doth with angel-thoughts inspire
The human clod?
Yet the pow'r and grace of the poet's art
Make the sympathetic teardrops start,
And bring to the yearning downcast heart
A thought of God.

THE BLUE FLAME.

BY REESE SCROGGS.

There are times when even the strongest men are temporarily mastered by fate. Upon finishing my college course, I returned to my native village, filled with lofty ideals, a great love for my fellow men, and a desire to do right for right's sake, and established a newspaper, believing this to be the best way of advancing the interests of the community. The inhabitants of this locality, although illiterate as a class, were rich in human sympathy, and were morally guiltless. They were contented to run on in the same grooves, their disability to think being overcome by their ability to love, their simple doubts overpowered by their simple faith. Here I spent three years, having the daily satisfaction of seeing my paper prosper, and of knowing that I was accomplishing good, when an event transpired which was destined to change the course of my life.

Among my childhood friends, there was a shy little maiden who was my constant companion in childhood, sharing alike my joys and sorrows, meekly following my suggestions and accepting my opinions with a faith that was miraculous in its simplicity. During my first days at college, I missed her sadly, as I had been shifted into an environment that I could not easily reconcile myself to, and consumed with self-pity, my thoughts wandered to happiness of other days. I soon plunged into my work with a zeal that was commendable, and succeeded in obliterating her image from my mind, and during the remainder of my college course never gave her a thought. After returning, I found that she had developed into a very beautiful girl, characterized pre-eminently by her innocence and breadth of sympathy. She was a frail little girl, with lustrous brown hair and a slightly tip-tilted nose. Her eyes were her most pleasing feature, which looked straight at you, as if the great soul confined in her frail body longed for a roomier abode. Probably her very frail-

ness was what first attracted me to her, as I saw a beauty in her frailness and I pitied her, and pity is closely akin to love. Be that as it may, it was certain that I was irresistibly drawn to her and we plighted our troth and were to be married the following summer. Several days prior to the consummation of my dearest hopes, I was called to the bedside of my betrothed and arrived to see her in the agonies of death. She died just as I reached her. With a wild cry of despair, I threw myself by her bedside and covered her with kisses, but the only answer to my passionate caresses was the knowledge that my future was blighted, and the consciousness that I had nothing to live for. The hopes that come only to baffle constitute the superlative sorrows of life. I threw myself upon the floor in mental agony and lay there without a thought of time. Finally they came and bore her away and I meekly followed them, utterly unable to understand that her soul had fled.

During the remainder of the week, I wandered around in a lethargy, conscious that the light of my life had been extinguished. I had lost all hope and had ceased to look forward to anything, accepting automatically the things that came to me without having the pleasure of anticipation. Wherever I went, it was only to behold objects that would bring her to my memory. My sorrow excited the sincerest sympathy for awhile, but they soon forgot—but it was to live with me eternally. Soon after this great loss, I had the misfortune to lose my business by fire, and a new difficulty presented itself, that of sustenance. I decided to leave the scene of my sorrow and go elsewhere, that I might not be continually reminded of it. Getting together the remainder of my belongings, I started out at night to seek my fortunes and to try to alleviate my sufferings. I made one last trip to her grave. Doubts began to creep into my mind. Had she realized her hopes, or did she sleep eternally—never to awake again? Was that narrow grave the boundary of her future destiny, or was it but the means to the end of sublime

possibilities? I could not say. I began to fear that she was dead eternally. I looked upon myself as a very much wronged person, and thought myself under the control of an unguided fate, cruel in its mandates, and relentless in its determination to carry them out. I gave up in despair, and early the next morning I left home to seek my fortunes elsewhere, leaving with it all faith in God and my fellow men, and plunged into a series of debaucheries that have been unparalleled—longing for insensible oblivion.

I will mercifully pass over this part of my life and leave it to the wildest speculations of my readers without fear of being callumniated over-much. In the course of my wanderings, I finally reached the mountains in the western part of the State, and here I had an experience which filled me with hope, and caused me to mend my dissolute course. I was keeping a drunken vigil on the summit of a mountain. The peaks reared their heads in unconscious sublimity, and as I watched the heavenly bodies climb in space in utter silence, I became overwhelmed with the sense of illimitable distance. How long I lay there, I knew not, but soon became conscious that all was dark overhead. In the distance I could see black clouds boiling over the mountains, kissing the summits of the pines as they pursued their courses in silent majesty. Suddenly there was a lurid streak of lightning, followed by a terrific crash. The clouds opened and far in the distance I saw the image of my beloved in bright celestial robes, her face transfigured. There dawned in me a great hope that she lived, and I resolved to mend my way.

I had run through with all my property, and now found myself face to face with want. I had no friends on whom I could call for financial aid to set up another paper, so I was compelled to seek a reporter's position. I chose a small town, desiring to avoid the temptations of a larger place. I secured a position as assistant editor on a newspaper published in a town of about two thousand inhabitants, and worked unceasingly with the determination to conquer myself. My em-

ployer was pleased with my work and the citizens of the town were very courteous to me. As I wandered on the streets, I saw people whom I knew I would like, and was struck by the pathos of man's insignificance to his fellows. For every man whom we know and love, there are a million of whom we have never even heard. We speak of our love for our fellowmen and think we love them, but when we are brought face to face with individual after individual with whom we are not acquainted, we find that our boasted love is only a delusion and we are appalled by our own disinterestedness. I took refuge in their companionship and life became bearable once more.

In the suburbs of the village, there lived an old gentleman who was the subject of much discussion. No one in the village appeared to be on intimate terms with him. He had isolated himself from humanity and none of the villagers had dared intrude upon him. All that I could gather concerning him was that he had been professor of chemistry at some university, but had resigned on account of his great age, and was now living on a pension bestowed upon him by the university. It was seldom that he was seen away from home. He made trips at regular intervals to the merchants to purchase his supplies, and this was done frequently at night. The old man was shrouded in a mystery that the villagers could not fathom. He was looked at askance by the better element, and was openly feared by the rabble who implicitly believed him to be an emissary of Satan. The cause of his unpopularity was due to the fact that at regular intervals an intense blue flame could be seen bursting forth from his sitting room, glowing brightly for a period of about thirty minutes and then suddenly dying down and finally becoming extinguished.

I must confess that this was an awe-inspiring spectacle, and it was perfectly natural for the people to regard it as a supernatural demonstration. Versed in the sciences as I was, I had never seen a flame so powerful in its ability to

penetrate darkness. The mystery was heightened by the fact that the flame gave off no heat whatever. One evening while returning from a visit to a friend in the country, I had occasion to pass by the home of the professor. When I was opposite his gate, the surrounding landscape was suddenly lit up by an intense blue flame. My horse gave one snort of terror and made a dash for town, throwing me out of the buggy in precipitancy. I arose dazed with the fall and hearing music somewhere, I wandered to it guided by the sound. I reached the window and looking through I could see the professor at a piano playing. He was playing the Fifth Nocturne. It was the first time I had heard it since my college days. He played the opening melody with its accompanying variations with remarkable fervor, keeping his eye above the piano all the time. My eyes followed his gaze and I beheld a life-size painting of the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. One look at her delicately chiseled features convinced me that intellectuality was her distinguishing trait. The melody continued with alternating sweetness and sadness. The flame faded away, and the melody ended in a wail of despair. I concluded that the old gentleman had been disappointed in love, but this did not explain the mystery of the flame. I must confess that I was puzzled and afraid.

Several days after this, I heard that the professor was ill, and in the afternoon's mail I received a very courteous letter from him asking me to come to see him that night. I went to him chiefly by reason of my curiosity and heard his story from his own lips. He had been professor of chemistry at a university and while there he had married a very beautiful woman, whose portrait he had placed above the piano. While he was a great authority upon the subject of chemistry, his knowledge was almost entirely limited to that subject, and his wife was in reality his intellectual superior. She died early, and after this he devoted all of his time to his study of chemistry. He isolated himself from his fel-

lows, comforted only by his study of science and uplifted only by tender recollections of his dead wife. Once while at work in his laboratory, he had left several chemicals open on a table and was surprised several times by intense blue flashes. He had worked on and on until he could not only cause the flame, but could control its duration. He said nothing whatever of the object of the flame, and it did not seem to me to be such a discovery after all. He went to his desk and took out a paper containing a white powder. He explained the nature of the ingredients in scientifical terms which I could not understand.

After he had sealed the windows with wax he came to me holding the powder in his hand. "My boy," he said, "your experience has been similar to mine. When I noticed the flashes caused by the chemicals in my laboratory I thought nothing of it, as I considered it to be simply a chemical change. After analyzing it thoroughly, however, I found that it was not flame in reality, but only the light of another world. The chemicals by neutralizing an unknown gas in the atmosphere have made the next world visible to our eyes. We have been taught to believe in an idealized reality, but we will now see the realization of ideality. Matter is indestructible. Mind is superior to matter and is also indestructible. We are passing through a stage of evolution and we will pass through many lives until we reach ultimate perfection. The lesson we learn on earth is love. Arise, my boy, and hope. Behold the scientific proof of an immortal life."

He opened the packet and threw the powder in the air. A pale blue light broke forth over the room. I saw my love in bright celestial robes, her face transfigured, coming to me. I took her hand and drew her to me and smothered her with kisses. The touch of her hand was ecstacy. It was material, it is true, but an infinitely higher form of matter. She sang a song with the joyousness and abandon of a lark. It was a voice that was unhampered by the restrictions of

earthly music. Her voice glided with ease and sweetness. The song suddenly changed its joyfulness and shifted into a minor, which seemed to be composed in three minor keys which intermingled with perfect harmony. The flame died out and all was dark again. Primeval hope, eternal and inextinguishable, has kindled into flame, and I again am strong.

SILENCE.

BY L. G. WHITE.

Dread silence, Mother Nature's mystic mate,
Who hovers o'er in awe the mighty main,
What thoughts the mind of man doth contemplate
When it beholds your all majestic reign!

The glowing sun from o'er the eastern hills
Marches in splendor to the bright midday;
And with resplendent red the sky he fills
With myriad diamonds of his evening ray.

The moon with silvery beams the darkness drives,
And girds the earth with unheard harmony;
Cities and towns fall with their precious lives
And are forgotten e'en in history.

All these, and everything in silence moves
From age to age, and God Himself approves.

THE NAMING OF THE ROANOKE.

BY W. A. BRYAN.

It is sometimes interesting to note how few people know whence came the names of mountains, rivers and the like, near which they have lived all their lives. Many of the rivers of our own State, for instance, came by their names in most interesting ways, but ask people, if you will, whence came these names and they will tell you they came from the Indians or other early peoples. This may be true, but why did these Indian folk name them what they did and not something else which to us would seem equally as appropriate? This brings up the point which is of greatest interest to us, for with many such names, did we but know their history, thrilling tales of adventure and romance are connected. Many of these tales would be interesting indeed were there someone to relate them, but unfortunately they have been kept alive by tradition only, and sooner or later the tradition itself is lost and the origin of the name is forever veiled in obscurity.

That the history of one more such name may be preserved I shall strive as best I may to give you an account of the naming of the Roanoke, a river well known to all students of history and literature. The rythmic beauty of the name has led literary men to give it a place in their choicest productions. Longfellow knew of it as he shows in his great poem, "The Building of the Ship." From him we learn that the timbers for the ship were

> "Brought from regions far away,
> From Pascagoula's sunny bay
> And the banks of the roaring Roanoke."

We learn that the Roanoke was a great river among the Indians who knew of it, for there was a belief among them that it had its source far away in a cave so near the great western ocean that one could hear the slashing of the waves against the nearby rocky shore.

For long centuries this great river rolled on unnamed even by the Indians, save when speaking of it they called it the "Muddy Waters." By this not inappropriate name it might still be known had it not been for an incident which forever gave it the name "Roanoke." This incident based on tradition goes as follows:

Long before the white man knew that such a continent as America existed there lived in what is now Eastern Carolina a powerful Indian tribe known as the Occoneechees. The chief of this tribe was Wahaw, a bold warrior known far and wide for his bravery, and from this fact revered by all neighboring tribes. In the course of time there was born to him a son whom he named Wachita; this boy grew and early became fond of the hunt. His ability as a marksman was great and his fame soon spread as far as the name of the Occoneechees itself.

When Wachita became sixteen years of age his father gave him a fine roan horse which he named "Fleetfoot." Wachita and Fleetfoot were daily companions and ere long they went even beyond the borders of the lands of the Occoneechees. He was received cordially wherever he went among the neighboring tribes because of the fame of his father. On one of his hunts Wachita wandered far away to the north and after several days found himself in the land of the far-famed Meherrins. The Meherrins were a people fully equal to the Occoneechees with a chief whose fame had gone as far. This chief was named Callannah. In times past his people and the Occoneechees had had disputes, but for many years past there had been peace.

Now it happened that Calannah had a fair daughter named Nenemoosha, the pride of her father and his tribe. When Wachita came into the land of the Meherrins he was entertained by Callannah and here he first saw Nenemoosha. He was struck by her wonderful beauty and on leaving determined to come again. The way was long and through the entanglements of a virgin forest, but neither this nor the great

rivers he had to cross caused him to waver in his determination. The river of the Muddy Waters lay between him and the land of the Meherrins, but Fleetfoot would carry him safely through it all.

So it was that when Wachita returned to his home he told old Wahaw of his travels and especially of the fair Nenemoosha. Wahaw was well pleased with his son's adventures and encouraged him to seek the fair daughter of the northern chieftain and win her for his bride, thus more closely uniting the tribes. Wachita immediately set about preparing himself for a second trip, this time not to hunt the wild beasts of the forests, but to seek the fair Indian maid in the land of the faraway north. Thoughts of her filled his mind and till he should win her the hunt would have no further attraction for him.

As for Nenemoosha she, too, had been impressed and thoughts of the handsome young hunter whom her father told her had come from a Southern tribe haunted her. When he went away she wondered if he would ever return, and if he would ever think of her again. So it was that when a few weeks later the young hunter appeared at the wigwam of old Callannah his daughter felt a sense of joy which she had never before experienced—the joy of seeing one whom we long for, but think forever lost. This time Wachita and Nenemoosha were often together, for each soon learned the other's feelings. Wachita told the fair maiden of his beautiful home in the South and so beautifully did he picture it that she could but long to see it and live in it.

When Wachita went back to his home this time he went with the assurance that in the bosom of Nenemoosha a heart beat in sympathy with his own. So anxious was he to be ever near her that he never remained at home but a few days at a time. With each moon he mounted his roan companion and rode away to the land of the fair Indian maid. He forded the streams and threaded the silent wildernesses with the courage of a warrior. He gave heed to no difficulty that

lay between him and his fair Nenemoosha. He passed many nights in the wilds of the great forest, but never did he think of fear.

"Nenemoosha, my fair one," said Wachita one day when they were alone, "will you go with me to my Southern home? I will make you queen of the mighty Occoneechees and never shall harm come near your wigwam. Wachita will ever be near to protect you."

"Not now," she replied, "but sometime when you come again I will go with you. I will leave the house of my fathers and become your queen in the sunny land of the Occoneechees. There I will love you and care for you and the land shall be brighter for our happiness. First, however, you must get the consent of my father. He is a stern man and has sworn by the Great Spirit that none but a brave warrior shall ever marry his daughter. You have told me often of your hunting the wild beast, but never of your feats in war. Tell me that I may delight in the deeds of my brave warrior."

It was with a voice full of sadness that Wachita replied: "My Nenemoosha, I am not a warrior; my people have been at peace since I became a man and I have had no chance to show my bravery except in the forests with the wild beasts. Gladly would I prove my bravery could I but have the chance. But, my fair one, you will not refuse me because I have not had a chance to prove my courage, will you? You will not leave one who has traveled so far to see you, to go away forever empty-handed? Say you will not and ease the heart of one who has sought you from afar."

"My Wachita," said Nenemoosha, "gladly would I go with you, but how am I to get the consent of my father. He has sworn by the Great Spirit and will not be moved."

"I will go to your father," replied Wachita, "and plead with him for you. If he will not consent then I will take you away when least he suspects it. Fleetfoot will take us to the land of the Occoneechees and then we shall be safe."

That nothing might be lacking were he to be refused by the old chieftain, Wachita arranged for Nenemoosha to meet him at an appointed place on a certain night. He would give the cry of the night hawk to let her know that he was coming. So with all things ready he left her and went to find Callannah.

In the door of his wigwam sat the old chief musing over his feats in war. As the young man approached the old warrior looked up with a smile of welcome. He had looked with favor on Wachita for he knew that he was the son of a powerful chief and he had assumed that he must be a brave warrior. On such an one he would bestow his fair daughter and thus his vow would be fulfilled.

Haltingly at first, but growing more bold as he proceeded, Wachita laid his case before old Callannah. He gave him a story of his life, leaving nothing untold, not even the fact that he was not a warrior for he was too brave and too true to deceive the old man even though it might help his plans. He could bear a refusal at the hands of the old man, but the thought of having deceived him he could not.

"My son," said old Callannah, "I have sworn by the Great Spirit that none but a brave warrior shall marry my daughter and that vow cannot be broken. I have looked upon you with favor and have entertained you on the best of my land, believing that you were a true warrior. You have undeceived me and for that I bless you, but I cannot give you my daughter for the Great Spirit would be angry and no peace would await me in the Happy Hunting Ground. Go in peace, my son, and seek your spouse in other lands. Callannah has spoken and his words must be obeyed."

"I will prove my bravery," replied Wachita, "and you may prepare to hear from me again. I go by your command, you will not see me again."

So saying he departed. Once more he would traverse the wilderness and when again in his Southern home he could prepare for his last visit to the land of the Meherrins.

The weeks passed and the time approached when Wachita had appointed to meet Nenemoosha. He was eager to be gone, but he knew that he must not go ahead of time. He had done everything he could to get Fleetfoot in fine shape for his long journey, for this time he must bring two instead of one back through the wilderness.

At last the day came and Wachita was off. Fleetfoot was happy to have his master again in his care. It seemed to Wachita that he had never felt so kindly towards everything about him. The birds seemed to chirp him a welcome and the trees even seemed to bow in sympathy and adoration as he passed. The days wore on and with each night he was one day nearer his loved one. Soon he should clasp her to his breast and seating her fondly on his roan companion take her away to his own sunny Southland.

When Wachita left the wigwam of old Callannah the old chief sought his daughter to give her instructions. She must never again see this young Southern weakling and must put away all thoughts of him. This somewhat disturbed Nenemoosha, for she dreaded the anger of her father, and sometimes she almost decided not to meet Wachita, but finally her love for him prevailed and she prepared to meet him as arranged.

'Twas a beautiful night in early autumn; the full moon was flooding the hills and valleys with light. The silence was broken only by the chirping of crickets and the songs of the katy-dids. Old Callannah had retired to his wigwam, but his fair daughter sat outside as if admiring the beauties of the night, but really listening for the call of her lover.

Suddenly the girl raised her head as if listening for something which she thought she had heard, but was not certain of. Far away in the forest yonder the cry of a night-hawk could be heard. It seemed to be coming even nearer. Nenemoosha started; her lover was calling her and she must go. Drawing her blanket around her she stole away into the night and soon was in the arms of Wachita. They met in silence,

for this was no time for words. They must be away or the wrath of an angry father would be upon them.

Wachita raised the girl to his steed and quickly mounted behind her. Giving Fleetfoot the rein, they bade farewell to the land of the Meherrins and turned their faces toward the land of the Occoneechees. When morning came the lovers were far away, but not yet in safety. Callannah would be sure to pursue and if he should overtake them they felt that his wrath would know no bounds.

When Callannah awoke and found that his daughter was gone he was speechless with consternation. He set about to pursue, but which way should he go? His braves were summoned and the search was begun. The trail of the lovers was soon found, but it lay through such a wilderness as to be hard to follow. Night came and the lovers were still ahead, but the pursuers had gained on them. The night helped them, for it hindered the pursuers. The days went on and each night found the pursuers closer, until at last the lovers came to the river of the "Muddy Waters." Old Callannah and his braves were in sight.

When Callannah saw the fleeing couple he rushed forward as fast as his horse could carry him. with vengeance in his heart. He was sure he could catch the young couple at the great river, but when he reached the bank the roan was nearing the further side with his burden. He dared not enter such a stream for it was swollen by the recent rains and rushing madly by as if longing for a victim.

The lovers had almost reached the shore when the roan, worn out by his long journey, became fettered in a drifting mass. He struggled madly for a moment, but the wild waters were too powerful for him and he soon went down. A great oak growing near the river's edge spread its branches far out over the water. When Wachita found that his steed could no longer endure the rush of the waters he clung to a limb of this oak. Nenemoosha clung to Wachita and as the horse went down beneath the mad waters they struggled to the

shore and were safe. Callannah was foiled and returned to his people to moan his loss while the lovers sped on to the land of the Occoneechees.

Wachita moaned the loss of his favorite companion. He felt that the river spirit was angry with him and had taken his roan for its victim, but that the tree spirit had saved him and his fair charge. The drowning of the roan and the saving of the lovers by the oak were ever afterwards associated and the river was called for a long time the "Roan and the Oak," but later shortened to Roanoke, and thus it has remained. This story was a favorite one among the Occoneechees and when the white man came he heard it still being told.

TO REV. SAM P. JONES.

BY C. C. BARNHARDT, '08.

Thou man of God! why didst thou come to earth?
To be to us as one who says, "I AM?"
Not that; I came to this black age of mirth
That some, by me, might hear of death of sin,
To tell God's people of this age of sham;
Before the Master says, "too late! too late!
For any change by man now to begin,
Because by sinning thou hast sealed thy fate."
Behold! thou man of God, thou art not gone;
Thy days of toil, thy nights of care are o'er,
Still thou dost call by deeds and acts alone,
For fallen MAN to meet thee on the shore.
Thou man of God, may all thy powers tell,
In causing men to shun a shammer's hell.

THE BACHELOR AS THE IDEAL AMERICAN CITIZEN.

BY ONE OF THE BACHELORS.

I. It is in defense of an often misrepresented people that I raise my voice tonight. The world has not fully appreciated the bachelor, but the time is hastening when he shall come into his own. And if I can speak a word on this occasion to enlighten the world as to his real worth my duty will have been well done.

The bachelor is not an occasional thing; he is the *rule*. He is a world-wide character and excites comment everywhere. Should you join all of the bachelors hand in hand they would form a vast circle girdling this old globe at the equator with ten thousand links to spare. They are foremost in good works, whether it be on the farm, as a tradesman, in the professions, or in municipal or State government. The bachelor is the true American. He is the author of his own declaration of independence. A great lover of liberty, not willing to be in bondage or under the yoke of any. He is the "unterrified," and a fair representative of the human race. Poets have sung of him, and when mankind is forced to a confession it will say that "all the world loves a bachelor." In all ages they have been the inspiration of the old maids. Many a one of these has been kept from fainting by the way by the hope of winning the goal of some bachelor heart.

II. Some of the types of bachelors. It would be hard to classify these kings of the human race. There are as many different types as there are of the variegated foliage in the forest. Different times and different places furnish different features. A young man finds it hard at first to keep all of the customs required of him. But ere long it becomes a habit to be a bachelor. At first he fears that there will be no chance for him to get married, but later on it puts him to his wits end to keep from getting married. There is the jolly type who has grown fat by poking fun at the girls and swallowing all the nice things that they say about him. We hear

our enemies speak of the old crusty, stingy, selfish, woman-hating bachelor. Now we are very sorry that there are a few of this kind. There is such a large class that some will necessarily be eccentric. But these are not normal. All right-thinking bachelors love the girls. Speaking for myself, I have frequently thought that should I ever marry I would marry a girl. Again, there are those who have grown thin trying through long years to evade the girls. There is another kind known as the "Old Trusties," veterans of a long service. To use a technical term, they have passed the "Third Reading" and are considered a sure thing.

III. The Brotherhood of Bachelors. There is a good-fellowship, a fraternal feeling existing among bachelors. They wear each other's clothes, take charge of each other's beds and rooms as though they were common property. There are instances on record where they have even swapped sweethearts.

It might be well for them to form a Bachelor's Trust. In this way might be settled many things with regard to courtship, engagements and marriages. By such a plan unreasonable girls might be brought to terms, and many a bachelor now below par could be gotten off at a fair market price.

IV. There are many unthinking people who criticise the bachelors for not marrying. It is fair to confess that they cannot always get just the girl they want. But aside from this there is another consideration which I offer in all seriousness. It is the cost of the thing. They look upon girls as an expensive luxury. I have made a small estimate of an imaginary case which I will give you. For sake of illustration we will say that the average salary of bachelors is $40 per month, which may be a little too high. He spends $20 for board and room, $10 for clothes, laundry, etc., $2 for calls from the church and public charity and tax, $3 for cigars and candy, and $2 for cold drinks, flowers, note paper, messenger boys, etc. This foots up the $40, beside a score of incidental things. The question is how long will it take to

save enough to buy a diamond ring, and a bridal tour and house-keeping? This is the problem that causes the bachelors to grow gray in the solving.

To remedy this we might establish an insurance feature. We would accumulate a reserve fund from various sources to be known as the "Bride's Dollar." Half of this to be given to the man when the invitations are issued, and the balance on the wedding day. Bachelors in good standing might borrow an amount not exceeding 5 per cent of claim, when his engagement is made.

V. We, as bachelors, are not in the market for pity, but we extend our sympathy to our married brethren. How hard it is to realize that they were once as we are now. But behold that look of care upon their faces. They still meet you with a hand-clasp and with a smile, but they have the air about them as if they expected some one to tap them on the shoulder and call them away. Did you ever notice how soon the bride wins him away from his old companions? It is a trick of the trade that we do not understand.

My friend, Will Gordon, said that before he was married that he had no one to sew on buttons for him, and since his marriage he could not get anything to sew the buttons on.

How good it is for the bachelor to climb the stairs to his dark room on some second floor front about midnight. He does not hear any one call to him to lock the door or put out the cat. And after he is asleep there is no one to arouse him and make him look under the bed. But he can put his hat on the floor and his feet on the mantel and dream of other days.

Santa Claus has never married. He is the jolliest of all bachelors. The old man has heard so many curtain lectures as he has entered unawares the homes of the land, that he has never gotten the consent of his mind to take a wife. There are few people better thought of than this old friend of ours.

While a man is single he is much talked of and is in the public eye. There is a kind of mystery about even an old bachelor, which never fails to excite interest. But just let him get married and immediately the bride assumes the place of first importance. People speak of her beauty, her dress, her accomplishments and her family. But where is the groom? Oh, he doesn't matter. We will just say that he is clad in the conventional black. After marriage he falls into a hopeless mediocrity compared to the bride, and passes as completely from the public eye as though he had been elected Vice-President of the United States.

Speaking of the United States brings me to my conclusion, as I present to you "Uncle Sam," that prince of bachelors. I am told that when he was in knee trousers that he drew up an agreement to live forever the celibate life. He is now well on in his second century and has kept his vow. He told all of the fair maids to stay on their side of the ocean. La France, Brittania and others have made eyes at him for a long time, but it is "no go." It is true that he takes a day off and flirts with them a little, but no alliance for Uncle Sam. Now Russia is the married man; he is the Little Father, and Russia has troubles of his own. Long live our Uncle Sam, the representative bachelor.

LINGO.

BY EDMUND VANN.

Hoot! mon, I dinna ken masel'
Ma wee bit scheme sae weel,
Ma foi! Ze poem dialect
I write ze fame to feel.

Dot Vergil undt dot Homer vill
Die oudt alretty yet.
Shake, pard, when I butt in, you'll see
The herd stampede, you bet!

O'I'll sill tin million copies,
Begob! 'Tis gowld O'I'll show,
An' when ah gits mah glory crown
Ah ain' gwine wuck no mo'.

Me makee mon', me glitte lich,
Gleat Melican to be
Say, Cully, dis makes odder blokes
Look bug-house. Chees it, see?

And, now to end this poem,
I'll use, to tempt the Fates,
The rarest read of dialects,
Just plain United States.

EVERYMAN: A MORALITY PLAY.

BY W. A. STANBURY.

Announcement has been made of the performance of the old morality play, *Everyman,* in Durham at an early date. This play was probably written about the last of the fifteenth century. Critics say that it is decidedly the best of the so-called moralities, and its presentation here should be creative of a lively interest and a good attendance. Looking forward to this event, perhaps it may not be amiss to give a short sketch and synopsis of the play.

As all students of English Literature know, the drama had its origin in the presentation of Biblical stories and events by monks and choir-boys. This was done on festal days and Sabbaths under the direct care and encouragement of the church, with the purpose of instructing the people in Bible history and teaching. By a process of gradual growth these liturgical plays gave way to the popular Miracle Play, given first by the clergy and later by the trade-guilds. These miracles were acted on pageant wagons, drawn around for this purpose, in the presence of large crowds, and finally became so secularized that the church refused longer to have anything to do with them. Then growing out of this class of play came another and very important class, the Morality, in which the actors ceased to be characters, but were personifications of abstract qualities and powers. These were played by the clergy on festal days, given by professional players at feasts and banquets, and, like the miracle plays, performed by the trade-guilds, always with the evident purpose of impressing some religious truth or driving home some moral lesson. They were strongly influenced by the introduction of French plays of the same nature, and came into great national prominence when they were made to connect themselves vitally with the political and religious questions of the age of the Reformation.

To this class belongs *Everyman.* The source of the story

is supposed to have been a parable related in the religious romance *Balaam and Jehoshephat,* written in the eleventh century by John of Damascus. *Everyman* was very popular as early as 1530, and was translated into German, Dutch and Latin.

The play opens with the entrance on the stage of a messenger who says that the purpose of the play is to show "how transytory we be all daye," and that man should

> "..... in the begynnynge
> Loke well and take good heed to the endynge."

Then God speaks from above, declaring that "all creatures be to me unkynde," and commanding the "mighty messingre, Deth:"

> "Go thou to Everyman
> And shewe hym in my name
> A pylgrymage he must on hym take
> Whiche he in no wyse may escapes."

Deth accordingly finds Everyman and delivers his message. Everyman being "full unredy suche rekeinynge to give," protests bitterly and attempts to bribe Deth to "kyndnesse," but in vain. The only concession he gets is for some of his friends to accompany him on the dread journey. Deth leaves him for the time and he "bethinks himself of Felowship," who has been a good friend "in sporte and playe." Felowship professes his desire to be of service and to help arouse Everyman's drooping spirits, till he is informed of the nature of Everyman's request; then he coldly "changes his song," saying,

> "I wyll not go that lothe journaye,
> * * * * * * * * *
> And yf thou wylt ete and drynke and make good chere,
> * * * * * * * * *
> And thou wylt murder or ony man kyll,
> In that I wyll help thee with a good wyll."

Then Everyman calls on Kyndrede and Cosin, but they turn him selfishly away and in his own words,

> "They lacked no fayre spekynge,
> But all forsake me in the endynge."

He next beseeches his Goodes to go with him, but he is

scoffed at, while Goodes seems to chuckle with delight at the thought of other souls that may be ruined as has that of Everyman.

Finally Everyman remembers Good Dedes, whom he has quite forgotten for many years; but she answers (for Good Dedes is represented as being a woman):

> "Here I lye colde in the grounde,
> Thy synes hath me sore bounde
> That I can not stere."

Though Good Dedes cannot help him in this extremity, she calls her sister, Knowledge (i. e., the Church), who leads him to Confession, where he does penance for his sins, and thus Good Dedes is restored to her strength and Everyman's book is made ready for the great "rekenynge." At last as he nears the end of it all, Strength, Beaute, Discrecyon, and Fyve Wittes, who have promised to be steadfast friends always, forsake him; and, as he sinks gradually toward the last, only Good Dedes and Knowledge remain faithful. As Everyman's last words, *"In manus tuas . . . commendo meum spiritum,"* die away, we hear the chanting of the Aungell as he welcomes the ransomed soul to heaven. The play ends with the application of the moral lesson by the Doctour.

The Ben Greet Company, of England, who have been so successfully reviving the Old English Drama on the stage will present this play in Durham some time this month. Mr. Greet believes in the high mission of the drama. He says, "I wish above all things to lay stress upon the educational aspect of such representations." As far as possible, the Elizabethan stage and action is reproduced, and the plays are performed as they were meant to be by the author. Of such character will be the performance of *Everyman,* and its singular beauty and humanity are, if we believe the press reports, done good justice by the players. It is to be hoped that the students and those interested in the history of our earlier literature, as well as those desiring a purifying and a moral elevation of the modern theater, will give this matter the attention and support that it deserves.

THE HAUNTED HUT.

BY AOT.

One day last fall I received a letter from an old schoolmate of mine in South Carolina, inviting me to spend a few days with him and some of his friends hunting in the western part of the State. This invitation came at a most inopportune time, for on that day our history professor had assigned us 500 pages of parallel reading, my paper on Social Science was due, though still unwritten, and indeed I was behind on all my class work. But after all what is life without its pleasures? So I thought and so I accepted the invitation.

On arriving at the little town of L—, in Western South Carolina, I found the whole party there awaiting my arrival. We spent the night in town and early Tuesday morning set out for the country. We meant to make our headquarters at a small hut on the plantation belonging to our friend, Howard. By 11 o'clock we had arrived, and immediately unharnessed and fed the horses, ate our own luncheon of sardines, potted ham and crackers, and prepared our guns and shells for the hunt. There being six of us we separated into groups of three each, and set out across the fields of broomsedge and wire grass in quest of the partridges. The birds were numerous, so the tramping over the hills, through woods, across creeks, into marshes and out made little difference. Thus we went with much success until about 5 o'clock, when Howard produced his watch and said it was time to prepare for supper. He said, however, he would go up to the "shanty" and prepare it for us, and taking the birds he struck out for the quarters leaving us to hunt until night.

About sundown we decided to go in. We could smell the birds frying long before we reached the house. And much to our pleasure we found the horses eating, a tub of water prepared for us and supper ready. Howard met us at the door, and relieved us of our guns, shells, and the few birds

we had killed after he left us. He motioned us to the tub, where we quickly repaired, everyone trying to wash at the same time, tustling, pushing and shoving like a gang of pigs. In the absence of a towel we dried our faces on the laprobes and went in to enjoy a never-to-be-forgotten supper of partridge and loaf bread, eaten from the top of a cracker box. We had no chairs so we sat upon the floor.

After supper we lit our cigarettes and strode out into the yard and about the house until finally one of the boys produced a pack of cards, and a second time our cracker box served the purpose of a table. We collected around that box, some upon their knees, others sitting flat upon the floor and played "setback" until 10 o'clock, when Howard remarked that he was tired of playing and suggested that some one tell a good joke. The jokes went the round until it became Howard's time to tell one. He substituted a ghost story. Since they were then in order, ghost stories, beginning by "That reminds me" or "one time," went the rounds until everyone of us had begun to feel less nervy than at first. Finally one of the boys, strenuously striving to show his indifference to the spirits and their mysterious powers, carelessly suggested that the "shanty" might be haunted. This seemed a challenge to the weird spirits, for hardly were the words uttered when we heard a noise in the corner of the room. Instantly all eyes were turned, and to the confusion of all the broom was sliding along the wall. When we looked it stopped and all was still. But suddenly the silence was broken by the "hoot" of an owl perched upon a tree within twenty feet of the house. Then all was quiet again, save the hard-breathing of the boys. As if impelled by the same impulse every one looked around at every one else, but no word was spoken. Then the broom began to move again, this time by jumps, each time coming nearer to us. Finally it reached a gun leaning against the wall, and to the horror of all the gun stood up in mid air and the broom passed between it and the wall. We were dumbfounded, each one wanting the

other to speak, but dared not utter a word himself. I held my breath until I was almost suffocated, afraid to breathe.

Suddenly the door which had been wide open slowly began to close until it was within a foot of the facing, then it closed with a slam that jarred the house, but still we dared not move, but sat aghast. Not only were we in a haunted house, but some mystic hand had closed the door, our only means of escape. But the greatest mystery was still to come. While every eye was upon the door wondering what would be the next scene, we saw the key turn in the lock and heard the click, as it slid into its place. We were locked up in this horrible place with the ghost. Again the owl shrieked forth his unearthly sound, the wind sighed in the tree tops and whistled around the house. One of the dogs gave vent to a mournful howl, our death knell, we thought. Still no one spoke, but great beads of perspiration were standing out upon the foreheads of all and six pale faces were appealingly turned together. We were waiting spellbound for the sequel and indeed we were not to be disappointed. How long we sat thus in suspense I know not, it seemed an hour, probably not over a minute. But this I know; just as we were congratulating ourselves that the ghost was gone, we were suddenly brought to our feet by a smash. As I have said every one was sitting on the floor watching the door, when it seemed to us that the whole top of the house began to fall down the chimney. Every one sprang to his feet. Down the chimney came brickbats, stones, clubs, planks, dirt and numbers of other nameless things, none of which I knew at the time, for just as they began to fall the lantern slipped off the mantel and with a crash upon the floor was extinguished. All was confusion now, quiet reigned no longer, but chaos, the mighty tyrant, usurped the occasion, and with death-like shrieks and frightening screams all bounded for the locked door.

Everything was a bewildering maze. The dogs were barking, horses snorting, boys yelling and beating the door. Finally the combined efforts of all smashed the door and out

we went on our heads, helter-skelter, pellmell, among the dogs in a confused mass, expecting to be killed every minute. We did not remain there long, but soon scrambled to our feet and sped away, all except Howard. But we did not run far, however, for about fifty yards from the house was an old ditch, into which every one plunged, so close were we upon each other. As we began to scramble out of the ditch Howard arrived upon the scene laughing and yelling for us to stop. This only frightened us more for we mistook him for the ghost, and off we started again, but he caught me. I whirled upon him and began pounding him in the face and trying to extricate my arm from his grasp, but he was the more powerful and succeeded in capturing me. He then told me that this was all a joke and began to explain matters. After much explanation I believed him and went with him in search of the other boys. We followed them for about a quarter of a mile and called to them. At first they would not answer, then feebly. After an explanation they returned, though reluctantly. We all then set out for the house, five of us bringing up the rear, with but one man in the front ranks. Howard went in and relighted the lantern then proceeded to show the works of the invisible spirit to us.

From the place where Howard was sitting, six light blue threads were stretched across the floor, in different directions, held in their several positions by forked tacks. We soon understood that by a jerk of a thread the broom would move, while another would close the door, and still another lock it, and that this confused mass coming down the chimney was but a plank upon which this rubbish was piled, placed in a balancing position on the top of the chimney, and to which one of these blue strings had been attached, and that the gymnastic stunt performed by the lamp was really caused by the magic hand of Howard.

H. E. SPENCE, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
HOLLAND HOLTON, - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

One day in each year the postman in our colleges is troubled with an additional load of worthless mail matter which no one cares to receive, and for several days the halls are filled with scattering post-cards which read as follows:

"*To the Public:*

We are still in the business of furnishing outlines and material for orations, debates, essays, theses, lectures, political speeches, etc. We also write the complete article if the customer so desires."

The statement that this company is "still in the business" reveals the fact that there is a great deal of false dealing in American life for, according to good authority, this same company was "still in the business" twenty years ago. Unless our American people would patronize such a company they would have to go out of business. Had they not received encouragement and patronage they would not send their notices to our schools. It is sad to think that there is insincerity and weakness enough in our people to justify such procedure.

The offer to "write the complete article" reveals even worse aspects of the subject. It is an admission that some men are willing to buy thought and pretend that it is their own production. The day of declamations is past in the first-class American college. Declaiming is useless enough at its best and should never be countenanced, except possibly in the case of some timid Freshman who wishes to grow accustomed to the sound of his voice, but that a Senior or public man

should be compelled to declaim is ridiculous. But worse than that there are some who would use the oration or debate and pretend that it is their production and not only prove that they are weaklings, but brand themselves as common liars and thieves (revised version: plagiarists). Such men do much to bring others under suspicion and in addition to this they are a disappointment to the public. The people who are thrilled at the delivery of a magnificent graduation oration certainly have a right to expect that the orators will do much to solve the problems of the world. They think that college training must be a very valuable thing if it can prepare men to speak in such eloquent tones. They rightfully expect much of these men, and listen for their voices above the storm and stress of life, championing the right, denouncing the wrong and defending the weak and oppressed. But in many instances the voice is never heard again and the people are disappointed.

Nor does the trouble end here. Men having once made the impression of being good speakers will often keep up the impression at the same price. Especially does this temptation come to the graduate who enters the ministry. According to the Literary Digest there is a special department in these companies for the ministry, and to their shame be it said that there are ministers who, like Simon Magus, offer gold and silver for power. We have known of young ministers writing to distinguished preachers and offering to pay them if they would write the sermons required in their conference course. Doubtless the public would get more food for thought if some preachers would follow the example of Sir Roger's pastor and read sermons written by well-known preachers, but spare us from a mixture. The result would be disastrous, to say nothing of the moral aspects. From the moral standpoint the preacher who would palm off another's sermon, as his own, would need to follow his own injunction, "Let him that stole steal no more." It might be claimed that a man could adapt as much of the sermon as he needed

and thus make it his own. Oil and water won't mix. To say that a production would be flimsy enough to be mixed in with the thoughts of such men as are weak enough to need them would be an admission of its worthlessness. In either case the "hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

Let men be original and honest. No matter how poor the thought and how feeble the effort, the world will listen to the man who speaks his own thoughts and shows that he is in earnest. Sincerity must have its reward.

The members of the Freshman class have been notably slow this year in joining the literary societies. We believe that a large majority of the class will eventually become either loyal Columbians or loyal Hesperians, ready to fight the battles of the chosen society and labor earnestly in it. But it is noteworthy that a larger and larger per cent of each succeeding class holds aloof from this work. This is certainly a bad course: no student who really wishes to make the most of college life, can afford to neglect the literary society. We believe that it is more important than any one course the new man will have in college. It is so important, not because in it he will learn new facts—though the queries debated in both societies do teach much of current events and current problems, but because it offers more than anything else in college an opportunity to apply what has been learned. The literary society calls directly into active play what has been acquired in the recitation room, and thus helps to realize one of the most important aims of all schooling. Education proposes to train and equip for life. It proposes first to supply the tools and then to enable their possessors to use them. For instance, we learn the facts in the history lesson not only to know them, but to apply them to practical conditions; we master the mathematical problems, not only to solve those immediate problems and thereby

develop potential brain energy, but also to develop permanently the habit of clear thinking and the ability to utilize what we learn whenever it may be needed. Whatever the field we consider, we have in mind both the immediate and the ultimate, both the equipping with definite facts and the training to use them to an extent not so narrowly defined. Daily recitations are intended—as one of their purposes at least—to supply the former; the literary society, more than any other factor in college life, attempts to achieve the latter. On the floor of debate the student must be able to use, on the instant, what he has learned in any of his fields of study—from simple choice of words or massing of facts to the very modes of thought ingrained by the various subjects. If recitation work is worth anything it ought to enable one to think—to think more clearly with regard to the immediate subject learned, and because of that, to think more deeply in reference to all thought. But if thinking itself is to be of any value, the thought must be expressed; and it is this opportunity of expression that the literary society affords. For one thing, the very necessity of expression serves itself to clarify the processes of thought. Then, too, the debating floor will at least serve to help the student discover himself, and to teach in one of its forms the most important lesson of self-confidence. True, the contests engaged in are simply those between school boys—"school-boy oratory," "school-boy debating." We do not claim that work in the Hesperian Society or work in the Columbian Society will produce a William Jennings Bryan or an Albert J. Beveridge; neither society claims to teach its members such flights of oratory as the "Cross of Gold," or "The Republic Never Retreats." But for those who do have in mind mad dreams of an oratory that shall surpass Demosthenes or throw Cicero into the background, why, four years work in one of the societies is certainly no more meager a start than the greatest of speakers had. However, turning from the ambitious dreamer—who, whether he realizes his dreams or not, at least serves as

a very good source of amusement to his more moderate fellows—one thing we all undoubtedly desire, and that is the ability to express a clear-cut opinion to our fellows in ordinary affairs. The literary society certainly has a place there.

However, to deal no more in truisms as to literary society work; two things there are which ought to give it a higher place in college life than any other factor, recitations themselves hardly excepted. The first is that it is a work undertaken more in the spirit of recreation than of labor, and therefore tends to be a student's best work because the one he enters into most heartily. It is a mistake to suppose that society work is simply a weightier addition to the regular course of studies, and for that reason hesitate to attempt it. It is *not* an additional burden. For ourselves, we confess that when we come to the close of a week's work we are somewhat tired—mentally benumbed, as it were: six solid days' round of recitation on recitation and preparation for this and preparation for that, cannot easily produce any other result. Then to go into the literary society—with the air of freedom which seems to pervade the very walls; with memories of attempted flights removed from the sublime, not by one step but a dozen; with the prospects of making others that will doubtless appear even more ridiculous within a couple of years; to go into the old hall, we say, with this easy-going feeling of tolerance for what has taken place there and will again doubtless a thousand times; and to go, not to learn new things, but with quickened mind to rub off the fogginess engendered by a week's theorizing and storing in the memory; to do this by a sharp tongue duel with a fellow concerning—no matter what: the query may center in either the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth; more likely still there is a locus of centers traversing all three—for what does it matter since the glory of combat is there just the same?—this is a rest, a rest cheaply earned by simply forgetting fatigue. The literary society affords a pleasant climax to the week's work.

More important still, is the other feature of work in the literary society which makes such an impression on college life; and that is the strong ties of association with which it binds its members. Of course there are other such ties—those of the class room, the different fraternal organizations, the Y. M. C. A., and the other organizations in college. But for us, we confess that the strongest tie of all is to go with a man into the same literary society, to take part with him in the same opening ceremonies week after week, to laugh at his blunders and have him do the same for us; to strive our best to find flaws in his argument and know that he will likewise in his turn, to say after the fight is over: "Well done, old fellow; keep on and you will beat us all some day," to have the sentiment returned with the same good will, and to know that whoever may win in the petty contests, mutual friendship will but be strengthened. It is such as this that makes our own literary society to us the dearest organization in Trinity College; rendering its victories our triumphs and its failures almost personal defeats. By all means we urge those who have not joined one of the societies, to do so at once. H.

Literary Notes

ANNIE E. TILLETT, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"The Autobiography of Mark Twain," which is now appearing in The North American Review, has been eagerly looked forward to since Mr. Clemens told of his purpose to write it, and now is being read with much interest. It is unique and interesting, carrying throughout the wit and striking personality of Mark Twain.

Since Charles Wagner's "The Simple Life" was so widely read in America anything from the pen of this great Frenchman is gladly received. Especially are we interested in his recent book, "My Impressions of America," which has been translated into English. This volume gives us the opinion of this eminent French divine on the great and little things of America. He speaks in terms of admiration and approval of President Roosevelt, whom he visited while in this country. He also gives his impressions of the negro and his view of the negro question. The colleges, high schools and universities are praised. Wagner also tells us of the home life in France. For once a foreigner writing about America speaks not at all of her faults, but entirely of her good qualities.

Among the midsummer publications of Doubleday & Page is "Recollections and Letters of George Washington," which contains many hitherto unpublished letters to Tobias Lear and others. This book is uniform with "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," and gives an intimate

picture of the estate and domestic affairs of our first president. The latter part of the volume is a diary of Mr. Lear's, which deals with Washington's last days and his death. It is really an interesting narrative, and throws much light on the home life of the "Father of our country."

We are always interested in the life of the great English metropolis, and so we welcome Mr. Berkeley Smith's "In London Town," which is a genial description of London life. For a number of years Mr. Smith has studied in Paris and has written several interesting books on the life of that city and although he seems not as familiar with London life as he is with the life in Paris, still the book is very readable.

The October issue of Putnam's Monthly and The Critic in their new combination brings us several contributions of more than passing interest. Among these are "Franklin's Social Life in France," three undelivered addresses of Secretary Hay, and the last poem of Richard Henry Stoddard.

The publication during the last year of Winchester's "Life of John Wesley" brings forth a volume which should be of interest not only to Methodists, but to those who are interested in the world's religious movements and their leaders. The author here presents to us Wesley, the man, as well as Wesley, the Methodist. He, himself an Englishman, and in thorough sympathy with the religious movement which Wesley led, treats of Wesley's work without narrow sectarian bounds and of those sides of Wesley's character which have received little attention. In the preface he says: "Wesley was indeed, primarily the religious reformer; but he is surely to be remembered, not merely as the Methodist, but as the man,—a marked and striking personality, energetic, scholarly, alive to all moral, social and political questions, and for some thirty years probably exerting a greater influence than any other man in England."

"Puck of Pook's Hill," by Rudyard Kipling, is told in the simple, straightforward vein that characterized the first of Kipling's works. He brings us ten stories in this volume, stories woven out of fairy tales and historical romance, of "knights, pirates, robbers of old England." A little brother and sister on the top of Pook's Hill play parts of Midsummer Night's Dream." Here the real Puck of Shakspere appears to them and tells them of heroes of the past and depicts scenes of "merrie England of ye olden time." In this book Kipling has his heroes conquer by mercy and justice rather than brute force and power. Thus the children offering themselves to their country's service sing:

"Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought to hurt the weak,
That under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to conquer man's distress."

JOHN W. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

After a review of a large number of the college magazines for the past month, we are inclined to believe that some editors are stumbling over themselves in order to keep things hustling. The majority of the articles are entirely too short. In one magazine is an article entitled Alaska, and disposed of in two pages of print. In another we find under the head of the department labeled Literary, a short sketch of Victor Hugo, in all probability copied complete from an obscure dictionary. One young writer takes King Lear as his subject, and has his essay printed after the Professor of English has complimented him on his knowledge of Shakspere. The "Babe's Bashful Babble" department in the Central Collegian, takes up more space than all the literary work together. The man who wrote on the ultimate ideal for one magazine finished up in a few hundred words. What would he do were he to write on the Greatest Thing in the World?

It would be very appropriate just here to quote from a lecture which the editor heard recently. In speaking of the man who writes the popular novel which depends for its popularity not upon its style, "but comprises only bold, brave sentences that state facts and hurry on," the lecturer said: "Such a writer either lacks imagination himself or attributes none to his readers. When you lay down his book there is nothing more to say. He has robbed you of the greatest joy that ever blesses a man, the joy of creation. He has left no shadowy places for you to explore, no room for disagreement and discussion between friends, nothing for your own mind

to do." This is excellent advice to the young writers of fiction. The short stories we have read this month leave much to be desired. There is plenty of room for the exercise of the imagination, and the use of one's power of observation.

The Harvard Monthly comes to us with the usual promptness and dispatch characteristic of great universities as well as large business corporations. "The Heart's Desire" is an excellent piece of fiction; the plot a neat one, and holding your attention to the very end when you say "verily, there is food for thought here." You search your own experience and analyze the characters of the young man and the woman as you would those of the hero and heroine of the "Cid." The description of the social side of academic life in a great university is one calculated to make the old student feel himself back again in his room on a winter's afternoon, every book in its place, the cozy corner at its coziest, and you yourself pouring the tea for your visitors, while the chaperone, your mother, tries every chair in the room, peers into every nook and corner, and asks a thousand and one questions concerning her boy's personal comfort. On the whole the story is the best written and most original of the month. We see in the young fellow a noble character, one who considers it his duty to give himself every opportunity. On the other hand is the young girl, also a child of wealthy parents. Four years later he meets the girl of his college days. "Jim and I will be very happy, contented people," she says to him, "we'll live the kind of life that you—well, scorn—but we'll be happy. You can't be!" Her husband looks in from the smoking room. "Good-bye, Mary," and the man with the ambition to be realized rose to go. "Why, Douglass, leaving town again so soon? I'm awf'ly sorry;" interposed her husband.

The Travel papers of Arminius is a satire, which would do credit to Dean Swift himself. It is written somewhat after the delightful style of the Sir Roger De Coverly papers.

The Exchange Editor has read nothing in a long time so interesting and so entirely original. "It is good to be ignorant these days," says the author in his foreword. "The Sunday papers are teaching so much concerning radium and tuberculosis and the flora and the fauna at the South Pole that sound old fashioned ignorance (such as does not even profess a certain insight into these mysteries) is becoming as great a distinction as a bit of education was in the days of W. Shakspere and his excellent contemporary, Sir Francis." How much like Addison is the last part of this sentence and yet how original! The author of the papers bemoans the fact that there is no such thing as going abroad these days; that the railroads and palatial steamships have surplanted the "white roads and green fields" and the stately brigantine, and there is no such sensation as being abroad these days. "It is a joy," he writes, "to live by one's wits for a while, to have one's meal depend on one's vocabulary, and if it contains nothing more than *omelette* and *pomme de terre,* to live or die by those. Ah, but it is different these days!" Another pretty bit of satire is this: "Wherever we go we speak English, and if we are not understood, not we are the fools, but those that are so backward in conjugation as not to understand the Great Tongue. Who need learn Esperanto if he know English?"

There are two poems quite worthy of comment in the September issue of the Harvard Monthly. The one entitled "The Ode to Nature" has not the appearance of a superficial attempt at the exaltation of a great theme, the hollow sound of a poet who has attempted something beyond the grasp of his mind and soul; but it has an air of loftiness which pervades every verse, breathing forth a deep love and reverence for all nature, that one stands in awe at the works of God's hand. One beautiful verse is the following:

"A part of earth, a part of God,
And of that great eternal soul,
That is the essence of the whole,
The mountain as the tiniest clod—"

The other poem is one which will appeal to all Harvard men of the last fifty years. We have to go back to the academic days of John Milton to find its analogy. We cannot imagine old Hobbes, the University carrier for Cambridge, of whom Milton wrote his poem, beginning:

"Here lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still gog on and keep his trot;"

was a whit dearer to the hearts of Cambridge men of the time than was old John, the Orangeman, to Harvard men of the present generation. There is a tone of kindliness in this epitaph, and we feel a sadness, such as one who smiles with the eyes full of tears from grief, as we read the lines,

"Dead are they and dead is John,
Sunk to his fathers in the dust,
As even orange-mongers must."

One article in the monthly we must not overlook. Not all college literary essays are worth reading; but the essay "Swinburne's Relation to Poetry" deserves close reading. Besides being an appreciation of the work of Swinburne and a true conception of his poetry, it is an excellent exposition of and insight into the poetry and philosophy of this much misunderstood poet.

The University of Virginia Magazine comes to us with a most attractive cover design. In the background is seen the great dome of the library, and the colonade extending from one end, suggesting a classical shade where the philosophers of ancient Greece might have one time walked and meditated; while in the forefront at the foot of the hill a coach and four is driving by, loaded with a merry crowd of undergraduates and their young lady friends, suggestive of Easter week at the Jeffersonian institution, when all that is brightest and attrctive in the social life of an undergraduate is exhibited in its happiest and gayest form.

"The Man with the Green Eye" is a very fine piece of fiction. The plot is well woven, very much on the order of the Sherlock Holmes stories. By the lover of high class detective stories, this piece will be read with great interest. It is very romantic, the author has a thorough grasp of the art of detail, and holds your attention to the very end, when your mind is wrought to a high pitch of excitement, such as would be very dramatic on the stage. But there is nothing in "The Man with the Green Eye" to dwarf your mind. "The Education of Black Dog" is a touching story of Indian life, narrating the history of a young Indian from a papoose until after his graduation at Carlisle and return to his native heath. There is an undertone of sadness in the story, but you perceive forcibly the great truth that the fall of the Indian is his own fault; his incapacity to take on civilization. We think of far different things in our minds, in connection with the chubby Indian babe and the withered and worn old warrior. "Am I not educated, mother," says little Black Dog. "Do I not know the names of all the birds and animals I see? Do I not know how to catch every kind of fish? Can I not train my dog and my pony? See, have I not already brought home game for my father's dinner?" The other stories in the issue, "The Coward" and "The Thirteenth," go to make up an excellent magazine of good fiction, and the University of Virginia Magazine may be read with interest.

We acknowledge the receipt of The Red and White, North Carolina University Magazine, The Haverfordian, Furman Echo, Guilford Collegian, Emory and Henry Era, Wake Forest Student, Southwestern University Magazine, Central Collegian and Davidson College Magazine.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1906.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to H. E. SPENCE, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to F. R. WRENN, Business Manager.

C. M. CAMPBELL, JR., }
MITCHELL B. WADDILL, } - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

A CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

BY "W."

"Christmas in Germany," you ask for, Mr. Editor? Too broad a subject for a few pages that are not to be taken too seriously, and for a writer who is not more familiar with it than I. Rather, with your permission, *a* Christmas there, which, to be sure, may after all be in the nature of a composite picture of all German Christmases.

As we all know, sentiment plays a very great part in the life of the German people. Contradictory as it may seem, it is yet probably true, that they, of all of us, are both the

freest from superstition, in a comprehensive meaning of the word, and also the most unwilling to surrender the beautiful belief of former times in the charming fairy-tales, the myths and the sagas, which, after all, furnish the distinctive flavor and the abiding element in the best of German literature. The German clings with a touching affection to anything which smacks at all of sentiment, and cherishes all the symbols or expressions of what his forefathers contributed to—what shall I call it?—the poetry of everyday life. Hence the various sorts of festivals celebrating this or that out of the dim past of the people; the numerous societies whose members dress in quaint rich costumes and do unusual things on certain days; the general protest and sincere disapproval when the royal owner of the charming ruin known all over the world as the castle of Heidelberg resolved a few summers ago to have part of it, at least, restored. From this standpoint, too, is to be explained the distinctive German character of literature: in spite of the widespread distribution of knowledge, not a knowing man, who rejects all belief in the creations and dreams of his fellows, but rather, a touching, a pathetic character, chocked brimful of sentiment.

Perfectly natural, then, that Christmas is fully and beautifully celebrated in Germany, the manner of celebration combining much of the old with additions as the years have come and gone. It is the chief of all the festivals, the time when full sway is given the emotions. The whole country, as it were, puts on its Christmas dress, a mixed costume, to be sure, partly quite ancient and partly spanking new.

What a joy to a child—and on Christmas we are all children, if not, more's the pity—to see the decorations! Every baker-shop, candy-shop, grocery store, indeed every shop-window, from the butcher's to the florist's, is a veritable private council-chamber for Santa Claus, the *Weinachtsmann*

of the German child. I have stood for hours in crowds of children wondering at the glorious creations of the vying decorative artist-advertisers. In Leipsic, I recall, we saw Santa Claus with his reindeer in every stage of the journey to Goodboy's house, and in the blinding snow falling faster than the tears from Badboy's eyes. Only Karl's words of admiration and Johann's of rapture were needed to transport me fully back to childhood days, and there were no doubting Thomases in the crowd around me.

We halted next before the candy man's shop. In his window was a sure-enough castle, complete in every detail, and especially attractive to me because it was mediæval. And bless your life all of chocolate—drawbridge, approaches, wheelbarrows full of barrels of chocolates, and the dwarfs pushing them included.

In the face of this splendor I feared for the cracker man next door; surely he was beat this time. But no, his window has the biggest crowd of old and young before it. He, too, has in his window a house; not a castle, to be sure, just a quaint little peasant house. Through the open window is seen a queer looking old woman, and outside is standing a funny little pair, a boy and a girl. Eureka! Hans and Gretel before the gingerbread house. Here even the children were made of bread. Every boy and girl in the German empire knows them, and they are equally dear to old and young. No doubt the cracker man sold hundreds of pounds of genuine Hans and Gretel gingerbread during the week. I suspect were I to have the joy of halting before his shop a few weeks hence, I should see the same little Hans and Gretel doing him yeoman service still. The Germans are conservative.

Then on to the broad squares and open market places. Only yesterday they were bare or beset with baskets of vegetables and fruits; today they are covered with thousands of beautiful, graceful green fir trees, sprung up in the night as

by magic. They have in reality come in by car-load lots from the tree growers of the vicinity or even from afar off, and are to serve the beautiful purpose of Christmas trees.

How the dealers hustle and how the thousands of purchasers examine and barter. Often groups of children together seek for a tree that suits them and then carry it off together in glee. But there are all sorts of buyers, for all families are represented, poor and rich, since no self-respecting family with love for the sweetest associations of home will let Christmas eve find no tree in its house. And all must buy trees—no more going forth with axe and chopping down one, unless you chance to own a piece of woodland. Yes, they all have trees, for without a tree Christmas to the German would lack its most precious symbol, around which have clustered the joys of home and family since his creeping, cooing days. As a baby he was held up to jab his fists in his eyes before the paradise of candles on the green limbs of the tree, and as an old man he loves to sit again once a year round just such a tree and tell the same tales and think the same thoughts of the many years gone. In Leipsic I knew a couple, father and daughter, living alone in a rather large apartment. He was over eighty and she, by guess of course, close to thirty-five. They had all to themselves on Christmas a brilliantly lighted and illumined tree, and she told me he had never in his eighty years failed to have one.

There, too, I knew a wine dealer and his wife living near me. When Christmas was near at hand, he invited me, out of the goodness of his heart, to come to his room on Christmas eve night for the tree, since I could hardly have one for myself. His rooms adjoined his place of business, and in one of them he set up a magnificent tree, which he and his wife decorated with the love of practiced connoisseurs."

"Oh, no, to be sure, we have no children, and there are none here, but wife and I couldn't do without a tree. Why, we've always had one!"

"But why have it here in full view of your customers? Won't they disturb you in your celebration?"

"Oh, no. You see I have some customers who unfortunately can't go home for Christmas, and for their sake I open my room doors."

To be sure, they could sit in full sight of the tree, sip their sparkling wine, and through the combined magic of the two live all over again the climax of the joys of each past year of their lives. And I suspect a goodly number accepted the invitation, but I am unable to say postively.

And he was not the only wine man who generously allowed the lonely and homeless to drink in the glow and magic of his tree. I found magnificent trees in all the restaurants and heard that all wine rooms were made quite homelike for the joyous occasion.

The giving of gifts seemed general, but the gifts were not hung on the trees as here. On the night of Christmas eve the entire family assembled and sung some familiar old appropriate songs. Then we went into the tree room and found besides the tree a table, on which the presents were arranged. The servants were admitted, too, and all of them got presents in money, one girl fifteen dollars. She told me later that was only a part of her salary, true in shape of a gift, but thoroughly agreed upon between her and the lady. The amount thus received increased with each additional year she remained with her employer. In fact, the servants all expect and receive gifts, and the whole thing, so far as they are concerned, has descended to the acceptance of a previously agreed upon tip.

The children, too, get all their presents here. I missed the custom of hanging up stockings for Santa to fill. The little chaps tell you that the Weinachtsmann brought their gifts, but they soon become too skeptical to believe this.

In spite of this skepticism, however, the German children enjoy Christmas tales and fiction none the less, for they are

richly endowed with the enviable faculty to revel in the world of fancy and imagination. And Christmas is in Germany the greatest occasion in the life of children. For the Germans naturally love children and are never happier than when making children happy. A special feature of the German Christmas as I saw it were the many plays given for children in all the best theatres, in which in really attractive and artistic manner the magic world of fairydom and the Christmas lore of heathen and Christian times were revealed to their sympathetic imaginations. What a sight to see a thousand children held spellbound by the acting of first-rate actors in these distinctly children-plays. The Hans and Gretel story is among the favorites. In Leipsic I saw a full fairy world on the stage, where among other things several children were bewitched by an evil fairy, taken to the bottom of a dark and gloomy spring, where the magic kingdom of the evil fairies burst upon them in dazzling glory, and out of which, with the help of the good fairy, they were finally rescued by a good child.

In spite of their being philosophers, the Germans are lovers of good eating and drinking, and Christmas is not a fasting time, nor need one die of thirst, if one is not too dependent on water. The turkey has been unable to displace the goose in the heart of the German, and geese are slaughtered by thousands for the Christmas dinners. There was nothing very peculiar about the Christmas dishes that I recall except a luck-bringing concoction for Christmas eve night—a preparation of poppyseed, a dish I pray we may never imitate, in spite of the fact that the Prussians believe each seed eaten brings its dollars.

All over Germany the baker shops have Christmas breads and sweets peculiar to their locality; and there are great varieties, since the different states, even cities of the same state, differ so widely in their taste for such things. The home-made sweet crackers with mottoes and quaint figures

on them, which are made in the homes all over South Germany, are very enjoyable. Their variety is legion, but they come only at Christmas time.

The Christmas festivities lasted through the week and the celebration became most noisy and the celebraters most hilarious as the last 12 o'clock of the old year approached. The candles on the tree had been lighted again and other songs had been sung. In Berlin at the stroke of twelve, windows were thrown open and hundreds of projecting heads shouted: "Prosit Neujahr!" Then suddenly all grew quiet, the merrymakers on the streets went home. The new year with its seriousness had begun. With the old year the tree must go, but the memory of it and what it stood for is treasured up in the sacred archives of the family.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

BY "X."

From the golden gate of the heaven-land
That night in the long ago,
To the simple shepherds and angel band
Brought tidings of joy and visions grand
To cheer a world of woe,
And the song of the angel-host
Still echoes in sweet refrain,
"There's rest in the midst of labor
And peace in the throes of pain."

No message came to the countless throng,
And none to the palace came;
They saw no vision and heard no song,
The stars shone on as they had so long,
And life was to them the same.
They listened for wonder-songs
And missed the quiet refrain;
"There's rest in the midst of labor
And peace in the midst of pain."

The stall that night was a sacred shrine,
The manger a holy throne,
And motherhood became divine.
Humanity and God combine
To make His nature known.
No fetters of flesh can mar
The sweetness of that refrain:
"There's rest in the midst of labor
And peace in the midst of pain."

And so tonight while the Yule chime rings,
Were we only free from sin
And selfishness, we could all be kings;
We would hear the white throng as it sings
Above the world's fierce din,
And the song of the angel band
Would be the same sweet refrain:
"There's rest in the midst of labor
And peace in the midst of pain."

CHRISTMAS WITH IRVING AND DICKENS.

BY "Y."

"But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good gray old head and beard left? Well I will have that, since I cannot have more of him."

The above quotation expresses the feelings of many of us as we look upon the changes that have occurred in the celebration of the Christmas holidays. Truly the times are changing and we must change with them or at least we do change. What a vast difference between the Christmas of today and the Christmas of years ago! Much of the joy of Christmas disappears with the myths, fables and superstitions that surround it. We remember our own keen sense of disappointment and sorrow when we made the inevitable discovery of the personality of the patron Saint. Then, too, the methods of celebrations, the customs and ceremonies have changed and with their changing have stolen away a certain charm from the Christmas festivities. The yule-log—once believed to possess charms against wicked spirits and evil influences—no longer sparkles upon the hearth, warming both body and soul by its cheery glow, casting its long flickering shadows upon the wall; today we have the heater, radiator and electric light. Formal occasions and the bustle of business life leave us too little ease and liberty to enjoy ourselves. Let us turn our minds to the "good old way" and view Christmas in its splendor as shown by the two writers who, above all others, understood and appreciated human nature, Irving and Dickens.

To read Irving's description of Christmas in England is almost to see in reality the scenes portrayed. There is a genuine natural touch in his description that appeals very vividly to the imagination. One visits with him the church, with its tender and inspiring services, hears the wild, almost human, harmony of the chime-spirits, and the sweet, grand,

full melody of the pealing organ, until with soul enraptured one can almost hear the song of the angels as that night on the Judean Hills they sang the first anthem of peace and goodwill.

How charming are his descriptions of the cheer and comfort of the Christmas tide! 'Tis true summer is gone. The last bower has withered and died, the song of the bird no longer makes sweet music, the rippling brooks are choked with ice and all nature is wrapped in a shroud of sheeted snow. But all this gloom only serves for a contrast to his picture of cheer. The ruddy blaze sends a kindly welcome through the room. Hospitality attends a cordial smile and the sly glance of love whispers its sweet eloquence. Christmas is in the air and its good feeling opens every door and unlocks every heart.

"A man might then behold
At Christmas in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new."

Peasant and peer are blended in one warm, generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls resound with laughter and revelry. All sorts of games are played: hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, bob apple, snap dragon, yule clog, Christmas candle, and one which has not entirely grown out of fashion even to this good day—the misletoe game, for the misletoe hung up to the imminent peril of all pretty housemaids, since the boys might kiss the girls under it, plucking for each kiss a berry from the bush and the privilege ceasing when the berries were gone.

There too was the old stone fireplace with its great crackling fire that threw its wild shadows out upon the walls and then died down to a huge bed of coals from whose glow all

could gain inspiration to dream dreams and see visions: the young, pictures of love and hope, while the old looked back upon the folly of youthful aspiration with a sigh that their folly was gone forever. Do not his pictures appeal to you? To quote his own words: "Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years, and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit—as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert."

Thus Irving has perpetuated the memories of the old time Christmas. It is with a feeling of genuine pleasure and comfort that we read him. The cold wintry wind roars over the hills and rumbles down the chimney, bringing its flurry of snowflakes. The pelting hail dashes against the rattling panes and bare limbs, but we sit with Irving by the fireside and muse of the past.

But from the genial glow of the embers a new vision arises —Dickens and his Christmas characters. Irving has pictured the halls, the walls, the fireside, the roaring storm, the church bells, and the great table groaning under its weight of goodies (just as did the small boy a few hours later). We see Christmas with all of its temporal blessings. But Irving does not touch humanity as does Dickens, for the latter deals with human life and emotion. He not only sees the raging, stormy, bleak night, but he sees thousands of human beings suffering in that night, with no fires to drive away the cold, and no genial hearth-glow to dispel the gloom. Who can read his "Christmas Carol" without being filled with sym-

pathy, joy and indignation, in turn and combined. What a contemptible, miserable skinflint is old Scrooge as he, like the dog in the manger, will neither have enjoyment himself nor allow it to others. How spiteful is his wish that every merrymaker should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stoke of holly in his heart! We are filled with indignation to see him scold his clerk, threaten to discharge him, quarrel with his nephew because he got married, hoot at the idea of love, treat charity-seekers contemptously and suggest that the poor laws, work houses and prisons are for the relief of the poor. Yes, and as we read do not our own hearts suffer a slight twinge of regret as we think of the harsh words we have spoken, of the little unkind cuts and uncharitable thoughts of which we have been guilty? Do we not in imagination see the good we may do and the suffering we may avert by proper thought and action?

And the ghosts! Who does not appreciate the Christmas ghosts? What heart is not touched as the mind follows the Ghost of Christmas Past as it takes old Scrooge through the haunts of childhood? Scrooge follows it through all the by-paths and lanes which he frequented when a boy. And such a flood of thoughts as come to him—and not only to him, but arise in the minds of every boy grown old as he reads that simple carol! Who that has once been a boy can ever forget a boy's hopes, joys, fears and cares! There, too, was the old red school-house with its carved benches and tumbled down steps. A country school-house! He has missed much of life who has been reared in too favorable circumstances to be compelled to attend a country school, with its wild rompings, mischief making and flirtation with sweet little country maidens. "'The school is not quite deserted,' said the Ghost. 'A solitary child neglected by his friends is left there still.' 'I know it,' said Scrooge, and sobbed as if his heart would break." They left the high road and approached the old home with its fables of Santa Claus, with its sweet associa-

tions. The old house is dilapidated now; the old farm bell is rusty, the gates are down and the windows broken. The roof is broken in—the same old roof under which he has lain and been sung to sleep by the gentle patter of the raindrops just above him. He sees himself a half-famished little fellow sitting alone by the feeble fire, and yet what visions arise! Fairies from the dream land of books, visitors from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments and parrots from Crusoe's lonely isle! But they fade away, as do all life's young dreams, and Scrooge weeps again.

Scrooge sees himself once more, this time a prodigal boy, shut off in lonely, bare rooms. His little sister comes to welcome him back. As one reads this scene and sees the childish glee of the sister and hears of the forgiving heart of the father, one is reminded of that other father who waited for his rebellious boy to come back home, but whose boy was killed in the wilds of the forest. There's not a prodigal boy on earth whose heart is not made softer by this picture. And the tender sister now is dead—one child and that child the nephew whom old Scrooge had treated so harshly.

Once more the scene changes. Scrooge sees the girl whom he had loved, yet surrendered for gold. She is now a matron and happy. Little children play about her feet. Joy, ecstacy, affection are all shown in their little faces. And his own home life so desolate! And the Ghost of Christmas Past leaves him.

The Ghost of Christmas Present shows a good many cheerful scenes such as Irving depicted and which have already been mentioned. They bring a glow to the heart of young and old. All classes of people in all walks of life are to be seen, but they are alike in one respect, they revel in the reality of Christmas. Down in the gloomy miner's camp, out upon the wild high-seas it is all the same—a great spirit of peace and forgiveness.

And who can fail to be impressed with the scene in Bob

Crotchit's home? How they enjoy their dinner—a meal seasoned with the best of sauce: love and contentment. Every face is bright with Christmas joy, for all are present to share in the simple festivities. And those in whose homes there are vacant chairs read of their joy and feel a tinge of sadness. The story of Little Tim is touching also. No bereaved mother can read of him and fail to think of her own loss, of the little stockings she intended to hang up at the Christmas-tide, but which had to be folded away. Last Christmas she pressed her little treasure to her breast, to-night she weeps over a broken rattle, or a little shoe; for her darling will spend Christmas with the angels.

Scrooge is shown the future by the Ghost of the Christmas Yet To Come. He sees himself dead and others glad because he will no longer mar their pleasure. He awakes from his horrible nightmare to know that it was all a dream. But he has learned a valuable lesson and one which he immediately applies—the truth that Christmas is what you make it, and that he who gives most pleasure most enjoys himself. Have not we, too, learned that lesson by reading Scrooge's experiences? Are we not all made better because Dickens wrote the simple carol? I daresay the world is better for it than for the writing of any hundred moral essays in the realm of literature.

After all, is not the best estimate of Dickens and his works given by Thackeray. Thackeray, whom some supposed to be a rival of Dickens for literary honors and possibly jealous of his laurels? How perfectly fair and sincere he is in his judgment! How modest in assuming a lower place in the hearts of the children (who, by the way, are the best judges of the sincere and true)! Let us hear his tribute.

"As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied by kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the

myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts; fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better sermon preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol?" I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-tide; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef.

"In vain the critics cry: 'Unhappy people! What strange new folly is this? What new deity do ye worship? Know ye what ye do? Know ye that your new idol hath little Latin and less Greek? Know ye that he has never tasted the birch of Eton, nor trodden the flags of Carfax, nor paced the academic flats of Trumpington? Know ye that in mathematics, or logics, this wretched ignoramus is not fit to hold a candle to a wooden spoon? See ye not how, from describing low humors, he now, forsooth, will attempt the sublime? Discern ye not his faults of taste, his deplorable propensity to write blank verse? Come back to your ancient, venerable, and natural instructors. Leave this new, low, and intoxicating draught at which ye rush, and let us lead you back to the

old wells of classic lore. Come and repose with us there. We are your gods; we are the ancient oracles, and no mistake. Come, listen to us once more, and we will sing to you the mystic numbers of *as in presenti* under the arches of the Pons Asinorum.' But the children of the present generation hear not; for they reply: 'Rush to the Strand! and purchase five thousand more copies of the 'Christmas Carol.'"

Ghosts of the Christmas-tide! Aye wild warbling ghosts! Ghosts of neglected opportunities, ghosts of unkind acts and uncharitable thoughts, ghosts of departed joys! Are we not made better by these visions? Have we not much for which to thank Dickens? True was it said:

"Master of human hearts. No Christmas-tide
Whose chants are not the sweeter, and whose cheer
Is not more blest, since Dickens lived and died.
The savor of his teaching makes each year
Richer in homely virtues, doth endear
Man unto man; hence, shall he long abide."

TO TRINITY.

BY "L."

Dear Trinity, to lift our ardent voice
To thee in praises loud, we often seek,
And though we know a Freshman's words are weak,
To sing thy glories do we still rejoice.
But many times the task our brain annoys
When o'er our problems hard we work and toil,
And often when we burn the midnight oil
We feel that work our pleasure much alloys.
'Tis then, dear Alma Mater, that we turn
Our thoughts away from labors wearisome,
And think on thee, until our hearts do burn
With love and rev'rence, and we then become
More grateful for thy blessings, and do learn
To love thee, second only to our home.

AN UNFORESEEN DELIVERANCE.

BY L. G. WHITE.

Outside the closed door of the faculty-room a large group of students were gathered, waiting in almost breathless silence, and the feeling and mood that was readily apparent among the group was suggestive of a very important meeting of the faculty.

A band of sophomores had gone beyond the bounds of common discretion,—a common characteristic of that class,—in hazing a very fresh specimen of the freshman class, and had been detected and exposed to the faculty, a set overzealous in discharging what it thought was its prime duty to defend the freshmen.

The door of the faculty-room opened on the group, and the president announced that a decision had been reached. A hush fell over the students to hear the decision, and was followed by murmurings of disapproval and wrath. The faculty had voted to expel the leader of the participators in the hazing.

All eyes were turned towards a young man approaching from the inside. He looked hardly more than eighteen years old, handsome, well-developed. His fine, large figure was active, graceful; his hair was light, wavy, and curled round his forehead and temples; his well-rounded head was set on excellent broad shoulders; his whole physique and appearance reminded one of an ancient Athenian god, and there was about him, among this collection of intelligent-looking students, a presence, a peculiar bearing, which showed that he was a born leader. His attractive gray eyes were set on the group as he talked, and there was a simplicity and firmness in his speech that made the scene almost dramatic.

"No, there is no alternative. I will go home on the first train, and try to explain it to my parents the best I can. No

use to cry over spilt milk. I was the instigator, and will take the consequences."

Tom Gray, for he was the leader, was escorted to the station that afternoon by members of every class, amid cheers and praises. The sympathetic expressions of regret, mingled with utterances of praise, eliminated all despondency and thoughts of the consequences of his home-coming from his mind. He found consolation in the increased estimation his friends showed towards him, and in the cheers of his classmates. But once on the train and out of hearing of his friends, he fell into a state of meditation that bordered on unconsciousness. The lines of the newspaper he held in his hands blended into one great mass of blackness before his eyes, and his mind returned to the night before his departure for college, when he took a long, last farewell of a young girl of his own age. Yes, he had, on that night, by her side, built hopes of the future, decided what part to play in the great drama of life—there are times when the young man in love will think of the future, and try to forecast what it has in store for him. He remembered how she had filled him with the "do or die" spirit to succeed in his college work, and had made him promise to take no part in hazing, for, as she expresséd it, "You cannot afford to be sent home, Tom."

Thus the young man traveled for miles and miles without once lifting his eyes from the paper. He took no notice of passing stations and scenery, and seemed unaware of the fact that he was on a train. His one thought was upon *her*. How could he reconcile her to the fact that he was expelled, and how could she forgive him for breaking his word of honor, for heaping this shame on his family's good name? Ah! He was disgraced forever, and all his hopes were ruined. Before he knew it, he began to think of some plan to evade going home, and presently an idea came to him. He would join the army—that most catholic of all organiza-

tions, where men of all stations in life and of every description are wont to go, and which conceals and shelters the base and worthless—and go to the Philippines. Then he would write to her, and maybe she would find it in her heart to forgive him, so far away from home and friends. "I'll risk it anyway," he said to himself, "for I haven't the courage to face her now."

* * * * * * * * * *

The Philippines were in a state of general insurrection, and the natives, under that keen and cat-like Aguinaldo, were killing hundreds of American soldiers by their Indian-like tactics and from ambush. It had become almost a problem for our generals to stop this slaughter of their troops, and the sending of them into the interior in small bodies was discontinued. Presently there came a lull in the fighting, and for a time the unexpected attacks of the natives ceased. General Lawton was curious enough to ascertain the cause, and finally ventured to send out several scouting parties.

"Lieutenant Gray!" Tom Gray had been in the Philippines eight months, and had, on account of his dash and almost reckless bravery, been advanced to the rank of second lieutenant over hundreds of other petty officers. "I want you to pick your best men and ride about fifty miles in the interior to discover any fresh outbreak of the natives."

"All right, General," replied Gray, saluting, "I'll start within an hour," and silent, pensive, he returned to his tent to make preparations.

"General, you seem to have lots of faith in that young man," remarked one of his aides, when they began to discuss the danger and peril of Gray's ride. "You have other officers more experienced and with a better knowledge of the country."

"Yes, I am aware of that," responded the General, "but I have several excellent reasons for choosing Gray. That

boy never loses his head in the greatest excitement, and he possesses remarkable strategy in getting out of bad scrapes. Did you notice how his jaws were set and the expression on his face, when I told him his mission? I tell you he is a born leader. And besides,"—the General stopped a moment to reflect, and a slight smile passed across his stern, rigid face,—"he has his men right under his thumb, for he is mighty popular with them; they'll follow him anywhere, to hell if necessary."

"And I am afraid they will have to before they get back," replied the aide, as if he had some presentiment of evil that was going to befall the young officer.

"My God! I hope not," said the General, a ghost-like paleness sweeping across his massive, stone-like countenance.

Thus they discussed the ride, when a clatter of hoofs and a jangling of swords were heard approaching. All conversation ceased, and the officers rushed to the front of the tent to ascertain the cause. They stopped in sudden amazement and gazed at the horsemen in wonderment and admiration.

It was Gray and his scouts on their perilous expedition. At the front he rode, graceful, light, a fine likeness of the mediæval knight, and behind him rode ten picked men, in an easy, well-concerted gallop.

They traveled fully an hour in utter silence, save the regular and periodical beat of hoofs. Presently the Lieutenant spoke and warned his men to keep strict watch for any signs of ambush, and again silence reigned. Every one seemed lost in deep thought, and the bent of their minds was towards the outcome of their dangerous mission. Another time the quiet was broken by one of the men heard repeating: "'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'"

"Predicting our own fate, eh?" remarked another.

Light-heartedly they rode on, though now more carefully, as they had just entered a dark, thick wood. The stillness became more intense, and the only sound that broke the

silence was the peculiar cry of some strange bird. Once the Lieutenant halted as the cry sounded nearer, but nothing else was heard, and they continued their ride.

The minds of these truly brave men again lapsed into a sort of mysticism. Some strange thought seemed to have taken possession of them. The surroundings and the desolate shade all tended to intensify their feelings and reflections. All at once their horses began to shy and seemed frightened, but no sound nor object could be perceived. Surely something must have caused the horses to act in such a strange manner, for the instinct in the beast to observe lurking danger is much greater than our own ability to perceive it. Suddenly a strange cry was again heard, and this time there was no mistaking—something whizzed by Gray's head. Soon the air was full of flying arrows and darts, and half-naked natives were seen peering through the dense and crowded underbrush.

Gray, cool and composed as if he were among friends, ordered his men to dismount and form a sort of barricade with their horses. The fight was fast and furious, but it was soon evident to Gray that it was absolutely hopeless to remain in that position long, for the horses would soon all be killed. The crack of rifles rang out sharp and clear in this desolate and forsaken wilderness, and the firing was kept up constantly, without intervals, but it produced no effect whatever on the dark warriors.

The bright, brilliant rays of the sun had waned into a golden red, and came streaming through the trees in broken lines; already the shadows were deepening into a single covering of darkness upon the earth. The scene gave a pleasing picturesqueness to the fight, which seemed all at once to have ceased. What had happened to Lieutenant Gray and his half-score of courageous men?

Gray soon saw that it was useless to keep the fight up any longer, that he was making apparently no impression on the

black fighters, who were fighting from behind trees, and who seemed unlimited in number. He looked around, and, seeing that five of his men and horses had been killed, gave orders to the others to escape, if possible. Just then his own horse fell, leaving him unprotected and an easy mark. He soon felt a stinging sensation at his side and face, and fell unconscious alongside his horse.

Upon regaining consciousness, his mind returned at once to the battle, due to an unerring psychological law, and his first impulse was to give an order to his men. A vivid panorama of events and scenes connected with the fight passed before his eyes, and suddenly it came to him that he had been struck down by some sharp-pointed instrument. All became clear to him then, and he began to inspect his present surroundings. He found himself tied, both hands and feet, to a board, and looking up, saw that he was in a rude thatched-roof hut, through which streams of pale moonlight poured in unbroken beams. Near him he saw a circle of dusky, half-naked men gazing intently at him, and seated by a dim, smouldering ring of ashes, glowing with an extremely dull red, which, mingling with the pale beams of moonlight, lighted up the sides of the hut with an uncommon tint.

How long he had been in that position, and why he had been so cared for by these half-savage warriors, he was unable to imagine. They brought him food and water upon seeing him regain consciousness, and he felt much better, but was still weak from a great loss of blood. He found his wounds neatly and carefully bandaged, from which he felt only a slight pain, and he wondered how these uncivilized creatures possessed so much skill in medical treatment. His attention was at this point attracted by the actions of the natives, and he was somewhat relieved when he saw them preparing for their night's repose—even the beasts of the field must have sleep.

Gray closed his eyes, and tried hard to sleep, but sleep did not come. He lay there drinking in all the mysterious wild beauty of the night, and, alone, awake, in the midnight of this savage wilderness, fell to thinking of his home and friends, especially of *her*—could she in turn be thinking of him? He remembered the many nights, such nights as this, he had sat by her side in the swing under that great elm tree, and poured out his heart to her—long ago it seemed now. He could see her form before him now; there were those large blue eyes looking affectionately at him, the same rosy cheeks indented with a pretty little dimple, her dark glossy hair waving about her shoulders and forehead. He now saw her seated at the piano; she was playing "Forgotten," and the sweet notes under her soft touch resounded in his ears. Suddenly, he was startled by a faint sound, coming from the outside and breaking the monotonous reign of silence in this dark, deserted wilderness.

He lay motionless, and, with every nerve strained to the utmost, listened, but he could hear nothing else in the still night, not even the gentle rustling of a breeze through the trees and leaves. His mind ceased wandering, and he awoke to his present predicament. For the first time he felt the cord, with which he was still bound, cutting into his wrists and ankles and naturally he began to think of some means to free himself. He knew perfectly well that it was with no Christian spirit or mercy these half-savages had brought him there, and he came to the conclusion that their motives were not of any good intent. He tried hard to conceive some plan of action, but strain his mind as he might, he could not think of a single chance that he could safely attempt. He tried desperately to free his hands, but the rope only cut deeper into his flesh, reminding him of the fate that seemed destined for him. Again he was startled by a sound from the outside.

This time there was no mistaking, for he had heard it

very distinctly. There was but one thing for it to be—some wild animal. With every nerve tense he waited to see it appear at the door of the hut. Hark! the sound drew nearer, but his fear of wild animals was soon allayed, as he made out the outline of a human figure standing before the opening. He watched it intently, breathlessly, and saw it advance towards him. In the light of a clear, full moonlight he could now observe distinctly its features, and his heart beat with joy as he recognized the uniform of a United States soldier. He then knew it was a friend that had come to help him to escape.

The figure, first making sure that the natives were asleep, crept lightly, stealthily, to where Gray lay, and proceeded to cut the cords that held him. The job was quickly done, and the stranger pulled him to his feet. "Don't make any noise now, and follow me," whispered the stranger.

Gray, though still a little weak and benumbed by having had to remain in one position so long, succeeded in escaping from the hut, and followed his deliverer to a place in the woods where two horses were standing saddled. Not a word had they spoken, and Gray was the first to break the silence, after they had ridden a short distance.

"I think we are out of danger now, and will you please tell me who you are, and how came you here?"

"Why, can't you recognize me, Tom?" spoke the stranger, removing his hat and looking intently at Gray.

Tom Gray, seeing those eyes and cheeks, knew. It was *she*. He was simply dumbfounded, and checked his horse in astonishment. "What in the world are you doing over here, Catharine?" he managed to ask when he had regained his mental equilibrium.

"Why, I joined the Red Cross, of course, when I found out that you had left college and joined the army."

"Then, you do forgive me for being expelled," he replied. And they rode on in the silver beams of a waning moon, for-

getful of danger and lost for a time in perfect happiness. Already in the east, beyond the distant woods and hills, there were streaks of gray light on the horizon, and soon a faint blush appeared in the eastern sky—the dawn was at hand.

NOCTURNE.

BY REESE SCROGGS.

When Celia played in olden time,
The heavenly harmony sublime,
Floating on zephyrs of every clime,
Was fashioned into thee—my love.

Sweetness of flowers undefiled,
Into thy make-up was beguiled.
When thou pervadest regions hidden,
Harmony springeth forth unbidd'n.

Euterpe in realms celestial,
Has appointed thee her vestal,
All the the Muses at a festal,
Consigned to thee their attributes.

Celia, thy beauty is to me,
Like a dream of ideality,
And lo in thee I now do see,
My ideal in reality.

SHAKSPERE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY LELAH M. STARR.

"And moreover at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglers, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind. . . . Now, as I said, the way to the celestial city lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world."

It is with this quotation from Bunyan that A. T. Quiller-Couch begins the story recently written called "Shakspere's Christmas."

To understand and appreciate what Christmas meant to Shakspere, let us imagine ourselves in old England of the sixteenth century.

It was Christmas Eve in 1598. The theatre at Shoreditch, just outside of London, was crowded as never before. The Lord Chamberlain's servants were presenting a new comedy. Every speech was cheered—good, bad or indifferent. Was it because some old friends, as Falstaff or Prince Hal, were there that such applause went up from the pit and gallery?

Among those assembled to witness the play was a middle-aged countryman, sturdy and strong. On one side of him sat an apprentice and on the other a cutpurse who was paid to lead the applause, but gave up to the countryman, who preceded him every time.

After a fit of applause the cutpurse, much vexed, said, "But have a care lest they mistake you for the author." With that the countryman leaped to his feet and said, "You shoot better than you know, my friend; the bolt grazes. But they say a miss is as good as a mile."

Previous to this the countryman sat nervously watching for the curtain to rise. Not until Falstaff entered the stage

did he give vent to his applause and laughter, which after that led the entire house. Every one craned their necks to see who the steady applauder was and some of a more serious mind advised that he be put out.

A heavy fog settled over the open theatre and not until lanterns were brought could the play be continued through the last act.

The apprentice, who up to this time had remained quiet, was munching away on some nuts. During the reconciliation of King Henry with Chief Justice Gascoigne he had stopped his ears, but when Falstaff entered he joined in the applause with his neighbor, the countryman.

It seemed that the play was a play no longer, and in spite of the fog it had become savagely real. The men, when they were rent, did not bleed sawdust, but real blood.

The play was over and the curtain was drawn when the countryman put his hand in his pocket and drew it out empty. At this the apprentice reminded him of the cut-purse who sat by his side, but was now nowhere to be seen.

As the two stood talking of the stolen purse a noise of hammers and of falling timber was heard. The countryman peered over the railing into the pit below, where men were busy tearing down the stage. He hoped to see the figure of some acquaintance among the busy men. "What does this mean?" he asked of the lad by his side. "It is only the play, the one writ by Will Shakspere," was the reply.

Upon hearing the name of Will Shakspere mentioned, the countryman's eyes gleamed with a look of pride as he said, "Ay, I knew him down in Warwickshire. A good lad he was, though his mother wept over him for a wild one."

The apprentice expressed a desire to once see the famous author, but confessed that he had never searched for him, fearing that the man and the secret were not one, and in finding one he should miss the other. "For," said he, "you

saw how, having taught us to know Falstaff as a foot its old shoe, he left us to wonder on a sudden why we laughed. And yet 'twas not sudden, but bred in the play from beginning, no, nor cruel, but merely right, only he had persuaded us to forget it."

The countryman's attention was again turned to the men who were still hammering on the beams. After the apprentice explained why the theatre was being moved and that there would on Christmas Day be no theatre there for his Puritan master to smack his lips over, the sturdy rustic gave a leap over the rail and landed firmly on his feet amid the busy crowd.

Taking a hammer from a man, whom he later found to be the son of an old neighbor, he began stripping off pieces of timber, all the time relating the news of the shire.

Amid the hurry and bustle of moving the theatre a new figure appeared, bearing a lantern. Seeing the large, sturdy man wielding the hammer, he approached nearer, suddenly paused, and with a look of bewilderment said, "Father?" The jolly face of the countryman spoke plainly the pride he felt for his son as he embraced him who was now a man of fame. He assured him that his mother would be proud of her son could she see him wear such a staid beard. Then, father-like, he related all the changes that had taken place at the old home since the son's departure.

The busy men glanced at the author with puzzled faces as the father told him how glad he was to be John Shakspere, the father of the one who wrote the play that he had just witnessed. The apprentice could hardly believe his eyes. "Was this the real Shakspere?"

Wagons were still coming and going, moving the old theatre. The wagoners were growing impatient, for it was nearing midnight and the next day was Christmas, but at William Shakspere's command the work was continued until the last block was moved away.

It was past the midnight hour before William Shakspere and his father left the site of the old theatre to go to Mistress Witwold's tavern—there to celebrate Christmas together. All the lanes of Bankside were quiet except for the baying of dogs. Every door, as was the custom, stood open, waiting for any guest that might arrive to enjoy the festival.

Lights were streaming from the open doors and windows of the tavern and the merry shouts of revelry were heard from within. Upon entering the tavern the father paused, and viewing the revelry and thinking of the crowded theatre, said: "Take away Bankside and London would be much the cleaner, but much the duller of cheer. The clergymen and aldermen use the poor players, yet abuse them. If the Lord Mayor wants a show, to Bankside he goes, doth the court require a masque, the Queen a bull-baiting, the city a good roaring tragedy, to Bankside they hie with their money."

Within the room at the top of the landing William Shakspere heard the buzz of voices and paused before entering. His father, understanding why he waited, said, "Let us go in together. Though the world's applause weary thee, 'tis sweet to thine old father." As they entered, the great company rose to its feet amid shouts and lifted glasses. Shakspere paused and bowed as reservedly as might a king.

The feast lasted three hours and all the time the apprentice was listening eagerly for one word that was the language of the gods. He decided that was for poets conversing with poets or all reserved for the mermaids and not for commonplace mortals.

At the table were the Lord Chamberlain's servants, who realized that on the morrow London would ring with appreciative laughter. It is not once in a generation that a man scores such a hit as was made that day.

A young, ungainly looking man by the name of Jonson

arose and proposed success to the play and its author. He acknowledged he loved "Will Shakspere," and well he might, for one of his comedies owed much to Shakspere's acting. The speaker was watched with much interest by all as he heaped compliments upon the author.

All the time Shakspere smiled gently and as if forgetful of the nice speech, arose and said, "Let us drink to the vanished theatre, the first ever built in London." "And another glass to the Phœnix that shall rise," shouted his father.

There was a call for music and just then William Herbert entered. A handsome lad he was, with laughing face. He was dressed in a cloak slashed with orange-tawny satin. With him came another even more youthful than he. John Shakspere observed that they were friends of his son from the familiar way in which they addressed him.

The lads were jested for awhile and at length the younger one was passed around among the ladies for a kiss, an honor which he reluctantly accepted, since he was living, as one of the ladies said, in an extremely modest age. "Music? who called for music," a foreign voice demanded. In the doorway appeared three newcomers, two men and a woman. Julitta, the woman, stepped out into the middle of the floor and danced, while one of the men beat on a drum and hummed,—

"Julie, prends ton tambourin
Toi prends, ta flute, Robin."

"What foreign gabble is that?" asked John Shakspere. He was told it was a Christmas carol picked up on their way from Burgundy. A woman protested that it was indeed wrong to dance to a Christmas carol; but John Shakspere said he was a devout man, but bore a liberal mind and condemned no form of mirth, so it was honest.

It seemed that John Shakspere was master of ceremonies, for no sooner had Julitta entered the room than he began to clear from the floor the chairs and the tables. All eyes

were fixed on the dancing woman as she whirled around until her scarf appeared as a disc and her body a whorl of gleaming jewels.

The youths who had entered amid such merry making were especially interested in the middle-aged man who looked in amazement at the figures made by the dancer. Upon asking their friend, Will, who the stranger was, they were surprised to get the answer, "my father." With that the father turned to the youths and said he was pleased to be known as the father of William Shakspere, but for the rest he was only a plain gentleman of Warwickshire, but that some day he expected to kiss the queen's hand, through his son. At this the youths told what their mission was at the tavern on that Christmas eve. They were sent by the Queen to Shakspere to tell him that her majesty desired him to write a play with Falstaff as the hero, and not encompassed about with questions of royalty, but in love. The father clapped his hand on his son's shoulder and said, "Will, your fortune's made."

The dancing woman gazed fixedly on the page who accompanied William Herbert, and then asked if he wished to learn the dance. He expressed a desire to do so and after a few turns were made he fainted and was borne by Shakspere to the boat to go back to London.

Soon the room was deserted save by John Shakspere and the three musicians. One of the musicians, out of sheer jealousy for Julitta, stabbed the other. Before the news was spread abroad the dead body was carried away, so that all that was known was they had been and now were not.

John Shakspere turned to find his son, but was told by the apprentice that he was gone to the court of the Queen, but had left a goodly purse for him.

Dawn was breaking behind the mists. The clear sky promised a golden Christmas Day.

"This is a vile life, Will," said one of his friends as they

entered a boat on the river. Count up the men we have drunk with. There was Greene, but George Peele was ten times worse, and poor Kit, and as for Jonson, he bids fair for a tall poet. As for me, Tom Nashe, two years at the farthest must be the end."

On the Bankside at the foot of Paris Garden sat the apprentice. A heavy foot-fall came down to the landing. The sun's gold drifted through the fog and touched the side of a small row-boat nearing the farther shore. In it was the apprentice and the father of William Shakspere, who had celebrated Christmas at the tavern with his father. Across the tide came voices of London's Christmas bells.

TO LA BELLE.

BY E. B. HOBGOOD.

La Belle, thou maiden of a dusky hue,
Born in the tropic's far more sunny clime
Than this cold, dismal barren land of mine,
Yet no bloom there was half so fair as you.
Sweet, I will gently press my lips to thine
To test thy power to fill me with new life,
Nor other damsel will I have for wife,
Unless, perchance, I find a better kind.
—Ah, how my stomach sickens; tears do drown
My smarting eyelids, and the inner man
Doth ever upward creep, and will not down.
Unkind La Belle, I cast thee from me far,
Then weakly murmur, meekly lying down,
"The very devil take that black cigar."

JOHN REDEEMS HIMSELF.

BY AOT.

"Have you seen John Roland since he came home from college?" asked Rexford, as he finished tearing up an old barrel and began to put it into the stove to warm the crowd of farmers who were collected about the fire. Rexford's store was the farmers' headquarters for chewing tobacco, swapping news and buying groceries.

"No," was the response of farmer Jonson, "guess he's got his nose turned up to us poor fellers now, since he's a college dude. But he needn't, fer his old dad is as poor as Job's old turkey, and it was only by the skin of his teeth that he managed to send John to college. John's a high flyer now, is he?"

"There you are wrong for once," replied the popular merchant of F—, "he does not look any better than he did before he went to college, don't see that the shade has took any of the sunburn off either, he is the same old John, and really seemed glad to see me as he got off the train."

"Just as I expected," replied farmer Jones. "Blood will out, and you cannot make a yard dog tree coons. Old man Roland is throwin' away his money a tryin' to educate John, for when he gits through he will be a plain old Roland, and as fer me, I despise to see a onery cuss tryin' to cut the big dog and outshine his honest neighbors, when everybody knows who he is. Why, his old grandad was put in state prison for stealin' a mule, and first thing you know John will have half the college on his back goin' with it. *Corse* he ain't bigity, because he ain't got nothin' to be proud of." The conversation soon drifted off into other channels and John was temporarily forgotten.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was Christmas eve and farmer Jonson was preparing a party for the young people in the community. His son had

gone on horseback around to all the neighbors, except John Rolano, and invited them. "Guess John's got the big head, and would not come to a poor man's party, anyhow I'll let him know we can run our affairs without him, if he is a college man," Mr. Jonson had remarked. So John was not included among the invited guests.

Everything was now ready, a "wagin" load of oak wood was piled up in the front porch to keep fire in both fire places all night, for this party was to break up at day. All the lamps were lighted, the country lasses had arrived with their beaux, and the fiddlers had struck up "Mississippi Sawyer," when a neighbor walked over to Mr. Jonson and said, "There's a fire in the sand hills tonight and I wouldn't be s'prised, the way the wind is risin', if it don't reach here before mornin'." Whereupon they both walked out into the yard and took a look in the direction of the fire.

"By George, it is a fire, shore 'nough, but it is a long ways off, tho' I can see it get lighter and lighter. Do you see that black smoke? It has struck a broom sedge, I can smell the pine straw burning. I'll tell you, Joe, we'd better look out, fer everything is as dry as powder now, and if that fire strikes my thicket, it is goodby cow, tail and all, fer the woods comes up to the barn. I told Sal we had better clur that woods, but she said she would then have no place fer her chickens to hide from the hawks. One good thing, we've got a crowd here, and if it comes over we can fight it down. Golly! ain't the wind risin'? just like a storm. Hush, I believe I can hear the fire roarin'—no, that is the wind. Bids fair to be just such a night as that was last March four years ago, when all the pasture fence was burned up and Ben Bullard got his house burnt." Mr. Jonson's flow of disconnected sentences suddenly ceased, for he heard that long, lonesome cry of distress so well known in the sand hills. Some one was in trouble and calling for help. This fire did mean something. The cry was answered by some one else

over in the west, and the onrushing wind brought its sound most distinctly. It was a cry of distress that brought a shudder to all who heard it. Soon the cry of alarm was taken up from all sections. Away off to the north could be heard the mournful call of a bugle, and faintly from the same direction came the toll of a bell, all telling of trouble and calling for help.

These two farmers were not the only ones who saw this fire. Four miles south of them John Roland walked into his house and said, "Father, there is a fire in the sand hills tonight and if you do not care I will saddle Charley and ride up there. It may be I can be of some service to some one, for you know I belonged to the fire department at K—."

"Sure, John, do so, but don't ride Charley too hard, you know I drove him today."

So John set out to help somebody, he knew not whom. He took the direction of farmer Jonson's and before he had arrived he saw that this was no little fire they had to fight. In fact it was already nearing the house. The blaze could plainly be discerned as it leaped up—now sky-high, lapping the green pine boughs, now falling upon the leaves of the small oaks, ever rushing onward, consuming everything as it went. Occasionally a spark taken up by the terrific wind would fall ahead of the main body and start a new fire, which was soon overtaken and overrun by the main body. It seemed a mighty cylindrical monster rolling headlong, up this hill, down into the valley, jumping that little stream into the wiregrass beyond. Onward, onward, nothing retarding its speed, through thickets, marshes, shrubbery, cleared lands, swamps and old fields, leaping and falling, kindling ever into a fiercer flame, consuming everything alike. Even the sand seemed on fire.

John saw all this and lashing his horse to his utmost speed he soon arrived at farmer Jonson's home. Though almost stifled and blinded by the great cloud of smoke,

through which he had just passed, he could breathe more easily and see more clearly now, for he was near enough to the fire for the smoke to pass over his head, for indeed the fire was within a few hundred yards of the house coming at terrific speed. On his arrival John found every one in a state of frantic excitement. The women were wringing their hands and crying, while the men, who had not gone to defend their own homes, were dragging the furniture out of the house into the yard, pulling wagons and buggies out from the shelters into the field, and dashing water over everything, for they had long since ceased fighting the fire. At first they had fired against the fire only to find that their fire was overpowered by and joined the great forest fire in its onrush. So they had returned, and run the horses and cows from the stables and were now trying to save the household furniture.

"Are you men crazy?" cried John, "don't you know that all these clothes will catch fire out here sooner than they will in the house? Carry them back as soon as possible."

"You keep your mouth shut, John Roland," yelled Mr. Jonson, "we know what we're about, and if you have got a heart in you, help us, don't you see we are in trouble, and the house can't be saved? I tried to get Sal to let me clur the woods, but she wouldn't; she'll git her nuff of it yet. Hurry, boys, hurry, everything will be lost."

In the meantime John had turned to one of the young men and said, "Hitch up a horse to a wagon and take these women off from here as quick as possible."

"Every horse is turned out and run off," was the reply.

"Here, take my horse and be quick." With this John yelled at the top of his voice, "Men, if you want to save this house, follow me and don't pay any attention to old man Jonson; he's wild and don't know what he's about. Take everything back into the house, or it will catch fire, which will mean the loss of the house. Now all hands to work."

John caught a feather bed, and as if they had heard a voice from heaven, every man fell to work, and in three minutes everything was back in the house. The wagon now appeared and every woman sprang in gladly except Mrs. Jonson. She vowed she would not leave everything she had to burn up. John ran to her, caught her in his arms, threw her into the wagon and telling the other women to hold er in, yelled, "Drive on." And the wagon sped away.

The fire was now within a hundred yards of the house, but seemed somewhat abated, for here the shrubbery was not so thick. On turning, John saw that no man was at work, but every one was staring at him, wondering what he would do next, except Mr. Jonson, who seemingly having forgotten the fire was gazing at the fast disappearing wagon. John now realized that he was master of the men, but the real task was just begun. The house must be saved.

"Every man stand to his post and do what I tell him and we shall save the house," John said and began to take off his shoes. He climbed a post and catching hold of the shingles raised himself up on top of the porch. "Now, boys, bring me water as fast as you can." As the water came up he threw it over the top of the house, bucketful after bucketful, until the whole roof was completely saturated. Then from his station on the comb of the house he took a view of the situation. "Close the doors," he cried, which was immediately done. "The grass in the garden is on fire, out it quick," he yelled. Instantly a dozen buckets were dashed upon it. From his perch he saw that a plank was off the barn, through which space blades of fodder could be seen. "Say, boys, there is a plank off the barn, go nail it back immediately or the barn is lost." But too late. Before the words were out of his mouth, a spark was blown into the crack, the fodder ignited and instantly the whole barn was one light blaze. A live coal fell on top of the house, but the quick eye of John perceived it and immediately it was ex-

tinguished. The fire had now reached the field and could go no further, but the barn was on fire, and again the fellows lost their heads, and began throwing water upon the barn.

"Stop that, fools, don't you see the barn is lost, you can't save it, it is the house we must save or nothing. Every one of you get a bucket of water and surround this house, and extinguish every spark as soon as it falls." This they did. But the garden fence, which joined the barn, caught and John cried out, "Tear down that fence."

"No they won't," yelled Mr. Jonson; "if we hadn't been fools and listened to you the barn might have been saved. Don't you fellers touch that fence, it just as well be burned up as torn up." The men halted. "Down with it," came the stern command from the housetop, and in thirty seconds the garden fence was upon the ground being carried away panel by panel.

By twelve o'clock all danger had passed, only here and there over the forest could be seen "lightwood knots" and old trees still burning. The barn was a heap of coals, but the house was saved. John came down from the house, shivering, for his wet clothes had frozen to his back, but he was a hero. Mr. Jonson held out his hand. "Shake, John, you are not such a fool after all. I'll be *gol durn* if you didn't make them boys june tonight, if you is jest from college. We're all fools and couldn't have saved nothin' if you hadn't come. But the way you stood the old 'oman on her head in the wagin is a stunner."

HOMEWARD AND HOME, AS IT APPEARED.

BY W. V. M'RAE.

"Ah, waal! hurry up!" and uncle John gave me a stroke between the shoulders with a gloved hand that looked like a great bear's paw. I was saying good-bye to Aunt Kate and my cold seemed to have suddenly grown worse. I had been in Dakota with Uncle John and Aunt Kate for nearly two years. Two Christmases had passed with us together and another was fast approaching and I was going home.

Once in the sleigh my cold got better immediately, nor was Uncle's voice quite so husky when finally we were skimming over the snow covered prairies.

Aunt Kate sent many messages back East by me and Uncle John added some. I was especially pleased when he said to me as we neared the station: "Tell yer daddy to send me ernuther boy to put strength and grit into if he's got ernuther like you. You'd do for a mounted policeman now, but when you come here you were so dad lemmed puny looking I was afeard a hen 'ud fly agin you and break yer spine." I found no proper reply to Uncle's words, for my cold was troubling me again, nor would it let me bid him much of a farewell. He gave me another hearty stroke as I stepped on the train and from my seat I saw him hurrying back to his horses. He had caught a cold, too, and I suppose he hurried to his sleigh and home for relief.

And I was going home! O how different were my remembered feelings two years before when, sick and broken down, I had passed this way! Then the world was so dreary and so uninteresting; now it was full of joy and each change of scene was a whole study.

Christmas, and at home! How those words sounded again and again is my ears! This was my first long stay from home, and O how hard it had been to be away on the Christmases!

For three days and nights our train sped on. In Missouri the ground was free from snow and I wondered if there would be any at home. In the mountains of Kentucky was snow again, but in the Tennessee and North Carolina mountains there was none, and I fell to thinking that home would be most beautiful just however I should find it. I found it even so beautiful as I had felt. As my father and I drove in from the station the evening was just on the edge of dusk. The frosty air was all a-tingle with bells and with the call of sparrows and red birds fussing in their warm bushy coverts. Far over in the valley could be heard the mellow baying of a hound, and nearer an occasional lowing of the cattle. All was peace and in my heart was great joy, for was I not at home? I had seen some one looking with shaded eyes while we were yet approaching, and those eyes were first to see us driving in, and it was mother who met us far down the lane. On leaving home mother had embraced me with a cheerful parting; now she wept as I picked her up and carried her up the steps. Our joy knew no words. Long into the night the family recounted experiences and joys and woes of the past two years. When I went to my room the fire in its hearth had twice burned out and was again low and making long shadows on the walls. It was just such a night as the deer of St. Nicholas loved. When I had retired and the last embers were almost out, mother came in, tucked the coverlets about me, kissed me good-night again, and started out as the last shadow played on the walls. At the door she stopped and called back, "Son! Son!" I raised up in bed. "Why should my mother call so loudly?" flashed through my mind. I was mistaken. It was "Sur! Sur!" I heard, and I awaked and behold it was a dream to which the janitor was putting an end, by calling:

"Sur, git up! It ain't but five till eight."

H. E. SPENCE, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
HOLLAND HOLTON, - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Through the kindness of a good friend to the college we are enabled to offer a proposition which should at once engage the attention of every Trinity man and especially every one who at any time has made a pretence of writing verse—not to mention poetry. The proposition is this: A prize of at least twenty-five dollars is offered to the one who submits the best Trinity song—providing, of course, that the best song is *good enough* to be adopted as a permanent college song. The need of such a song has long been felt and the absence of it is deplored by all lovers of Trinity. Every college of any importance in the land has its own peculiar anthem except Trinity. The only song that we have is "Hang the Faculty," and while that finds a responsive chord in the heart of every one of us, yet it is not serious enough, and besides it is the common property of all the colleges in Christendom. We want a song peculiarly our own. It should not be hard to obtain one. Trinity certainly has furnished her quota of rhymesters to the State and viewing their alma mater from the distance it seems as if memory should inspire them to immortalize her memory in verse. Surely the halls, the walls, the campus, and the co-eds ought to be enough to inspire the dullest to such a pitch of inspiration that melody will flow from them like ink from this leaking fountain pen. If a tangled-haired poet can roll his eyes in "fine frenzy" and "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," surely he can write

such a tribute to the local habitation that all concerned will feel inspired by his lines. All over our land today there are men toiling amid the strife and bustle of the business world, apparently too busy to take notice of anything but their tasks, yet the familiar strains of "Fair Harvard" or the snappy notes of "Bingo" would immediately enthuse them and carry their minds back to their college days. We need a college song—such a song that every man who shall hear its notes will immediately turn his thoughts towards the dearest place on earth to many of us—our college. It will prove a common tie to bind many hearts together and in the years to come will prove an inspiration to many a tired, care-worn heart. As before noted a prize of at least twenty-five dollars, probably more, will be given for the best song submitted, provided it is suitable. The contest will close March the first, at which time the committee will make the decision as to whether a proper song has been submitted and as to who deserves the prize. Competitors will please send in their manuscripts and names on separate papers. The committee will not know who wrote the song until after the decision has been rendered. The ARCHIVE reserves the right to print all matter submitted, whether the writer wins the prize or not. Get busy, all ye disciples of poesy!

Christmas once more! Just a few more days and we'll lay aside our tiresome tasks and see home, and mother and—somebody else—again. The Freshmen have begun to count the days and the Upper Class-men don't care how fast time flies. But in some indescribable way Christmas doesn't seem so dear to them as it once did. It has grown commonplace along with everything else for, sad to relate, men lose their sense of wonder in college.

In the history of the early church men's superstitious minds formed symbols which made religion more realistic

to them. They showed their appreciation of the grandeur of God by building fine cathedrals for his worship and upon the walls they placed images and pictures which symbolized the highest and best in life. Yet with all that beauty there were those who invaded the sanctuaries, tore down the images and defaced the pictures.

This raid of the iconoclasts is typical of the changes that occur in the life of every one. The child in its innocent simplicity looks out upon the broad expanse of blue at midday, watches the last beam fade away beyond the sunset's glow, sees the myriads of twinkling stars stretched out in the silence of the night, eternity and immensity steal over him and he stands lost is wonder. But childhood's simplicity fades away as did the glowing sunbeams, and leaves no glittering stars to replace the departed glory.

This transformation of ideas is nowhere more manifest than in one's religious life. In early childhood we form a definite religious creed. We look with wonder upon the story of creation, the miraculous power displayed by prophet and apostle, and the matchless life and death of the Nazarene. But oh God! how soon does the cold hand of skepticism come into our spiritual temples, tear down our images and dethrone our gods. The story of creation becomes a fable, our Garden of Eden, with its matchless beauty, changes into a tropical forest where microbes, wiggletails, and lazy, slimy creatures bask in the scorching sunshine, and where, according to Mr. Darwin, the highest type of life was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Philosophy would destroy our faith in miracles, declaring that no creative fiat ever produced a world and the Infinite Will never turned aside a single atom in its course. The Man of Galilee, too, dwindles into a mere hero about whom tradition has cast a false halo of glory and whose resurrection is proven by science to be a physical impossibility, until, as Carlyle would express it, "Man stands a bewildered wonderer, shouting

question after question into the sibyl cave of destiny and receiving no answer but an echo. It is all a green desert, this once fair world of his, in which is to be heard only the howling of wild beasts and the shriekings of despairing hate-filled men and no pillar of cloud by day and no pillar of fire by night any longer guide the pilgrim. The whole world is sold to unbelief. Their old temples of the Godhead, which for long have not been rain-proof, crumble in the dust and men ask now: "Where is the Godhead? Our eyes never saw him."

Nor can we turn from the spiritual and revel in the real, for after science demolishes our religious faith it too meets like annihilation at the hands of philosophy. Degradation of energy has set in and even the stars that we know must all grow old and die. Time, space and matter are annihilated until a mere mind, we stand nowhere, nowhen, facing an unknowable nowhat, this mind too in anguish—the anguish of aspiration—with the goal of attainment forever just beyond its empty grasp and knowing that it can never reach satisfaction.

Our heroes too become commonplace. The great Cæsar could whimper like a sick child. Antony fell victim to his own weakness and a woman's charms. Shakspere's character was none the best. Homer changes from a great bard to many men extending through long centuries, and the Man of Destiny stammers and falters before the woman he loved.

But even love too fails. Men no longer love the blue eyes and golden hair of their sweethearts; they love ideals, and these ideals change as often as the moon.

Everywhere there is desecration. We investigate and pry into all things and are disappointed. We enter the Holy of Holies, and instead of the glory of the Shekinah we find—nothing. We lose our sense of wonder in everything. An event that occurs twice becomes commonplace. The fables of childhood, the romances of later life, even the soul-stirring tones of the poet fall on deadened ears.

Yet the world is real today even as in the dawn of creation. Says Emerson: "The man who has seen the rising moon breaking out of the clouds at midnight has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and the world." Nature still has her miracles for those whose hearts are capable of understanding them.

The saddest instance of this iconoclasm is to be seen in connection with the Christmas-tide. How different the Christmas of today from the Christmas of Childhood, and how sad that the change should have come! In all the world there are no people who are in more pitiable plight than those world-worn men and saddened women who cannot hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, to whom the Christmas carols bring no soul-stirring impulses and whose hearts are not set aglow by the ringing of the Christmas bells; who denounce the whole story as a myth and a fable. Even so—*then* it were well worth preserving. How pitiful is he whose life is bare, whose faith is shattered and whose superstition is dead.

Christmas brings some sadness with its joys, but what would life be without memories of by-gone days? "Old times, how they cling, how they cling." They are one unbroken link in the great procession from eternity to eternity. The yule-log glows quite as brightly by the fires kindled by hands long since folded in the unbroken slumber as by that now sparkling cheerily upon the hearth. Amid the rush and roar of the business world, above the confusion and strife of the tumult, even hushing, with its enchanting glow, the cry of anguish and the sob of grief the mild light of the Christmas-tide dispels the gloom and drives away life's sorrows. In the genial glow of the old fireside, surrounded by friends and loved ones, we bow our heads in reverence while the soul breathes out its gratitude to the great Spirit of the Universe that somewhere, somewhen, when life was overcast by bloodshed and confusion and was darker and harsher

than now, the spirit of peace and forgiveness fell upon the world and established a permanent truce. *Then* for what it may mean to us, let us still reverence the Christmas-tide.

College men who wish to take up with one of the many propositions offering a chance to men to help themselves through college will do well to look into the offer of J. L. Nichols Co., Atlanta, Ga., in connection with the sale of "The Life and Sayings of Sam Jones." The uniqueness and chief distinction of this book in comparison with other biographies is that it is written, under the supervision of Mrs. Jones, by Rev. Walt Holcomb, a friend and co-worker of the great evangelist. Most biographies give mere facts about men and draw morals from incidents in their lives. Such biographies are of little value. We would rather draw our own morals and make our own applications. This biography will show us Sam Jones the man, as well as the evangelist. We shall get some glimpse into his daily life and understand his disposition and character. Judged from any standpoint, his life is worth considering. He was a living example, not only of the power of religion to elevate humanity, but of the ability of man to accomplish something under adverse circumstances. He believed in the Doctrine of Do. He once said that a man to succeed must be a great worker or a great thinker, and since he couldn't be the latter he would get busy. The admiring world will say that he was a great thinker, but undoubtedly his work was the secret of his success. Many men with equally bright minds have failed miserably because they fell down before difficulties. Sam Jones turned difficulties into jokes. He believed in a religion of laughter, yet was not frivolous. While severe, he was sympathetic, and while merciful, he was stern. Sin and sham met nothing but fiery condemnation at his hands, yet he was kind to the weak and fallen. He has done much good. His works will live after him.

ANNIE E. TILLETT, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The greatest honor that can come to a man in the realm of literature in North Carolina came to Dr. Edwin Mims, professor of English literature at Trinity, on the fifteenth of November, when, at the meeting of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association, he was awarded the Patterson loving cup for having produced the best work of literature during the past year. The work which brought this honor to Dr. Mims was his life of Sidney Lanier, which has been so widely read and praised. The cup is a beautiful piece of mechanism, valued at $500, and given by Mrs. Lindsey Patterson, of Winston-Salem, in honor of her father. It is therefore valuable in itself, but especially so in what it denotes. The spirit which called forth this gift is the best in that it encourages literary production in our State. The students of Trinity rejoice greatly with Dr. Mims in the honor he has so justly received.

November the eleventh witnessed the seventieth birthday of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the well-known poet and author, and this event turned the faces of editors and writers to him with congratulations and words of appreciation. As Mr. Aldrich grows older people value his poems more and more, and enjoy his skill and touches of imagination and wit. Of his book, "Songs and Sonnets," Mr. Mabie says: "It is well within bounds to say even in a mood of birthday festivity that no more delicately artistic piece of bookmaking has come from an American press. And it is safe to add that no more delicately artistic verse has appeared in our time

than that which gives this beautiful volume its soul." The birthday of Mr. Aldrich has called forth a beautiful little poem from Henry Van Dyke and with him we can truly say:

"You've done your work with careful, loving touch,—
An artist to the very core of you,—
You've learned the magic spell of 'not-too-much,"
We read,—and wish that there was more of you."

The December World's Work contains an article on the late Charles D. McIver by Walter Page. Mr. Page gives us an appreciation of the great work founded and so nobly carried on by this broad-minded man who always carried with him the best interest of his people, especially the interest of the young women and teachers of North Carolina. The article is very interesting and timely, worthy of both subject and author.

A book which will serve as a helpful guide to the study of Chaucer's poems is Robert Kilburn Root's "The Poetry of Chaucer." This is an appreciation of Chaucer, a study as to the sources of the poems, especially "The Canterbury Tales," and the influences of other literature on these poems. Mr. Root also gives us a study of the times and surroundings amid which he wrote. This is not a text-book, but rather an aid to the reading and understanding of Chaucer.

Thomas Nelson Page has again given us one of his delightful stories of the old South. Dr. Page was the first to write stories of "the good old times" of the South and to portray the old-time negro. He is a devoted lover of the South, in real sympathy with her, and yet he sees her faults. His new story, "On Newfound River," is a story of the South "befo' de war." It is a love story depicting the true life of those days. Of this book the New York Times says: "It is a story pure and sweet amid the poisonous blossoms of fiction that nowadays spring, an idyl of loyalty and love, thrilled through and through with the tender grace of a day that is dead.'"

The past season has been an especially fruitful one in books on Lincoln. In "Lincoln, the Lawyer," by Frederick Trevor Hill, we have a careful estimate of him and the main features of his career as a lawyer. This book is to the point and interesting, being interspersed with anecdotes about Lincoln and his cases.

A recent biography of unusual significance is Mr. Bliss Perry's "Walt Whitman, His Life and Work." It is a striking instance of the value of poise. With the eccentric figure of Whitman before him, a character most often misinterpreted, he shows with unusual clearness the points of Whitman's life and work. He emphasizes the better side of Whitman's life, such as his work in the hospital during the war, and shows forth his better side with the true spirit of sympathy. Mr. Perry, however, shows no tendency to omit that side of Whitman's life which is against him. He simply states the facts and offers as little explanation as possible. The book closes with this sentence: "But no American poet now seems more sure to be read after one hundred or five hundred years."

Among the new books of fiction, "A Knight of the Cumberland," by John Fox, Jr., brings to us another refreshing story of life in the mountains. It is a charming story, dealing with the life which Mr. Fox so delightfully depicted in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

"The Tides of Barnegat," by F. Hopkinson Smith, is a story of the South and an old fashioned love affair.

The primitive life of the West has been considered Owen Wister's peculiar subject, but he has shown us that he can truly depict another life. "Lady Baltimore" treats an entirely different life from "The Virginian" and in an entirely different way is just as interesting.

JOHN W. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Every college, be it the one-horse, Latin and Greek straight through, institution of the good old Doctor; or the up to date agricultural and mechanical college feels it its duty to get out a literary monthly. Sometimes it is a literary monthly, sometimes a bulletin board, sometimes a digest of the month's football games, but we hope the publication always represents the most intelligent effort of the students. The effort, anyhow, is very commendable, and in some instances is a very important part of college work. And so in this flood of magazines the Exchange Editor takes great pleasure in mentioning any which deserve close reading.

For a small college, the Hampden-Sidney Magazine for November surpasses any that we have read. We are glad to note that brevity is not the predominating feature of all the articles, which is so often the case. The leading article, "A Great Scheme for Internal Improvements in Virginia," shows careful preparation, and, according to the author, an undeveloped field in historical work, not something hackneyed and worked over a hundred times. This should be an important contribution to Virginia historical studies, as the movement it relates forms a part of a great national scheme for internal improvements formulated by Mr. Calhoun during the presidency of Jackson. "The Ingenuity of Man" in this issue is a typical and graceful college essay.

The Converse Concept contains on the first page a poem, "Ad Cevatatem." It is an ode to Carolina. One line, "The

cobalt dome above seems clearest," shows how well the writer has caught the spirit of material progress in the South and put it into verse. Cobalt—what a pretty word after all! Cobalt, think of it, discovered in North Carolina one summer, and the name used in a metaphor to describe fair Carolina's skies by one of her fair daughters the following fall. But this is not the only specimen of twentieth century progress in this issue. Read the excellent negative argument of one of the commencement debaters: "Resolved, That the Time Has Arrived to Stop Immigration Into the United States," and we men students will not wonder that most of the industrial histories and labor problem books that we study in our political economy courses are written by women. "Pink Rosebuds" is a tender, touching love story which many a university man experiences. The editorial and other departments of the Concept are true to the voluminousness of the decorous Mlle. Scudéry, but with that good lady's nonsense left out. The Converse Concept is an excellent college magazine, and much credit is due the editors, who—as the editor of the Charlotte Observer would note—are not all from South Carolina.

College magazines, as a usual thing, do not contain many humorous sketches. And yet this is the day of Mark Twain and a hundred others. Maybe our college work is too serious for us, so that we cannot see the point; or can it be that we are just not cultivating our powers of observation? The Southwestern University Magazine for November is somewhat of an exception. "A Tale of Woe," and "An Example of Extreme Modesty," are just what the titles would seem to signify with an ironical meaning attached to them. "A Tale of Woe" begins in the modest style of George Ade, "I met a man over in Fort Worth the other day who looked as if he had been run over by a hand car." And then follows the ludicrous and harrowing experiences of a country gentle-

man from the Texas plains, who had attempted to prove that a "common plebeian" could ride a circus trick-mule. An example of extreme modesty is the story told by the modest young man himself, a student at a small co-educational college. His modesty is seen in this: "We began to return about eight-thirty, and I noticed that Miss Cole was in an awful rush, and wondered why, unless she intended to cage me in that cozy corner where she could talk sweetest without being interrupted. It really amused me." To sum up after his graduation at Lansbury college, he says, "This question of popularity, as much as I am related to the thing, is yet a puzzle to me." There are several short poems in the Southwestern University Magazine, but as the poetry that we feel able to criticise is few and far between, we will hold up here.

The Haverfordian contains one of the best pieces of fiction of the month. "Dea Ex Machina"is a story of an automobile breakdown in the White Mountains, a girl and finally drinks on the other fellow. It is very interesting as we use the word these days, and is a fine piece of what might be termed summer fiction.

We have not had an opportunity to examine fully the Wake Forest Student, but it is quite worthy of mention.

We acknowledge receipt of the Wofford College Journal, Harvard Monthly, University of Virginia Magazine, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Red and White, Emory and Henry Era, Transylvanian, and Vanderbilt Observer.

It is employed in all classes of schools having floors of WOOD or of any ABSORBENT material.
By its DISINFECTANT and DUST-ABATING properties, it keeps the buildings sweet and clean, the atmosphere therein CLEAR and PURE, and makes easy, the economical maintenance of cleanliness.
Easily and quickly applied, it remains an agent in continuous action against TUBERCULAR DISEASES arising from the inhalation of INFECTED FLOATING DUST.
This refers to AMBER CHEMICAL FLOOR DRESSING, a product now used in every State in the Union.
We make it easy for you to become acquainted with this article.
Write us.

Dust Proof Floor Dressing Co.
PROPRIETORS OF AMBER CHEMICAL COMPANY
Established in 1893 CINCINNATI, O.

HORTON & MORRIS,
DEALERS IN
GUNS AND BICYCLES.
WE REPAIR ANYTHING.
All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.
Fine Line of Guns to Rent
107 Church Street

RICHARDSON & HUNTER
PLUMBERS
DURHAM, - N. C.

"White Rolls Cigarettes are all QUALITY."

EVERETT WADDEY COMPANY

Established More than a Quarter of a Century

Fine Stationery and Engraving

FOR ALL COLLEGE AND SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS, RECEPTION AND WEDDING INVITATIONS, MENUS, COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS AND FRATERNITY STATIONERY :: :: ::

We Print College Annuals

1105 E. MAIN STREET RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

The Largest Engraving Establishment in the South

GENTLEMEN:

It will pay you to see me at once about the

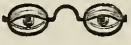
Investment Feature

of the life policies issued by the

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

F. S. BODDIE, Dist. Agt.,
Home Savings Bank Trust Bldg

BE GOOD TO YOUR EYES



They are your faithful servant. They bring all the beauties of nature to you. Help them to serve you. Give them proper windows to look through.

Dr. S. RAPPORT
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
Office Over Kronheimer's Store

"BOYS"

Send Your Laundry to "The Good One,"

CHARLOTTE STEAM LAUNDRY.

OLDEST, LARGEST, BEST.

C. C. BARNHARDT, = = = Agent.

H. MAHLER'S SONS

RALEIGH AND DURHAM, N. C.

Manufacturing Jewelers

SILVERSMITHS AND ENGRAVERS

BADGES, MEDALS AND EMBLEMS
MADE TO ORDER.

THE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING OF WEDDING, RECEPTION AND CALLING CARDS.

Spaulding's Official Foot Ball Guide

Containing the **NEW RULES** with full explanatory pictures. Edited by Walter Camp. The largest Foot Ball Guide ever published. Full of foot ball information; reviews; forecast; schedules; captains: records; scores; pictures of over 4,000 players. **Price 10 Cents.**

A. G. SPAULDING & BROS.

New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Denver, Buffalo, Syracuse, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Cincinnati, Baltimore Kansas City, New Orleans, Montreal, Can., London, Eng., Hamburg, Germany

Send your name and get a free copy of the new Spaulding Fall and Winter Sports Catalogue, containing pictures and prices of all the new seasonable athletic goods.

Headquarters for Spalding's Athletic Goods.

FOR YOUR PRESENTS IN

Novelties, Souvenir China, Cut Glass and Stationery,

NO PLACE LIKE

J. HENRY SMITH'S

OUR TWENTY-SECOND YEAR IN CLOTHING

We welcome the Faculty and Student Body of Trinity College to our store. Ours is the original ONE-PRICE CASH CLOTHING STORE. We ask comparison in quality and prices.

T. J. LAMBE, SONS & CO.

J. B. SIDBURY and L. HERBIN, Representatives

STUDENTS OF TRINITY,

Make our store your headquarters when down town
You will be welcome always

Headley's and Lowney's Candy, Ice Cream and Soda Water

P. W. VAUGHAN, Ph. G.,

DRUGGIST

106 E. Main Street, Durham, N. C.

I. R. DICKERSON

THE GROCER AT CORNER OF THE CAMPUS.

CANDIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO AND FRUITS.

. . . College Trade Solicited . . .

R. BLACKNALL & SON,

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

FOR WHITE DOMESTIC FINISH, SEND TO THE

MODEL STEAM LAUNDRY.

Inter-State Phone 196. W. A. STANBURY, College Agent

HOTEL CARROLINA,

DURHAM. N. C.

A REALLY HIGH-CLASS HOUSE.

ALPHONSUS COBB, Proprietor.

Carry Your Prescriptions to

YEARBY'S DRUG STORE

Specialties:

Huyler's Candies

Kodaks

Fine Cigars and Tobaccos

TWO STORES

DEPOST YOUR FUNDS WITH

The Citizens National Bank

OF DURHAM, N. C.

Organized 1905
Began Business May 1, 1905

Capital, - - $100,000.00
Surplus and Profits, 53,121.27

OFFICERS

B. N. DUKE, President
J. S. MANNING, Vice-President
J. B. MASON, Cashier

Deposit Growth Since Organization

May 1, 1905, - -	$170,621.19
June 1, 1905, - -	263,814.42
July 1, 1905, - - -	357,682.97
August 25, 1905, - -	462,878.96

J. L. WHITMORE'S BAKERY

Fresh Bread, Cream Puffs and Jelly Doughnuts, Cakes, Fruits and Candies.

ROYSTER'S PACKAGE CANDIES A SPECIALTY

GIVE US A CALL

Go to **J. J. LAWSON & CO**

THE COLLEGE GROCER

At Corner of Campus, for a Complete Line of

GROCERIES, CANDIES, CAKES, FRUITS, CIGARS and TOBACCO

COLLEGE TRADE A SPECIALTY.

Trinity Park School

A first-class preparatory school. Certificates of graduation accepted for entrance to leading Southern colleges.

Best Equipped Preparatory School in the South.

Faculty of ten officers and teachers. Campus of seventy-five acres. Library containing thirty thousand volumes Well equipped gymnasium. High standards and modern methods of instruction Frequent lectures by prominent lecturers. Expenses exceedingly moderate Seven years of phenomenal success.

For catalogue and other information, address,

H. M. NORTH, Headmaster,

DURHAM, N. C.

A. H. FETTING,

Manufacturers of

Greek Letter Fraternity Jewelry,

14, 16 and 18 Saint Paul Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

Temporary Location, 213 N. Liberty Street.

Memorandum package sent to any fraternity member through the secretary of his chapter Special designs and estimates furnished on class pins, medals, rings, etc

The Seeman Printery

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

C. C. TAYLOR A. L. PHIPPS

WE OFFER THE BEST

Pocket Knives and Razors

...TAYLOR & PHIPPS...

R. T. HOWERTON R. T. HOWERTON, JR

R. T. HOWERTON & SON,

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Mangum St., DURHAM, N. C.

PHONE 197

N. UNDERWOOD,

BUILDER

DURHAM. - - NORTH CAROLINA

City Livery and Feed Stables,

Cor. Main and Chapel Hill Streets, Near Five Points.

New Man, Stylish Rubber Tire Buggies and Carriages, New Prices. Special Attention Given to College Trade and to the City in general.

JNO. T. FOWLER & CO. = Phone 309

SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT

AT THE CITY CAFE.

PETER WOMBLE, - - - - Proprietor

No. 119 EAST MAIN STREET

Wright, Kay & Co.

Fraternity

Badges
Jewelry
Novelties
Pennants
Stationery
Invitations
Announcements
Programs

Our 1907 Catalogue of Fraternity Novelties is now ready and will be mailed upon application, Send for our Sample Book of Stationery.

WRIGHT, KAY & CO., Detroit, Michigan

Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers — Paris Office, Rue des Petits Hotels

---

The Styles of Clothes

FOR 1906 AND 1907

Are here. Call and Look them through.

Sneed-Markham-Taylor Company

J. W. BAGBY, College Representative

F. L. FULLER. JONES FULLER.

FULLER & FULLER,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

DURHAM, N. C.

It's A CRIME!

To offer for sale some of the trash that is handed to you when you ask for

ATHLETIC WEAR

If you want to be sure of your purchase in quality, value and looks buy of our agents,

Arthur Johnson & Co Athletic Specialists. 16 E. 42nd Street

NEW YORK

S. A RICHARDSON, College Representative.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1907.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to H. E. SPENCE, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to F. R. WRENN, Business Manager.

C. M. CAMPBELL, JR., }
MITCHELL B. WADDILL, } - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BEDFORD BROWN—I., 1832-1856.

In the spring of 1906 Mr. F. W. Brown, of Yanceyville, placed in the keeping of the Trinity Historical Society a number of letters written to his grandfather, Hon. Bedford Brown, sometime United States Senator from North Carolina, a man very prominent in the political history of the State. They cover a number of years, from 1832 to 1868. The writers include men of national as well as State reputation. Among them are Martin Van Buren, who writes six

letters; James Buchanan, who writes two; George M. Dallas, two; F. P. Blair, one; D. S. Dickinson, one; and Weldon N. Edwards two, R. J. Powell and Matthew W. Ransom each one. To these have been added copies of two letters written by Mr. Brown; one to Martin Van Buren, whose original is in the Library of Congress, Van Buren MSS, transcribed by Dr. John S. Bassett, recently Professor of History in Trinity College; the other, written to James Buchanan, whose original is in the collections of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, copied and presented by Dr. John W. Jordan, Librarian of that society. Believing that these letters may be of value to those interested in the political history of North Carolina and of the nation, they are now made public, published in two installments, the second installment to appear in the next issue.

WILLIAM K. BOYD, President,
Trinity Historical Society.

Van Buren to Brown.
(No date.)

My dear Sir

I have awaited so long, under the impression that S. W. S. might write me, as you thought he would, until it is too late to send my letter to Raleigh. It is of course not agreeable to be drawn into such matters, but such things can not always be avoided, and a man who like you always means right can scarcely do wrong. When you see or communicate with that unadulterated relic of Nathaniel Macon Democracy, the purest that ever existed, Mr. N. Edwards, remember me kindly to him. Do the same to Mrs B and your family and believe me to be

Very truly yours
M Van Buren

Mr Brown.

George M. Dallas to Brown.*

My dear Brown,

It is not improbable that you became, during the last session, so completely tired of me, and have been so much in the habit of associating myself with the remembrance of a very tedious and uncomfortable and protracted absence from your better half, that the sight of my name may produce any thing but agreeable impressions.

The sooner, however, this first repugnance is worn off the better: for I am obstinately determined not to be forgotten by one of whom I think often and much. Make up your mind, therefore, with as much philosophy as you can muster, to write and be written to.

What are you at in North Carolina? Do the pioneers of independence keep steady and onward for the President? And what are the hopes and dangers of your Vice-Presidential favorite? Has Mangum proved the better prophet, or is Phil Barbour's prospect less promising than heretofore? I conclude that, like some of your friends, you have thrown yourself "in medias res;" and I rely upon your telling me, not what you wish, (for *that* I know already), but what is actual fact or fair calculation.

You may possibly have noticed by the "Globe," that I carried my threats of political action into effect almost as soon as I got home. A few days satisfied me that my friend, The Bank, was, either with or without its own consent and connivance, taking a somewhat too ostensible part in the political canvass. The institution, as an useful agent of government, is one thing:—its directors or managers, or partizans, are quite another thing:—both united are not worth the cause which depends on the re-election of Jackson. On the very day of my arrival, I passed by a large Town-meeting convened to denounce the Veto and uphold the bank:

*This letter is unsigned and undated, but the penmanship is that of Dallas, and it seems to have been written before the autumn of 1832.—W. K. B.

—and the sight of it roused me into an immediate effort to procure a counteracting assemblage on the same spot, that day week. Some very kind friends strove to throw cold water upon my ardor by hinting that my votes and speeches in the Senate were recent and well remembered:—that my position would be awkward, if I did not fall into the ranks of those who at least condemned the Veto etc. I took counsel of my own conscience and judgment:—and being perfectly self-convinced that I might be both a true and constant friend of the Institution, and at the same time an unflinching adherent to Democracy and the re-election of Jackson, I attended the meeting—made my speech—and felt instantly relieved from what seemed to me, before, might be thought an undecided or equivocal attitude. The truth is, as you know, that altho solicitous to save the corporation by a recharter, I never conceived it to be of the immense and essential importance described by my Senatorial neighbor on the left and in the rear:—I was always for the sentiment which is now hoisted most high—Jackson, bank or no bank.

We have, I think, quite weathered the gale which at first threatened all sorts of mischief. Our opponents, by excessive indiscretion, vapouring, and slander, have helped us as is their usual practise. The Veto has perhaps driven from our ranks about as many as it has attracted to them. Certainly, it has produced very little dangerous effect. Had its marrow been compressed into one twentieth of its length;—had it forborne to go into those mooted fields of doctrine about which every third or fourth man entertains different opinions—it would have been one of the most victorious and standard papers ever issued by the Executive. As it is, I do not believe that it has done more harm than is involved in shaking the rotten leaves from the hickory tree. In this City we shall lose strength:—there is a discontented body of Irish who seize the opportunity to resent the execution of Porter and pardon of Wilson, and who are led on by disappointed

gentlemen of some talent, great industry, and considerable influence among their countrymen. But beyond the limits of the City, we are strong as heretofore, perhaps stronger. The State may not give quite as large a majority as it did in 1828:—but her majority will still be overwhelming.

You notice that we still hold on to Wilkins. The policy of doing so is obvious to every one. Mr. Van Buren has no foothold upon which reliance could be placed:—and had he, so much must be done in order regularly and effectually to undo the existing arrangements of the party in the State, that sufficient time is not left. The strongest consideration, however, is this:—Our electoral elections take place in November: our State or Governor's election in October. Now the result of the October struggle may powerfully if not vitally affect the struggle in November:—if the tide sets in one way, there may be no arresting it. We are all, therefore, bent upon carrying Wolf as triumphantly as possible. But to do this, we must destroy the power of the Anti-Masonry in our populous western counties; and we have nothing to oppose this monster half so efficacious as the personal popularity of Wilkins. His name is a tower of strength in that section. To drop it would endanger the whole campaign. I believe I judge this subject impartially and fairly. My friendly feelings towards Mr Van Buren cannot be questioned. No one dreams that Wilkins can be elected; but every body perceives that to shift the attitude of the state under present circumstances would be pernicious in the extreme to the main object, upon which everything depends.

How fares nullification? Calhoun, Hayne, and M'Duffie seem determined to play the game out. Forsyth, Drayton, and Cheves have acted the parts of true patriots, and if the South were to rally upon their principles and pursue their recommendations, the Tariff might gradually be offered as a voluntary sacrifice upon the altar of general goodwill and patriotism. Dreadfully as I fear Free Trade would operate

throughout the eastern and middle states, and, indeed upon the vigor, independance, and happiness of the whole country, I cannot think it would be half as bad as the dissolution of the Union, or the shortest possible civil war. We are in this quarter, however, like Jack Falstaff—averse to giving or doing anything *"upon compulsion:"*—and really the perpetual sling of intimidation to which the South Carolina nullifiers have resorted and still resort, may well excuse our stickling upon the point of honour.

The course of Wilkins and myself, as to the report of the Committee of Conference, has met public and almost universal sanction. Some furious Clay men now and then attack Wilkins: but they obviously do it merely because of the altercation between himself and Clay, and because of his continuing a resolute Jacksonman.

George M. Dallas to Brown.
(Dec. 8, 1833.)

Dear Brown,

I have never had courage enough to express to you the sincerity with which both Mrs Dallas and I condoled with yourself and Mrs Brown upon the melancholy event that compelled you so suddenly to quit Washington for home last winter. None, out of your family circle, could have felt more sensibly the affliction by which you were visited. I trust, however, that time has had its healing effect, and that your excellent wife bore the calamity without inflicting upon her already delicate health a permanent depression.

The present session of Congress promises more of excitement than of real interest. The great questions which threatened the peace of the country are at rest:—and none but mere agitators will be disposed to disturb them anew. The coming Presidential canvass may probably soon produce fresh phases of party, and strange combinations of men: but I do not think that we shall be convulsed as we have been on

fundamental and universal principles or systems. If you perceive any thing which holds out a different prospect, let me know of it, and indulge my appetite for political disquisition by communicating your own views and calculations.

The topic on which I anticipate most congressional heat is that of the Bank. It may be well, indeed, to take it up as a sort of safety valve, through which all the wordy ammunition of the opposition may be expended, and all our own fever let off, without any danger to the country, the government, the constitution, or the laws. The Bank is a fine target:—in its present impudent position he must be a bad marksman that cannot hit it hard and sure:—and no blow can be too severe for the brazen political managers by whom it is directed. Pennsylvania is sadly changed on this subject, and I shall not be surprised to find her legislature passing resolutions to quicken the downfall of an institution which, a few months ago, she was so anxious to uphold.

I shall feel curious to know how my late friends of the Senate stand affected towards each other. Can you say what attitude he of Massachusetts occupies in reference to him of Kentucky? Is there no hope of such a division among the foe, as will give the administration a chance of getting along? Is Mr. Taney to be immolated as was Mr Van Buren:—that is, to be rejected by the Senate, in order to be shouldered by the people? Will the majority of your body use their power with forbearance, or are they disposed to drive matters to extremities:—to arrest the progress of government or to force it into measures which, however high handed they may seem, will be triumphantly borne out by the people against a factious Senate?

I wish you would kindly remember me to Col. Benton, Col. King, Mr. Mangum, and Mr. Rives.

Ever very truly, Dr. Sir,
G. M. Dallas

Honble Bedford Brown. 8 Dec. 1833
Senate.

Bedford Brown to Martin Van Buren.*

Caswell County, N. C. 24th Sept, 1834.

My dear Sir:

I was very happy, to receive your letter, of the 7th inst., an answer to which, has been delayed, until this time, in consequence of the absence, contemplated by you, on a tour in the western part of New York.

The result of our elections, for the State Legislature is, as you suppose, decidedly favorable, to the administration. I have no doubt, but the majority, for the administration will be, from twenty to thirty, on joint ballot, in our Legislature. The coalition presses here, as is their custom, in other States, *affect* a triumph, for the double purpose, of effect abroad, and to keep the spirits of their party up, in this State, in the hope, that they may be able, to produce a division, among the friends of the administration. To accomplish this end, every artifice, has already been, and will continue to be, put in requisition by them. Unfortunately, their ability, to do mischief, in this way, is increased, by having two opposition presses, at their command, in the City of Raleigh while our cause, is without any aid, of that kind, at that important point. So firmly fixed however, is public Sentiment, in this State, in favour of the President of the United States, that I am thoroughly convinced, that every effort, to shake it, will prove unavailing. Indeed, if any change, takes places, in public opinion, between this and the assembling of our Legislature, I am satisfied, it will be, favourable, to the administration. The entire failure of the Bank, and its faithful allies, to produce the mischief and the widespread ruin, throughout the country, which were so vociferously proclaimed, by the leaders of the opposition, from the Capitol, has become a standing topick, of derision and ridicule, even among the most illiterate classes, of our Citizens. Added to this, is the unusual state of prosperity which is at this

*Van Buren MSS, Library of Congress.

time prevailing, throughout our country. I am quite sure, that the people in N. Carolina, are at this time, enjoying more *solid and substantial* prosperity, than at any period, since my recollection. This of course, will powerfully aid, the good cause.

As regards my re-election, to which you so kindly allude, I entertain great confidence of success, unless some of our party, should imprudently, bring forward, another administration candidate, and thus by dividing the party, accomplish the wishes of the opposition. I do not believe, this will be done, as I have not heard of a single individual, who is elected a Member of our Legislature, and who can be relied upon, as a friend of the administration, that has expressed any opposition, to my re-election. On the contrary, very many of the Jackson candidates (and indeed all of that party, who expressed their opinion, as to the election of Senator, so far I have been informed) declared themselves in the popular assemblies, in favour of my re-election. Believing that you feel an interest, in my success, is my apology, for troubling you, with the details, above given.

I cannot, My dear sir, conclude this letter, without recurring for a moment, to the scenes, of the last eventful session of Congress. It was indeed well calculated, to test the firmness and resolution of those, who were participants in them. To no friend, of the administration, is more due, the meed of public approbation, for fixed and unalterable purpose to sustain it, at its period of greatest difficulty, than yourself. When others, of our friends, seemed almost to despair, I often heard you express, your entire belief, of the triumphant results, which are rapidly developing themselves, in the elections that are taking place, in the different States. This course cannot fail, (as I know it has already), to add greatly to the favour which you before enjoyed, among the republican party in this, and in other States.

The contest in your State, will no doubt, be a severe one,

but I have great faith, in the democracy of New York, and cannot permit myself to doubt, that the result, will be, the complete overthrow, of the combined forces, and that your State, will again add another claim, to the gratitude of republicans. I remain your friend.

B. Brown.

W. C. Rives to Brown.

Castle Hill Nov 28 1834

My dear sir,

Permit me *first* and *foremost* to congratulate you as I do with all my heart, on your proud triumph, and that of the great Republican cause which has just been so gloriously achieved in your person by the fine and noble Democracy of your state. No person, I assure you, can have enjoyed this splendid triumph with more heartfelt pleasure than I do, as well from sentiments of personal friendship, as from devotion to the public cause with which you are identified.—after this *outpouring of the spirit* on an occasion so joyful to all true disciples of Republicanism, I beg leave to ask you kind remembrance of my friend, Mr. Hatch, who was your chaplain during the last session, and will be a candidate for the same appointment, again.—He was, for many years, our pastor here and I know him to be a most excellent and worthy man. He gave, I believe, entire satisfaction in the discharge of his duties, the last session, and I shall be very much gratified to learn that the favour of the Senate has been extended to him again.

Mrs. Rives desires me to offer you her congratulations, and I remain, my dear sir, with sentiments of cordial esteem and respect yours

very truly

W C Rives

Honl B. Brown,
Senator of U. S.

Martin Van Buren to Brown.

Utica (N. Y.) Sep 7 1836.

My dear Friend,—

Although the accounts are not so explicit as we would desire, I think I cannot deceive myself in believing, that the administration has succeeded in your election; and if so, the re-appointment of one who has been so able, so useful, and so disinterested a supporter of it must, I am sure, follow of course. Believe me, my dear Sir, that you would not but have been gratified to have witnessed the deep interest which has been taken here in the N. Carolina elections on your account. It is with great sincerity that I say to you that the more I have reflected on your course last winter the more I have found to admire in it. We were, at the moment, so immersed in trouble and anxiety that we could even not do our friends the justice they deserved. I was however happy to, find on my return that the people had not been at all neglectful on this point. Yourself, Forsyth, Benton and Wright have, I assure you, laid up a store of popularity which can not fail to turn to account hereafter.

I am on my way to the western part of our State where I propose to spend some weeks. We are to have a severe contest this fall, but will certainly succeed. The artillery as well as small arms of the bank, and of the aristocracy of all the Union are to be turned upon us, but it will, I trust, be all in vain.

I shall be happy to find a letter from you on my return, and wishing to be kindly remembered to your family, I am Dr Sir

Very truly Your friend,

M. Van Buren

To Bedford Brown Esq.

John K. Paulding to Brown.

Washington 11th Nov. 1839

Dear Sir,

I have just finished reading your address to the Students of the University of North Carolina, which you were so kind as to send me, and for which I beg you to accept my best thanks.

It gratifies me to see our distinguished men occasionally turning aside from Politics, to give lessons of wisdom, virtue and patriotism to the youth of the country. It is a custom highly becoming in a free country like ours, for never can any man apply his faculties to higher purposes, than that of stimulating the rising generation to the ardent pursuit of learning, science, and love of their beauty. The higher the station, the more impressive the lesson, and when the force of example adds weight to the precepts, as in the present case, they cannot fail in having a salutary effect on all who hear them.

You will pardon me, for playing the critic, on one single page the only one I can select for the purpose. You give England the credit of having first crossed the Atlantic in Steam Boats. Such is not however the case. The first Steam Boat that ever crossed the Atlantic, was built in the United States and was navigated by citizens of the United States. I do not this moment recollect her name or that of her Commander but assure you the fact is beyond doubt.

I look forward with pleasure to a renewal of our acquaintance in the course of a few weeks, and am, Dear Sir

With great respect and regard

Your friend

J. K. Paulding.

Honble Bedford Brown.

J. R. Poinsett to Brown.

Washington
Augt. 28 1840

My dear Sir

Our friends in the North State must not stay beaten: but rally and fight the battle in the fall with renewed vigor and a fine determination to conquer. Victory under such circumstances will be the more honorable. Can we aid you from hence by furnishing your orators with facts and arguements? It is in the field and not from the closet that the battle must be fought and won. This appears to be the tactics of the opposition and they must be met in the same way. With great regard

I am Dear Sir
yours truly
J R Poinsett.

Levi Woodbury to Brown.
(Private.)

Washington, 11th Sept. 1840.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 7th inst. has just been received. I am happy to state in reply, that the President named the case of your brother to all the Cabinet not long since—and I have no doubt the first suitable opportunity will be improved to oblige him and you

We do not despair here of North Carolina or any other Southern State because we believe your people to be intelligent and capable of self government—and we know, that being so they cannot hesitate to support Mr. Van Buren rather than Gen. Harrison. They cannot commit suicide, by voting for an abolitionist. They cannot abandon all their long tried principles of democracy by voting for a man in favor of the highest tariff, of a National Bank and the mildest schemes of Internal Improvement.

But in order to prevent such a calamity pains must be taken to enlighten them, when in error—to reclaim them when misled. Every man who can speak or write should take the field and disseminate correct information; or you may rest assured the vessel of State will be driven by the adverse gales of action and of Federation on the brakers.

Is there nobody in Graham's district or Lewis Williams' to talk or distribute light?

Excuse my earnestness. For unless the South proves true to her old principles and true interests, what can they expect of the northern democracy fighting alone and single handed?

Truly
Levi Woodbury

P. S. I shall take the liberty to send you (a note) occasionally. The defection of N. Car. has already done infinite mischief. Had she elected Saunders the contest in November would have been more spirited.

Buchanan to Brown.

Washington, 30 July 1841.

My dear Sir,

I was most sincerely rejoiced at the receipt of your letter of the 13th Instant. Knowing your aversion to write, I consider a letter from you of eight pages as the highest evidence of your regard: and I can assure you I have no friend with whom I desire to stand higher than yourself. Your frank and manly character has secured my warmest regard. When Old Rip wakes up again to his true interest, you will again be called into public life.

You doubtless take the Globe and therefore I need not inform you of passing events. All the confidential friends of Tyler say that he will veto the Bank Bill: and of this I entertain no doubt, should it remain unchanged as I believe it will in every essential particular. What will be the char-

acter of his veto is the important question. If whilst vetoing Clay's Bill, he endorses the Treasury project, he will sink almost beneath contempt. Clay and his friends may then take Tyler at his word and adopt Ewing's "richetty thing." In that event the stock will not be taken and he will stand disgraced before the world. I believe Tyler desires to set up for himself; and yet he suffers the work of proscription still to proceed. Ewing and Granger are filling all the offices under them, it is said, with Clay's friends. Should he come out boldly and give us an Old Hickory veto, I shall stand by it whilst there is a shot in the locker; but before I enlist, I desire to see him manifest his faith by his works.

King orders me to command you to rouse yourself, to exert all your talents and energies in North Carolina and put down the d—d Whigs. He wants to see you back here again. The beauties of a fine foot and anchle and a luxurious form no longer make the same impression upon him as formerly. He is sinking gracefully into the vale of years; but his will be a green old age He often speaks of you with great kindness.

I write in the midst of engagements to express my gratification at having opened an epistolary intercourse with a friend whom I so much respect and esteem. When the session is over I shall give you longer letters than I receive: at present I know you will be satisfied with the assurance of my warmest friendship and respect.

James Buchanan.

Hon. Bedford Brown.

Van Buren to Brown.

Kindwhook Jany 14 1843

My dear Sir

I have received your kind letter in which you state that you have received one from Genl Romulus M. Saunders, requesting you to inform him whether you had in conversa-

tion said as was reported in the Register, that I had told you "that I had long known him (Saunders) and that he thought no man in N. Carolina capable of filling an office but himself." You add, that in a moment of excitement occasioned by the manner in which the Senatorial election was conducted, you had to your regret, permitted yourself to use my name, in conversation, in reference to Mr. Saunders'—that the precise words employed by you are not recollected, but that the idea intended to be conveyed was that I had remarked that I considered Mr. Saunders as urging his claims to office too much, to the exclusion of others in N. Carolina and that he seemed to consider none others in N. Carolina as capable of filling office, or entitled to fill office but himself—that the communication occurred about the time when the appointment of Mr. Saunders as Commissioner under the French treaty expired and when his name was presented to Genl Jackson for the appointment of Comptroller or Minister to Spain.

Although you do not ask a reply, I can well concieve that it will be agreeable to hear from me on the subject.

After the lapse of so many years, you will not, I am sure, be surprised to learn that I have no recollection of the conversation to which you allude. But whilst this is so, I can not look upon myself to gainsay a statement made by one, in whose purity and love of truth I have such unqualified confidence, as I have in yours, and who was, for obvious reasons more likely to bear the subject in mind. That I ever seriously supposed, that Genl Saunders entertained the extravagant opinion, that in the great and patriotic state of N. Carolina there was no one capable of filling office but himself or designed to attribute such an opinion to him according to the literal import of the expression in the Register, is not at all probable. I remember the fact that Genl Saunders was a candidate for the office of Comptroller upon the expiration of that of Commissioner under the French treaty, but can

not call to mind the circumstances under which that application was made or the particular feelings which I entertained in respect to it, with sufficient certainty, to enable me to speak with safety in respect to them, as to my own knowledge. Your statement leaves me no room to doubt that I was at that time impressed with the opinion and expressed it to you that he was too desirous for office himself and too indifferent to the claims of the rest of his fellow citizens. Of the precise terms in which this opinion was expressed I can not speak (They) may have been stronger (than the) occasion called for, a (result) it is not always in the power (of those) who are in any way (concerned with) the administration of (party) to avoid; but I can safely say (say) that in forming it I was not influenced either by unfriendly feelings toward Mr. Saunders (or) an indisposition to promote (his) wishes in regard to office (or anything) that could be done with what was due to the (party's) service and without injustice (to him)

I am Dr Sir, very truly (your friend) and obedient servant

M. Van Buren.

Hon. Bedford Brown.

Van Buren to Brown.

Lindenwald

October 21st 1844

My dear Sir

Although (un)certain where to address my letter I cannot omit, at least attempting to thank you for your interesting and friendly letter. The sentiments it expresses are precisely those which a knowledge of your character taught me to expect from you. I do not believe that you were ever duly sensible of the estimation in which you have been held by me, since opportunities were afforded me to become thoroughly acquainted with you, and as no possible motive for misconstruction can any longer exist there is no reason

why I should not speak my mind to you without reserve. Long before the Panick Session I held you in high respect but the proceedings of that most extraordinary session and your noble bearing in it, which was not excelled in any of the great points of character by that of a single senator, seemed to satisfy me that I had before fallen far short of doing justice to your merits. From that period until I left Washington, I never failed to bring your name before our friends when they wanted candidates for Vice President etc. I was thus furnished with opportunities for witnessing how often modest merit has to give way to blustering pretension. With the exception of Col Benton and Mr Wright and Mr Blair I scarcely ever found any whose appreciation of your merit corresponded with my own. Excuse me for inflicting this much upon one so diffident and unpretending as I know you to be. I could not omit it with justice to myself.

I regret your leaving the old North State, for which I cherish feelings of respect and regard, founded upon ancient and honorable recollections, because I fear she can illy spare such men. I have however not the slightest doubt that the welfare of your family if not your own happiness, will be essentially promoted by it. In no state in the union will your merits be more justly appreciated than in that to which you go. If they continue their past well doing, by sustaining their great representative, they will deserve the thanks and (.....) respect of their political brethren throughout the Union. That they will do this I cannot permit myself to doubt. (Unsigned).

Van Buren to Blair.

Lindenwald
August 16th 52

My dear Blair

Do me the favor to forward this to that best of men Bedford Brown. Where are you and what are you about that I

do not hear from you. That promised visit from Mr(s) Blair and yourself must not be lost sight of. Choose your own time but come if it should not be until late in the season. You have I hope congratulated the Col. on his election. I(t) has refreshed me much and was anticipated with confidence. Present me kindly to your household and believe me

ever your friend

M. Van Buren.

Van Buren to Brown.

Lindenwald

August 16th 52.

My dear Mr. Brown

You will see by the enclosed what use my son Smith has made of the speech you had the goodness to send him and for which I beg you to accept my thanks. Your steady and disinterested friendship since we parted adds one more to the many instances in which I have experienced that those I did the least for whilst at the head of the Government have proved the most reliable friends. In your case instead of using the term least, I should say nothing, although I can with truth say that there was not among my associates in public life a single man in whose patriotism capacity and honor I placed a higher confidence.

Where are you and what are you doing? I have heard of you in Missouri and now again in Virginia. You are I hope happy in all things as you certainly deserve to be. Be assured that you are not likely to overrate either the warmth or the respectful nature of my feelings towards you, feelings which I have embraced every proper opportunity to express. You ought to make me a visit. Nothing would afford me more real pleasure. Do try to do so. Present me very kindly to your Household and believe me

Your friend

M Van Buren

My friend Mr Blair through whom I forward this will always be happy to accompany you to Lindenwald.

Bedford Brown Esq.

Van Buren to Brown.

Lindenwald

Sep 17, 52.

My dear Mr. Brown,

I would have acknowledged the receipt of your kind letter long before this but have had my son Col. Van Buren for a long time dangerously sick at my house. He is now, thank God, convalescent and I hope out of danger, but will I greatly fear never entirely get over the deleterious effects of his Mexican campaign.

I need not (say) my dear Sir, with what satisfaction I recd the favourable account your letter gives me of your condition in all essential particulars, and the gratification it affords me to find the good old principles for which we battled together so firmly rooted in your heart and mind. This does not surprise me in the least because I always knew you to be a root and branch man. Such men may be silenced for a season by the depravity of the times and the ascendency of shiftless and unsound men but they never alter.

If we were to form a judgment from appearance we should be bound to conclude that not only our Great State but almost all the Northern and Western States will go for Pierce and King. I do not allow myself to doubt that such will be in the main the case. But the Whigs, and particularly those of the north and west are a terrible set of fellows. They cannot, apparently, get up the slightest enthusiasm, and yet are quite confident of carrying some two of the three great States. Too sharp sighted not to see that they can not have a hurrah election they resort to the solids, and are attempting every faction by the inducements they think most likely to catch it, money being always a principal ingredient in their dish.

The abolitionists and anti renters are the two great separate interests to which their atention is directed. If they could by any possibility get the former to vote their ticket they would wihout doubt carry this state. The candidate of that party at the last Gov'r election has come out in favor of Genl Scott under various and very (flimsy) pretences. But I have not the slightest apprehension that they will be able to do that. Their vote will undoubtedly be divided between Hale and candidate of the ultra abolitionists. The Liberty party divided our attention between these two and I think them safe, that is the masses of them, agt the direct use of money. One of the Whig judges has just decided that the Rensselaer title to the manor is good for nothing and that all the unimproved lands in the patent belong to the State. This has of course produced considerable sensation but what its precise effect on the election will be is a question not easy to solve. My belief is that the anti rent party will at their convention take the Whig State ticket and our electoral. If they do it will have a very great effect. The Whig party in New York is influenced by men who are to a great extent themselves, and their friends still more so, deeply interested in the nine million canal contracts which they still hope to realize, notwithstanding the established unconstitutionality of the cause and the equally well established rank corruption of the contracts themselves. Anxious as they are to win the Presidential election, they are still more so in regard to the State Ticket and if they must take the one or the other it will not be the last. So you see how difficult it is to tell with any degree of certainty what the result will be of an election into which such powerful and profligate interests will be introduced. Upon a fair poll between Democrats and Whigs the former would succeed by a tremendous majority and I think they will anyhow.

So far as anything I can do may be regarded as a compliment this letter may be so regarded, for with the exception of

an occasional hint to our incorruptible and stirling friend Mr. Blair it is the first and will probably be the last private letter I will write during the canvass. It would make me nervous to (be) cited in the papers for anything I say and I rely upon your discretion upon that point. My health and spirits have not been half so good at any former period of my life and all I want to make me happy is a visit from Blair and yourself.

Present me very kindly to your household and believe me truly yours

M. Van Buren.

Bedford Brown Esq

Thomas H. Benton to Brown.

July, 6, 1853.

Dear Sir,

I want to write the chapter of the beginning of the slave agitation, as talked of between us when I last saw you. I wish you to call and see me the first time you come to Washington that I may have the benefit of your recollections.

Yours truly,

Thomas H. Benton.

F. P. Blair to Brown.
(Private.)

Silver Spring 30 Oct 55.

Hon Bedford Brown.

Dr Sir

you and I have so long agreed in our views of the public good that I think we will probably be together again in our efforts for it in the coming crisis. I believe that the feud growing out of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise is pregnant with much danger and that moderation and firmness in the next chief Magistrate—somewhat akin to that which distinguished our old Hero—can alone bring the

union safely through the trial. Compromise between the extremes North and South is essential to the preservation of peace.

In my late tour through the northern States I frequently heard the name of Col Fremont mentioned by sagacious and devoted friends of the Union as one that might be popular with the people for the presidency from the instances of his principles which in his youth recommended him to the patronage of Poinsett, then the leader of the Union party in his native state—from his disinterested services to his country as a pioneer and explorer doing much for science and the material interests of the public at his private expense—from his incurring the most dangerous personal responsibility under the secret orders of the Govt before he was to wrest California from the meditated attempt of the British to seize it which his prompt and bold conquest with a handful of men was just in time to anticipate—and from his subsequent military success in completing the annexation which was accomplished by the surrender of the embodied force of the enemy to his Battalion. The persecution he afterwards endured from the enmity of Polk's administration to Col Benton, ending with his dismission from the army is likely to give his claims a better requital; and the more readily as he bore his wrongs with such patience and renewed his efforts for his country in another capacity with such modest unpretending willingness. The fact that he is not identified with any of the isms of the day—that he has not any tail or clique of partizan followers to provide for,—that he has never by any violent partizan course, offended either of the great parties which made the old divisions is another strong circumstance to recommend him to the present jumble of parties.

Now if you are uncommitted I think with one and other well wishers of the Union that it is worth the experiment to see how Fremont's cause would take with the public. I wish

you would write him a letter to ascertain his views in relation to politics generally and the present questions of difficulty especially. If they comported with yours and after consultation with other leading men of your state you should deem them worthy of consideration you might submit them to the public without committal on your part If in the end it should be found that he was taken up with any prospect of success and you should lend him your countenance it would avail him much in the South where you are known as one of the truest and ablest of the old Democratic union party. Govr Floyd of your state* thinks well of Fremont as a candidate and some leading men of South Carolina propose him. If you write do it at once and address him here where he will be in a few days. I understand he is now in New York where he is making preparations to bring out the Journal of his Explorations and pioneer adventures

Yr friend ever truly

F. P. Blair

P. S. I do not wish you to let Fremont or indeed any one know that I have written you this letter.

Bedford Brown to James Buchanan.†

Baltimore, Md.
September 21, 1856

My Dear Sir,

I left home a few days since on a visit of business, in the Northern part of Virginia and having progressed that far, I determined to extend my visit to Wheatland that I might pay my respects to you in person and have the pleasure of taking you by the hand. Perceiving, however, by the papers that you were absent several days since, the uncertainty of find-

*Not of N. C., but of Virginia.—W. K. B.

†The original of this letter is in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. For a copy I am indebted to Dr. John W. Jordan, Librarian of the Society.—W. K. B.

ing you at home induces me to relinquish my anticipated enjoyment. Believe me, My Dear Sir, when I say, with unaffected sincerity, as time passes onward, I value with added regard, the noble band of patriots and friends with whom it was a pride and pleasure to have been associated with in the National Councils, in days gone by. No one was more gratified at your safe return to America, than myself, and no friend is more pleased at your having been placed in the position which you now orcupy, in relation to the people of this republic.

A few words now, explanatory of my own course with respect to the presidential nomination. I returned to N. Carolina last Autumn after an absence of many years and purchased my ancestral possessions which I had sold on leaving the State. After, all political relations had ceased for so long a period between the people of the State and myself, of course both delicacy and propriety dictated, that I should make no effort, to direct public sentiment, as to the nomination. Before, the last annual Message of Genl Pierce and that subsequently written on Kansas affairs, you, I believe, would have been decidedly the choice of the democratic party of N. Carolina. This, however, together, with the influence from Washington occasioned a change in favor of the former. In this state of things, my name was suggested as one of the Delegates to be chosen by the General Democratic convention of the State, to attend Cincinnati.

I consented to be placed in nomination and to represent the will of the convention, at Cincinnati—which I knew, would be expressed for Genl. Pierce—with however the explicit declaration if he was not nominated at Cincinnati that my vote should then be given to yourself. I did not believe at any time, that he could be nominated and entertained the opinion that the ultimate contest would be between yourself and Mr Douglass. That you were, at least the second choice then of N. Carolina, I scarcely have a doubt. That prefer-

ence was however rendered unavailing, and my vote in the meeting of the delegation, preparatory, to casting its vote in convention, nullified, by their decision to give the entire vote of the State, to Mr. Douglass. Not only that vote, was, as I believe, contrary to the wishes of the majority of the party in N. Carolina, but the vote of our delegation to give a largely ascendant vote to *the Softs* of New York—contrary to my concurrence—was clearly violative of the wishes, of the party of the State. When it was manifest that the ultimate contest, would be between yourself and Mr. Douglass, I did not fail to use every honorable effort, to aid your cause among my numerous friends and acquaintances from other states, however unavailing among the fixed majority in my own delegation. I was extremely mortified by the active administration exertions at Washington, not only to aid the nomination of Genl. Pierce but in the event of his failure to dictate the next choice to the party. Never was there, a more noble and honorable triumph of the popular will achieved, than was by your nomination against these combined influences.

Pardon this explanation which I consider due to a long standing friendship and also to truth. The country is now passing through the most portentous crisis which it has encountered since the revolution. I trust, in God, that the cause now so inseparably connected with its destiny, will triumph as I sincerely believe it will. My own County will vote the Democratic Ticket by eleven hundred majority. The State, I think, by some fifteen or twenty thousand majority. The entire South including Tennessee and Kentucky, will I scarcely have a doubt vote the same way. The battle-ground most anxiously looked to now is Pennsylvania and the State of Indiana. The first, I will not allow myself to doubt, the last, Govr Bright with whom I conversed on yesterday and who is just from there, gives me very encouraging accounts from. These two states with the vote of the entire

South would carry the cause. There are four or five other Northern and Northwestern States that present good prospects.

I was told, on yesterday, by a very influential old line whig of Maryland, who lives in the Prince George District, that a Democratic majority of 1600 is anticipated in the Counties composing it. Heretofore, he informs me, it has given about 1400 *whig* majority.

I have never known such intense excitement as there is in N. Carolina, always before so moderate, as prevails with respect to the possible chances for Fremont's election. Many are prepared for separation in that event. Those are not, however, my views believing that acquiescence in an election constitutionally made, is both Democratic and proper, unless followed by practical legislative aggression and then the case is plain, however much to be deprecated.

Supposing you to be literally overwhelmed with the letters of numerous correspondents, I request you not to trouble yourself to answer this, however pleasing it would be under different circumstances to receive a letter from you. If you have any paper or Document at any time, that would be of interest, I should be gratified to receive it. My Post Office is Locust Hill, Caswell County, N. C.

With my best wishes for your health and happiness,

I remain, My Dear Sir,
truly your friend
Bedford Brown

Hon. James Buchanan.

Buchanan to Brown.

Wheatland, near Lancaster, Penna.
30 Sep: 56.

My dear sir

I sincerely regret that I have only time to acknowledge the receipt of your kind and interesting letter of the 21st

Instant and to say that I cordially reciprocate all the friendly sentiments which you have expressed towards myself. I recollect, with peculiar pleasure, our intercourse in "the auld lang syne" and have watched your wanderings from your native soil with all the interest of warm personal and political friendship. I am convinced that your own happiness will be promoted by your return to the "Old North State" in which I shall always feel much interest.

The shrewdest and most experienced Democratic politicians in this state firmly believe they will carry it in October against all the "isms" now thoroughly fused and combined; but in November they entertain no doubt.

from your friend
very respectfully
James Buchanan.

Hon: Bedford Brown.

THE FOUNDERS OF RICH SQUARE MEETING.*

BY JULIANA PEELE.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century there was a large body of Friends in Southeastern Virginia. These came mostly from the colonies of Pennsylvania and Jersey, with some additions from the Mother Country.

The Friends in Northeastern North Carolina were at the first mainly a continuation of the Virginia Quakers. Their natural increase drove them southward to seek new homes. It may be well to note, however, that about the first seeds of Quakerism in North Carolina were sown by William Edmundson and George Fox, who came on a religious visit to the Albemarle district in the year 1672. These Friends were the first missionaries who travelled within what is now North Carolina. Edmundson was the first to come, and he found but one Quaker in all the province—Henry Phillips, who had come hither in 1668. To this man's house Edmundson immediately went; and there he held the first meetings for worship ever held in the State. Thus we see that the peaceful Quaker was the first to proclaim the gospel of love within our borders.

Edmundson seems to have found the inhabitants in an unsettled condition, with no sort of religious confirmation. "They came," said he, "and sat down in the meetings smoking their pipes, and the Lord's power broke forth among us and many were convinced." The growth of Quakerism in what is now Pasquotank and Perquimans counties was also rapid, for the records show that from 1681 to 1685 they were frequently setting up monthly and quarterly meetings, and a yearly meeting was held among them in 1698.

The pioneer members of Rich Square Meeting were but

*This article was first published in the *Roanoke Chowan Times*. It is here reprinted with a few changes and notes furnished by Mr. W. A. Bryan as the introduction to a more comprehensive study of the records of the Friends in Northampton county.—W. K. B.

an extended and extending wing of the Virginia Quakers, together with some additions from the more eastern meetings of North Carolina. All along in and between the dates of 1730 and 1760, and even later, we find records of deeds to lands bought by some of these in Bertie, Hertford, and Northampton counties (though Northampton was not formed till 1741). Two meetings for worship were regularly held in private houses prior to the building of old Rich Square Meeting House—one in Hertford, the other in Northampton.

However, in 1760 their numbers had so increased that they builded a house for worship, and requested a monthly meeting. This was granted by Eastern Quarterly Meeting of Friends; and the first monthly meeting was held in the new house the seventh of June, 1760. I believe the records of this monthly meeting from its establishment nearly one hundred and forty years ago to the present time have been preserved intact.*

Upon the roll of members registered soon after the meeting was settled we find the following names: Page, Hall, Copeland, Gray, Peele, Jacobs, Parker, White, Ross, Pitman, Knox, Hollowell, Brown, Griffin, Elliott, Baughm, Outland and others.†

Space permits that only a few of the prominent characters

*I heard of these records just before the past Christmas holidays and made a special trip to the home of the writer and looked over the records of this meeting, which date back to 1760. They are in good condition and contain much material which is of historical interest. Many of them relate to marriages among the Friends, and to those who have never had the pleasure of seeing a Quaker marriage they would be highly interesting. This society keeps a complete record of all the marriages among its members, especial care being taken that none marry outside the fold. I think members have been expelled for disobeying in this respect, but the rules are not so stringent now as in the early days. Possibly the part of these records which is of greatest historical interest is that which relates to the Quaker in his relation to slavery. The slaves were early freed and to these people is due in a great degree the early sentiments against the evil of slavery. The writer takes this question up in another part of this article.—W. A. B.

†Many of the Friends now living in the vicinity of Rich Square bear these names, showing that they have lived true to the faith of their fathers.—W. A. B.

be treated. John Copeland came from Perquimans county and settled near what is now the village Ahoskie. A weekly meeting for worship was held at his house before Rich Square meeting house was built. Thomas Knox came from Isle-of-Wight county, Virginia, and settled near where Thomas C. Peele now resides.* Knox was one of the first overseers of the meeting, a man much used upon important committees, and the one left to complete the meeting-house, and have it properly registered. This he did and reported it to the meeting second month, seventh day, 1761. Robert Peele, Sr., came from Nansemond county, Virginia, about 1742 and settled most probably near the village Woodland. When his son Robert took the home, a weekly meeting for worship was also held at his house.

Moses Hall, Sr., was also much used in the early days of this meeting. Whence he came, the writer has no certain knowledge, but it is believed upon good authority that he settled not far from the home of the late Joseph Hall,† and that he owned a large body of land thereabout.

Richard Jordan stands out in bold relief among the early Friends of Rich Square. Though he came here from Isle-of-Wight county, Virginia, eight years after the meeting-house was built and may not strictly be considered a founder, yet his deep earnest christian life was a strong source of ingathering during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. He was a minister of the gospel with a large gift. We find this entry in his journal, written in old age: "I have now visited many of the smaller meetings, and all the yearly meetings for discipline in the world, some of them several times; and have everywhere been treated with courteous consideration." Were the historian to search the early records of Rich Square Monthly Meeting he would soon notice that the name of

*This is the home of the writer, and is slightly over two miles west from Rich Square.—W. A. B.

†Adjoining the land of T. C. Peele, referred to above.—W. A. B.

John Peele is the one which appears most frequently upon its pages. He came from Nansemond county, Virginia, and settled probably about a mile from the old Peele homestead recently owned by William T. Peele. He, too, like many others of the early settlers, was a large landholder. Tradition says his plantation extended all the way from his residence to the Roanoke River. He married a certain Mary Nasworthy, only daughter of a wealthy Virginia planter, and from them descended the Peeles of Northampton county. He was a man of a fair education, for one of his time, wrote a good hand, and endeavored to educate his children. One of his sons became a medical doctor—John Peele, father of the late Isaac Peele and grandfather of the Peele family of Jackson, N. C. He, as well as other Friends, owned a large number of slaves.

Rich Square Monthly Meeting was settled just about the time when a few of North Carolina Friends were beginning to feel that slavery was an evil from which the Lord was requiring the Quakers to cleanse their hands. From 1758 to about 1800 various concerns of the body and plans for the amelioration or emancipation of their slaves are to be found on record.

The course at last pursued by North Carolina Friends was for the owners of the slaves to transfer them to trustees appointed by the meeting, whose duty it was to look after these wards, hire them out to suitable parties, receive their wages, and use the same for their benefit, and to provide means to transport them either to a free state or to Liberia whenever way opened for it. Among our old family papers the writer has found a list of the names and dates of birth of sixty negroes, born to her great-grandfather, John Peele, and transferred to two of his sons, Edmund and Thomas, and by them, in 1809, to the trustees of the meeting. Another list names fourteen negroes belonging to the same Edmund Peele, that appear to have come to him by his wife, also

transferred upon the same date to the trustees of the Meeting. Another list gives names and dates of birth of twenty Quaker negroes, sent through the trustees to Indiana; another of twenty-eight who were sent to Liberia in 1827, and still another of fifty-eight who doubtless were also sent to Liberia. Doubtless, similar papers could be found in other Friends' families. In this connection, it may be well to state that the aged and infirm negroes generally remained with their former master.

The Friends possessed true Southern hospitality, enjoyed social gatherings and big weddings. After one of great-grandfather John Peele's daughters was married, in Rich Square Meeting House, he got upon a stump in the grove, and invited the entire meeting to go home with him and dine. Tradition gives several other similar instances.

An old time Quaker marriage would be a novel thing today. When two members intended marriage with each other, they both appeared in a monthly meeting, the man went into the women's meeting, took the woman by the hand, and led her into the men's meeting. There they declared their intention of marriage with each other, then they went back into the women's meeting, and again declared the same intention. After this was done the meeting usually appointed a committee to ascertain whether they were clear of other marriage engagements, and to obtain the consent of the parents or guardians of such as were minors. At the next monthly meeting the parties re-appeared, and in the same manner, expressed their continued intentions, and asked liberty to marry. If the committee entrusted with the case reported favorably, and the meeting was satisfied, they were left at liberty to marry. Wedding presents were often given, but by the nearest connections only.

That the founders of Rich Square Meeting were alive in their faith, is evident not only by their patient endurance of losses and reproaches, both during the War of the Revolution

and in the work of freeing their slaves, but they were growing in numbers, for in 1768 they settled a new meeting in Edgecombe county, and in 1794 a monthly meeting was established in the upper part of this county, at a place called Jack Swamp; while the membership in these parts was scattered or spread over five counties.

By consulting the records one notices a pretty general decline of the Quakers about the close of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries. The historian would naturally ask, "What caused this decline?" If he searches for the answer to this question he will find that though there were many minor reasons the one far more effective than any or all others was slavery.

After the invention and introduction of the cotton gin, cotton became a staple crop in North Carolina, and the State at once determined to keep the negro. The Quaker felt that she could not keep him and so thousands of them emigrated to the new lands of the free middle West. In some instances whole meetings went at one time. Jack Swamp was almost an example of this. In the year 1810 the writer's mother with her parents went with about forty others from this immediate neighborhood to Mount Pleasant, Ohio.

THREE LETTERS RELATING TO CONDITIONS IN EASTERN CAROLINA IN 1864.

The originals of the following letters are in the possession of the Trinity College Historical Society. They illustrate conditions in Eastern North Carolina during the last year of the Civil War. General J. R. Stubbs, to whom they were addressed, was a member of the State Senate and Chairman of the Military Committee, and was then living in Raleigh. Because the local history of Halifax and Martin counties is unwritten, some desirable notes and references are omitted; but just as they are, the letters may be of service to him who shall in the future write that history, and if reading them may lead some one to investigate the life in that section during the period of the war, their publication will be more than justified.

WILLIAM K. BOYD.

Major Gilliam to Stubbs.

At Home Sunday night.*

My dear Stubbs:

Our people are somewhat exercised over a yankee raid from below and I write to give you what news I have. Our last is by Dick who left Shep's before day this morning. On Friday and yesterday Capt. Pitt fought them from Gardiners Bridge to Foster's Mill. Yesterday evening they pressed him back from the latter place and they camped at Skewanky. A few officers went to Williamston after night. All of our soldiers except Pitt's Company and one piece and its men of the alla. Battery had been sent to Weldon. Last night four companies of infantry reached Spring Green to help Pitt. The force of the enemy is variously estimated. Pitt says there are 1200. Mathusbee saw their camp fires last night and he thinks there is a brigade. They have but six

*Probably written from Halifax in December, 1864.

pieces of artillery. Our pickets this morning were at Newt Allsbrooks. Nothing more is known. Their gunboats had not reached Williamston. It is said one was blown up by a torpedo. I do not think they will come above Williamston. Whitford, at Tranter's creek will be in their rear if they do —and unless Pitt understates them his force is equal to theirs. Of course they know his position and strength. If they were strong and intended coming farther they would not have consumed two days from Gardens Bridge to Williamston. We have quite a body of troops at Weldon and they are no longer needed there and I presume others reached Pitt this morning. Your folks were well on yesterday. Mathusbee sent Adeline and Winney and their children down into Shep's negro quarters and has hid your horse and provided as well as he could for your hogs. Your Perry place is probably safe, unless the negroes choose to run off. I shall go down in the morning with all who will join in. Should have done so today but heard the yankees had gone back from Fosters Mill. His mill was burnt—no other burning up to this morning—though I fear Jo Biggs has one cotton gin less. I will add to this what I may hear later in the morning. I shall see the mail man from Hamilton. I am of the opinion that they will not go as far as your family. Shep, with Church, Mathusbee, Sylvester Hapell Ben Jewett are now in camp, in the swamp. Major Magill has vamosed.

Monday Morning

Our last news was from Hamilton at 1 O. C. yesterday. The Yankees were still at Skewanky. Fagan says from their camp fires which he counted there are not more than 600 in all of which 80 are cavalry and not more than 2 pieces of artillery. We have reinforcements of infantry and artillery —some regulars besides those first reported.

I think they have by this time gone back—they have not put a picket this side of town. In my opinion you need not

give yourself much concern—there are not enough of them to scatter through the country and so your Perry place will in all probability be treated with its past neglect. I trust so. I will write again by next mail if no earlier opportunity offers. It is as cold as hell. My wood is low and I am certainly better off than you. I have eggnog morning and night —a barrel of good brandy helps as a convenience in house keeping amazingly. Give my love to our friends. You know them. I will come up in a few days. There are several sales to come off soon when (pork?) is to be sold which I must attend to buy for my sister. Nothing else keeps me here. Most truly,

Gilliam.

Major Gilliam to General Stubbs.

Halifax 15 Dec 64

Dear Stubbs—

I tried to write you on yesterday but the mail left me. I came from Hamilton on Tuesday—about a thousand yankees went up crossed Curoh's creek below Butler's Bridge at an old mill, flanked our little force at the bridge and ran them off—remained six or eight hours at Jack Shmads and went back. The fort had but 14 effective men, but was not attacked. They did no damage there nor in the cont. They came and went the Spring Green road and I am sure did not interfere with you. They damaged Hassel I understand—stole his wife's clothes and his money. I could have gone down to your place but Butler's bridge was burned by them when they left. I think they robbed Job Ewell for prisoners taken by us were drunk, they said on his brandy. Jim Hinton was picked up on a scout. Zillowhy in command now—a good exchange for us. I'll write again by next mail.

I'll be with you next Wednesday and bring some rip. Sorry to hear you are sick. Love to Daniel Carrie and all.

Truly

Gilliam.

F. W. Moore to Stubbs.

Tarboro Dec 20 64

Genl J R Stubbs

Dear Sir

Yours of the 17th is to hand and thought I would write you a line or so if in time. I have written H. D. R. today to send Weathersbee word to send for you. The Yankees are in Winston and are on the road in force so I think it doubtful about H. D. R. Sending word or Mr. Weathersbee sending. 8 Gun Boats and 1500 land troops are at Williamston and advancing. Genl Seventhrope will start them back in short as he is after them. I must communicate bad news to you though I regret to do so. The enemy took every thing you had at the Perry place negroes Horses Mules Hogs and burnt all the Houses barns etc as I understand from G. M. Burros. Genl I live about Two Miles from Town When you reach Tarboro come and stay with me until your conveyance comes after you.

I am very Resply yours

F. W. Moore

P S I want you to be certain to come.

THE SAND BANKS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY L. E. BLANCHARD.

There extends from the coast of Virginia to that of South Carolina a narrow strip of land varying from a half-mile to a mile in width, and anywhere from five to thirty miles distant from the mainland, known as the Sand Banks of North Carolina. It is broken by inlets which connect Pamlico Sound and the sea, forming many islands. These inlets are about a half-mile wide and from eight to twenty miles apart. The country being very low, the ocean has at times been known to flow across to the sound. In many places the sand reaches such a height that if it were not for the lack of vegetation, these hills of sand might be called mountains. At places, rising one after another, they present a very picturesque sight. Unlike mountains they are constantly moving. This is caused by the continuous blowing of the heavy winds across the beach, though several years are required for the moving of one of these hills. When the winter winds blow across the sand from the ocean the conditions are similar to a vast desert when visited by a simoon.

There is scarcely any vegetation; no groves of trees and pine thickets are to be seen, nor blue grass upon which the cattle might graze, and no wild violets growing along the ditch-banks; but in place of the violet we find bunches of mullein, and instead of blue grass, a wire grass on which hundreds of half wild ponies, sheep, and cattle graze the year round. These ponies, sheep, and cattle are allowed to roam about from inlet to inlet throughout the year. They are owned by the inhabitants, known as "Bankers," who come together a certain day in each year to drive up and pen them. Each owner then identifies and brands the animals belonging to him, after which they are again set free. In the afternoons of the summer months these ponies can be seen in droves of six and eight making their way over the sand from

the sound side where they have been grazing during the day, to the ocean side. Here they come to spend the night, because they will not be bothered so much by mosquitoes, for the strong night winds of the ocean drive away all insects.

I have made several trips to this part of North Carolina, though I never became acquainted with the life of the people who live there until the past summer (1906), when I spent several days at a life-saving station known as the Chicamicomico Station. This station is about thirty miles from Roanoke Island and about the same distance from the mainland. It is one of many scattered at distances of about ten miles down the beach. Around it, though chiefly on the sound side, has grown up a settlement of some two hundred people.

With the exception of ten or twelve who receive employment in the life-saving station these people make their living from the waters which surround them on all sides. About four o'clock in the morning, the sound for several miles up and down can be seen to be dotted with the white sails of fishing smacks which have come out, some for relieving the pound nets, in many places called "dutch nets," of their night's catch, and others to bring men with lines, poles, and bait to fill up their buckets with the fish that bite. These men who have got out of their beds at three o'clock in the morning, return with their catch before mid-day to pass the remaining hours in different ways. Some mend their nets for the next day's catch. Most of them spend it in idleness. Some can be seen sitting in small crowds around their houses, which remind one of the tobacco barns of the middle Carolina counties. There they tell marvelous stories of storms which years ago struck the coast and drove ashore unfortunate vessels, or superstitious tales, such as the apparition of the spirit of a drowned man at a house, which his body, while awaiting burial, had indelibly stained with blood.

Communication with the outside world is not well devel-

oped. True, at a certain time each day on looking down the sound one can see coming in sight and presently hear the puff of a gasoline boat which has left Manteo bringing the mail bags to the little settlements strung out down the beach, but there are few if any daily papers and monthly magazines. The only periodicals I found on the table were dated eight and ten years ago. While there are only perhaps a few who have never been on the mainland, few there are who have become well acquainted with our stage coaches. It would be interesting to hear John, Henry, and perhaps Will tell of their trip to the Jamestown Exposition, which they have heard to be "bigger than John Robinson's Circus."

On a whole they seem a happy, go-lucky class of people, taking no thought for the morrow, for they know that as long as the waters continue to run they can secure meat if they will but set their nets, and bread if the wind blows, taking their boats to the mainland. The life of these people remind me somewhat of the story of the Lotos-eaters though their country did not have upon me that effect which the land of the Lotos-eaters had upon Ulysses and his followers, giving them the desire to make it their home forever.

The most interesting people to be found on these banks are the old surfmen who have spent many years in the life-saving service. Many pleasant hours can be spent talking with an old captain of one of these stations and hearing him tell of his experiences on the beach. At each of these stations there live eight men who compose what is known as the life-saving crew. These men live day in, day out, year in, year out knowing very little of what is going on. About the only men of the outside world they come in contact with, during the ten months in the year on duty, are the men who are taken from the crafts which are wrecked on these dangerous shoals off the coast. The surfmen spend the day in idleness, lounging and sleeping part of the time, while the captain keeps watch over the sea, recording at night the number of vessels

which have passed during the day and the class to which they belong. The night is spent very differently. Every two hours two men from each station go out and patrol the beach, thus taking their turn by twos. Both men go out of the station, having been given a check by the captain, one going one way, while the other takes the opposite. When they have gone half the distance from their station to the next one they meet other patrolmen and exchange checks, and thus the entire beach is patrolled. The system of checks is used in order that the captain may know that the patrolmen have performed their duty.

Economic conditions on the island are rudimentary. Just as every farmer has his horse which he drives to town this "banker" has his sail boat in which he takes his fish to Roanoke Island, or to the nearest town or city on the mainland. He exchanges his fish for meal, bacon, and a few other necessities. Property rights are simple. Much of the land belongs to those who will lay claims and pay tax. A site for building purposes can be bought for less than twenty-five dollars. A residence of the style which they build can be erected for less than two hundred dollars. These houses are built with two or three rooms. Most of them are roughly ceiled inside. On the outside no such thing as paint is known. Much of the building material comes from the ships which are washed ashore on the beach. When a craft goes to pieces and washes ashore the debris is collected and separated. The rigging is piled to itself, the cargo, if any, in another place and the remains of the hull to itself. After several days of advertising down the beach that a vessel has come ashore and that it will be sold on a certain day, the wreck is auctioneered off, sometimes in large bulks, but usually in small lots. Some of the inhabitants are descendants from the people taken off these wrecks, though most of them are originally from the mainland.

We find no system of high schools, but almost every village

has its public school which the children attend three and four months in the year. Each village also has its church in which there are services held on an average of once a month. A class of people who is more generous and ever ready to lend a helping hand to his neighbor cannot be found. No better law-abiding citizens have we in the United States than these men who live on the sand banks of North Carolina.

H. E. SPENCE, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
HOLLAND HOLTON, - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The present issue of the ARCHIVE is devoted to North Carolina history and the table of contents, its source and its character, are worthy of comment.

All the articles have been submitted by the Trinity College Historical Society. Founded in 1892 the society has become one of the distinctive college organizations at Trinity. In it instructors and students co-operate in research in North Carolina and Southern history and in collecting documents and relics of historic interest which are cared for in the fire-proof vault in the Library Building. The work of the society has been crowned with success; in fact there are few colleges in the country where such an organization exists. It is a monument to the good feeling and spirit of co-operation that exists between faculty and students, and also an evidence of that sense of patriotic mission which is one of the characteristics of the serious minded Southern student.

The leading number of this issue is also noteworthy. Last spring a student undertook a study of the life of Hon. Bedford Brown and a little search resulted in the discovery of letters whose publication is now undertaken. The ARCHIVE is fortunate in securing them, for the correspondence and papers of the leading men of the old South have not been well preserved. Too often the writers as well as the brigandage of the Civil War caused the destruction of historic

records, and the descendants of those who made history in the past often hesitate about making public papers in their possession. Here is a work in which every student might cooperate—by personal effort find and examine all the records relating to the history of his own county, town, or community, and if possible secure them, or copies of them, for preservation in the archives of the Historical Society, so that the future historians of the State shall be compelled to do some, if not all, of their investigation here. This is a work that should appeal to one's interest in his home life and its antecedents as well as the life of the college. All who are willing to undertake such studies should consult the President of the Historical Society, Dr. W. K. Boyd.

TRINITY COLLEGE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1907.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to H. E. SPENCE, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to F. R. WRENN, Business Manager.

C. M. CAMPBELL, JR., }
MITCHELL B. WADDILL, } - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

MR. JOE KING, PARAGRAPHER.

BY JULE B. WARREN.

The intention of this article is not to give a flattering history of Mr. King's life. The real aim, however, is to portray an original character, whose writings competent judges of this State and others have passed upon and given the blue ribbon, as being the best of their class. Starting in the newspaper business in the least conspicuous and obscure place, he has reached the point where he is recognized as the best writer of short and pithy paragraphs in the State. His

career so far has been an example of what he once wrote: "All things come to those who wait, but those who hustle sometimes get theirs first."

A short biography will suffice here. Mr. Joseph H. King was born in the eastern part of this State, near Kinston, in 1866. It was here along the Neuse and its tributaries that be became a lover of the "gentle art of angling." Attending such schools as the time and place afforded, he obtained the rudiments of an education. When he was twelve years of age his parents moved to the then young town of Durham. One of the significant things here is that his school days ended with this move. His education, however, did not stop with his school days. His wide and varied reading since that time has given him, like many other men, a liberal and cosmopolitan education.

After coming to Durham he held such jobs around the town as his age and experience commanded. However, in 1882 he began his apprenticeship to learn the printing trade. He had all the fun and hardships of the old-time "printer's devil," but by this means he learned every detail of the art of printing. For a number of years he worked on the old Durham Recorder, then managed and edited by the late E. C. Hackney. Later he worked for the illustrious Col. Al Fairbrother, who owned and edited the Durham Globe. When Colonel Fairbrother left the Globe, it went into the hands of a number of rich men in town. In 1894 this management turned out a number of printers. Now, Mr. King was not one of this number, but all printers "sorter got a feelin' for each other," so he planned out The Morning Herald, and put the idle printers to work. A month later he himself took the managership of the new paper, and two or three years later began to write those short squibs which have since brought him into prominence.

"What did you do for editorials before you began to write paragraphs?" he was asked one day.

"Cut them out of the ——," he answered, naming a well-known paper of that time. "And one day we were just ready to go to press when I happened to look at the editorial of a rival paper in town and saw that both had exactly the same editorial."

"What did you do?"

"O! I just credited mine, showing the people that the other fellow had swiped his."

During the past ten years Mr. King has written over twenty-five hundred columns of paragraphs. For each day in the ten years he has been able, and still continues, to produce something new and original. Of course most of them have been criticisms of contemporaneous events and men, but they were sharp and timely. He always has his good-natured fling at the weather man, and society in general. The power to compress a maximum of meaning into the minimum of space is his, and many of his paragraphs are among the best examples of the art of suggestion. Believing in and practicing the freedom of speech, he never hesitates to express his opinion. This is shown in the stand he has taken against prohibition, notwithstanding the fact that many of the best people were on the opposite side.

Prohibition advocates have criticised him to a certain extent, but he has never given up his original position on the liquor problem. "The worst feature of it in prohibition," says he, "is that those who make the worst possible use of it (whiskey) have the least trouble in getting it." Then he believes in the liberty of the individual. Together with this he has pointed out the fact that the man who wants liquor gets it as of old, and the fact that the most of the whiskey business is now in the hands of the most vicious element of society—the blind tigers—and the recently unearthed fact that there were thirty-six people in the county having Federal license to sell whiskey, while only twenty-two bars were allowed. These are some of his arguments that the prohibi-

tion laws are ineffectual and unenforceable without the unanimous sentiment of all the people. However, he is broad-minded enough to view both sides of the question, and to let his readers see both sides, so he freely gives space in his paper to articles showing the favorable side of prohibition.

But so much for his prohibition. The above has not been a defense of his position, but a statement, in part, of it. In politics he and his paper are strong advocates of the independent movement. He states his view in a few lines of a recent issue. "If you happen to be disgusted with both parties it perhaps has not occurred to you that you do not have to belong to any party." He believes in the principles of Democracy, but he does not hesitate to "scratch" men on the ticket, who, although good Democrats, he thinks will not make good officials. Republican Roosevelt is supported by his editorials, but when the "strenuous one" does something a little too strenuous, such as eating with Booker T., or doing something else, he always has the backbone to say what he thinks about him. A pretty good characterization of the President is found is one of his two-liners: "The President does not appear to enjoy a scrap unless he is mixed up in it." In these two lines he suggests all the controversies in which Mr. Roosevelt has had a hand, and the delight which he seems to take in "getting things going."

Another one on Mr. Roosevelt shows his admiration for his spunk and illustrates the simplicity of his style. "The President may not go round looking for trouble, but it will be noticed he never dodges it." Since style was mentioned, it might be well to notice some of his writings and the simplicity of the style. Someone has said that a poet is a man who can beautifully express the unutterable thoughts of many. Now, the writer would not claim for Mr. King the dignity or impose upon him the responsibility of a poet; but he certainly has the power of expressing himself in simple,

everyday English, or North Carolina slang, if you please, the unuttered thoughts of many of his fellows. For instance, few writers would have expressd their views on the railroad rate question as he did in this three line paragraph: "We are not making much of a kick on the rate, but it makes us mad to have to pay more than the other fellow." That expresses the exact position of nine-tenths of the people who read it. Another example is his definition of a lobby: "A lobby is supposed to get pay for it, while other people give advice to the legislature free." Still another is the distinction he draws between the loafer and the vagrant: "The difference between the loafer and the vagrant is that one can afford it and the other cannot." Other examples of his simple and hit-the-nail-on-the-head style might be cited, but it is useless, as the reader can find them for himself. These are typical, however, being taken at random. A more careful gleaning might reveal better examples.

The following shows a slightly different strain, but the same simplicity of style is there and it is also a fine example of the art of suggestion:

WASHINGTON DUKE.

"While Washington Duke may not have been a great man, that he was a good man, possessing a kindly heart, we all know. He filled the place allotted to him in the world to the best of his ability, and no man can do more and few do so much. He founded a great enterprise, but the making of it great was left to his sons. He was rich beyond his needs and gave of his surplus where he perhaps thought it would do most good. It may be he had enemies, but if so, it is doubtful if he knew or suspected it. He became possessed of millions, but they came too late in life to spoil a character already formed, and he died as he had lived, a plain, honest, good man, satisfied with the ordinary comforts of life and the friendship of his friends. His years were full and his end was peace."

This piece appeared in the editorial columns of the Herald the morning after Mr. Duke's death. Many columns of tributes to Mr. Duke appeared in papers of this and other states just after his death. But of all that was written or spoken, none paid a nobler tribute or more fully suggested the life work of the man than did this short tribute of Mr. King. The great company he founded, his riches, his philanthropy, his simplicity and goodness of heart, and much more is suggested in this short piece. And with it all the language used is as simple as it could have possibly been made. One would think from reading Mr. King's writings that they are the result of hard work to put a large amount into a small space. As a matter of fact, however, little work is done on this score. One of his paragraphs is rarely worked over, indeed hardly one in two hundred is ever written at all. The way in which Mr. King does his work is altogether unique and very interesting.

Almost any week-day afternoon five o'clock finds him "in the shop" at the Linotype machine. With his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, and with his chair ofttimes tilted a little backward, and his "plug" hat pulled a little over his eyes, he literally "paragraphs." He will "dig away" at the keyboard of the machine for a few minutes and a paragraph is put into hard type just as it goes into print, for he "sets a good proof." This done, he will read a paper, whistle or hum snatches of a tune, and finally touch the keyboard again with deft fingers and set up another paragraph. He continues this programme till a column, by actual measurement, is set up. Then 'tis supper time. If the paragraphs "come easy," to use his own expression, he can finish the column in about an hour. If, however, they "come hard," he may have to work two hours. This rarely happens except during the spring, when glimpses of a fish pond or river come along with the paragraphs. For he is a fisherman after Isaac Walton's own mind, knows when perch bite best and what kind

of bait a "jack" or a "chub" will take. One column a day is the usual amount of paragraphs done, but some days with the remark, "Dog if fish wouldn't bite today," he will set two columns and go fishing next day.

Although this sketch is mainly about Mr. King's writings it would be incomplete unless something were said about his other work. Writing is his vocation, music and printing his avocations. In the first, music, as he asserts, he is not a finished artist, but he is at least a talented musician. Being able to play on almost any instrument in an orchestra, his services are in much demand in this and other cities. In the second sideline, printing, he is an expert. Having learned the details of hand composition when a young man, he is today an expert "ad and makeup man." When the Linotype came into use he went north and spent some months in the factories of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company. Here he became a mechanical operator of this machine. With this consummate knowledge of the art of printing, he superintends this part of the work on his paper. These sidelines are not thought of by the general public, for it is in the role of a good-natured, witty and, at times, sharp and scathing paragrapher that his five thousand readers see him each morning.

And it is but right that they should think of him as such, for as he once said of the late Erwin Avery, each of whom was an admirer of the art of the other, "He was just exactly the man you would judge him to be from reading what he wrote." He is a genial, good fellow, ever ready to hear a good joke and to tell a better one.

LOVE'S GUIDING GLEAM.

Gloomy, chill, drear and rain!
A little face is pressed against the pane,
The small lips quiver and the tear-drops start.
What anguish throbs within the childish heart?
The wicked raindrops will not let them play—
He and his little sweetheart o'er the way—
But while he stands he spies her smiling face,
And Love takes sorrow's place.

Dreary, chill, rain and gloom!
A student strong at manhood's highest bloom
Drifts aimless, like a ship all tempest tossed
In water strange, with chart and compass lost;
The thinker's doubt inflames his anxious breast,
Faith wavers, then comes feverish unrest.
Yet o'er Life's sea on yon horizon far
Behold Love's guiding star!

Chilly, rain, gloom and drear!
Wearied and burdened thro' this many a year,
The nerveless hands fatigued with life's hard tasks
And nought but failure, till he hopeless asks:
"What use? Life's but a failure. Come the grave!"
Again Love's load star lights the gloomy wave,
Guides till the breakers and the shoals are passed
And brings success at last.

Rainy, gloom, drear and chill!
Ah! can it be Love's light is shining still?
Life's hopes all gone, deserted and alone
The aged couple sit. Within his own
He takes her wrinkled hand, while from their eyes
Love's genial glow lights up their evening skies.
Showers or sunshine, youth or age, the gleam
Of Love's light is supreme.

EASTER OBSERVANCES.

BY MISS MAY WRENN.

Easter, the name of the day celebrating our Lord's Resurrection from the dead, is one of the three great festivals in the church year, Christmas and Whitsuntide being the other two. Easter possibly derives its name from the Saxon deity "Eostre," whose feast was celebrated in the spring, or from "Oster," which signifies rising. If the latter is true, it is then in name and reality the feast of Resurrection. Easter means, as some one has said, that beyond all clouds there is the clear shining of the sun, and beyond all conflict the certainty of victory. No one can despair for whom Christ has risen, nor can such a one go through life as if the sun had never shone on Easter morning. There are shadows for us all, but they cannot be permanent.

There is no trace in the Bible or in the writings of the apostolic fathers of the observance of Easter. It is most likely that the Passover, ennobled by the thought of Christ, the true Paschal Lamb, continued to be celebrated and became the Christian Easter. In the East it was called Paschal Feast, for it came at the same time as the Pascha, or Jewish Passover. There has never been any difference of opinion in Christian churches as to why Easter should be kept, but much as to when. For some time it was observed by the Eastern and Western churches at different times, but since the Council of Nice in 325 it has been observed on the same day in all countries. There was for a long time much discussion as to how to determine the date. The rule given in the prayer book is: "Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first of March; and if the full moon happens upon Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday afterwards." Thus we see that on Easter depends all the movable feasts of the year.

The Church of Rome possibly more than any other ob-

serves these festivals. Easter ceremonies begin on Palm Sunday. The week before Easter is called "Holy Week." During this time shops are open, concerts are given, but the theatres are closed. The altars and crucifixes of the churches are draped in mourning. Thousands of people from all over the world witness these rites. About nine o'clock on Palm Sunday one of the Papal regiments enters and forms a passage up the centre isle of St. Peter's. At half past nine a burst of music is heard from the choir, soldiers present arms, and a procession enters the church. The Pope, attired in white, is borne by twelve officials in a chair of state, fixed on long poles. He gives palms to the cardinals, bishops and lay nobility, the ceremony lasting about three hours.

At half past four on Wednesday of Holy Week the first "Miserere" is chanted at Sistine Chapel, and similar singing takes place at St. Peter's. This music is far-famed and is the important feature of Wednesday's service. During mass on Thursday, the cardinal arch-bishop or a bishop blesses the oils of baptism, of extreme unction and of confirmation. From half past eleven, after the Gloria in Excelsis is sung in Sistine Chapel, until the same time Saturday no bells are rung in Rome. At St. Peter's about one o'clock the Pope washes the feet of thirteen bishops, twelve of whom represent the apostles, and the other one an angel, who, according to the legend, appeared to Gregory the Great while he performed a deed of charity. Immediately after this the Pope serves at an elaborate supper. On this day many people go before the clergymen and are given absolution from mortal sins. The ceremony of washing piglrims' feet is performed on this day. Elaborate decorations may be seen in the shop windows on this evening, the most prominent object being a picture of the Virgin and the child. These draw crowds and business is apparently more lively. Good Friday in Rome is much like Thursday. In the afternoon the lost "Miserere" is chanted in Sistine Chapel. In Scotland

Roman Catholics close their shops on this day, but not so in Rome; the silence of the bells alone shows that it is one of the days of Holy Week. At half past eleven on Saturday, after the reading of a certain passage in Sistine Chapel, the bells of St. Peter's are rung and immediately all the bells of the city ring as if rejoicing in their renewed liberty. The fire and Paschal candles are blessed at St. Peter's.

Preparations having been made during Holy Week, we naturally expect elaborate ceremonies on Sunday. The day is ushered in by the firing of cannon. The Pope is brought in St. Peter's in great pomp. Beside him are borne the flabelli, or large fans, in which are set the eye-like parts of peacock feathers to signify the vigilant eyes of the church. After mass the Pope is borne to the balcony and there pronounces a benediction with indulgences and absolutions. On the evening of Easter Sunday the dome and exterior parts of St. Peter's are beautifully illuminated with lamps.

The old Easter customs which still linger with us vary in different parts of the country. The custom of distributing the "pace" or "pasche eye," which was once almost universal is still observed by children. Eggs were used by the Jews as part of the furniture of the table, with the Paschal Lamb in the feast of the Passover. Christians have used it on this day as retaining the elements of future life, for an emblem of the Resurrection. In some places white cakes are carried around by the clerk to every house as an Easter offering. In return for these, which are distributed after divine service on Friday, he receives a gratuity. Handball was formerly a favorite pastime among the young people and also with the ecclesiastics, who played for tansey cakes. This custom of eating tansey cakes possibly originated from the Jewish custom of eating bitter herbs at the time of the Passover.

In England Thursday before Easter is called Maundry Thursday. On this day all men used to lay aside personal dignity and condescend to the menial task of washing the

feet of paupers. James the Second was the last king who carried out this custom to its full extent. This is now a day of charity. The day is ushered in with the cry of "Hot cross buns." All business is suspended and the services in the churches are well attended. Before the change of religion the day was celebrated as in other Catholic countries. A dressed figure of Christ was mounted on a crucifix, to which the worshippers brought some little gift, as corn and eggs. A most ceremonious burial took place in the evening. In primitive times Christians saluted each other by exclaiming, "Christ is risen," and received the answer, "Christ is risen indeed."

In the ancient and thriving old city of Chester old customs were long kept up. Easter was a great festival to them. At that time the mayor and prominent men of the town went with great pageantry to the Rood-eye, which is now a beautiful meadow, to play football. The women must have had a game of their own, for we read that as the mayor's daughter was engaged with other girls in the Pepper-gate at this game, her lover, knowing that her father was busy playing on Rood-eye, entered the gate and carried off the girl. The angry father ordered the gate to be forever closed, giving rise to the proverb, "When the daughter is stolen shut the Pepper-gate." The practice of archery was not forgotten by these people. If we walk through the streets of the city on this festive Monday we shall probably see some young gallants carrying a chair lined with white silk and elaborately decorated. If they meet a girl, she must sit in it. The chair is then lifted high in the air three or four times. So we see the custom called "lifting" still prevails, but it is now only practiced in the streets and formerly people went into the houses. Easter eggs were used by the boys to play ball, this being a universal custom. Even the clergy entered into it. Bishop and deans took the ball in the church, and keeping time with the music, threw it back and forth to the choristers.

The church part of the festival was very elaborate. The adornment was more like a theatre and great crowds came to see the sepulchres which were erected to represent the whole scene of our Savior's entombment. There was a belief that Christ's second coming would be at Easter time, hence the sepulchres were watched until three o'clock in the morning, then two monks would enter and take out a beautiful image of the Resurrection. This was carried to the Light altar and over it a velvet canopy was borne. This procession went around the exterior of the church by the light of torches, all singing, rejoicing, and praying until, coming again to the Light altar, where it was placed to remain until Ascension day. In many places the monks personated the characters connected with the event they celebrated, and this rendered the scene more theatrical.

The custom of exchanging Easter eggs is still extant. The Italians during Lent abstain from flesh and eggs. Their joy after refraining from their favorite food possibly led to painting and decorating eggs at Easter. In Russia a number of eggs are colored red. Every man and woman gives one to the priest. The people go to each other's houses and introduce themselves by saying, "Jesus Christ is risen," the answer being, "Yes, he is risen." They then exchange eggs which are, as they say, for a great love and in token of the Resurrection whereof they rejoice. In Germany sometimes instead of eggs an emblematic print is presented. Three Jews are represented as upholding a basket which contains three eggs: these representing Faith, Hope, and Love. The Greeks today exchange colored eggs as a token of friendship. They celebrate Easter by placing in the church a small bier, prettily decorated with a Christ crucified, rudely printed on board for the body. This is done in the evening and the next morning before daybreak a large bonfire is made and there is much singing in honor of the Resurrection. The Tyrolese still keep the festival of Easter with

every ceremony. Christ is for them the tangible proof of revelation. Bands of musicians traverse every valley, singing beautiful Easter hymns to the music of their guitars, which calls people to their doors to join them in singing. Their Spanish hats are decorated with bunches of flowers; crowds of children accompany them and when darkness comes on carry torches of pine. The thoughtful woman has Easter eggs to give to the children and musicians in return for their Easter carol.

Thus having learned something of the Easter customs of other countries, we can see where the customs of our own country originated. Easter has always been celebrated with great joy. To the Christian the Resurrection is not a mere tradition. Those who believe that Christ really rose from the dead cannot be silent, but must break the news to their friends.

A RAMBLING STORY OF A RAMBLING LIFE.

BY W. A. STANBURY.

Will Perkins spent the summer of 1898 working as clerk in a large store at Owensboro, a lively town about forty miles east of the Blue Ridge in Virginia. The first day he was there he noticed an old-fashioned and well-nigh ruined house opposite his boarding place. The roof was nearly rotted off, and the walls were all moss-grown, while the hedge in the front yard looked to have been planted at least fifty years before. The store closed at seven o'clock, so that at this time of year Will had about an hour to spend as he chose before dark. He noticed about the second or third evening after his arrival that there was an old man living in the quaint and deserted looking house referred to. He asked some one who the old man was and if there were no one living with him, for he looked lonely and there was something about him which excited Will's curiosity.

"Oh," they said, "that's old Dick Everett, the miser. He lives over there by himself and never pays any attention to anybody, or anybody to him."

Will continued to notice the old man and curiosity at last led him to go and see if he could make friends with him. At first he seemed rather distant, but soon they were chatting pleasantly. Will repeated his visit several times and ever his curiosity grew to know more about the miser. But it was not till late one day in August that Will could summon the courage to ask why he lived alone and what he had to enjoy in such a life. He looked first at Will and then at the people passing in the street, for they were sitting on the porch, and then arose, saying, "Let's go in." Will followed him into a quaint old room, not so poorly as so strangely furnished. He motioned to Will to sit down in a great rocker and lighted a lamp. Then he seated himself, and with a peculiarly strange and sad look on his face, began to tell this story:

"This is the house in which I was born and reared. I was the only child in the family. My father was a poor man, owning only this home and a small piece of land back on the hill where the Presbyterian church stands now. This busy town was then only a straggling country village with two little stores, a blacksmith shop, and a church; and, besides, I had almost forgotten it, there was an old log schoolhouse out in the wood near where the railroad now crosses the creek.

"I helped my father and mother with the work in the summer and went to school in the winter. I remember old Jake Lindsay used to teach. We boys would go early of a morning. I have been there many a morning while the stars were still shining. It was there I learned to spell and cipher and I tell you those were mighty happy days.

"You remember that large house on the corner where Judge Brown lives? There used to be a little house up there with two rooms in it and a chimney between them. Mary Anderson lived there. She was just two years younger than I, and as long ago as I can remember we used to play together and say sometimes we would marry and live in this house. She was a good, sweet, true girl; you don't often see her like nowadays. I loved her, young man, and John Walker loved her too; but she always gave me the preference and we were engaged to be married in June. But John and I were close friends and he was a splendid fellow, in fact I couldn't have said a word against him in the world.

"The war broke out in April, '61, and I wanted to go. I was just twenty, the age, you know, when a young fellow is not afraid to undertake anything. Father and mother were old and did not want me to go away. But I was determined. One night in May I went to see Mary and told her of my purpose. I shall never forget the look that came over her face. I told her that I wouldn't be gone long and that my country needed me. So we postponed our wedding day

till I should return. I remember as well as though it were but yesterday how I told her good-bye that night, and how, after I had come, heartsick as I was, as far as the old oak in front of the new postoffice, I looked back and saw her standing in the door. Next morning I left to join the army and saw Owensboro no more till the war was over.

"It's no use for me to tell you all the hardships I went through with in those awful years. Many a night I slept on the cold ground without a blanket, and many a day I marched without shoes on my feet. But my courage always held up, for I thought of the time when it would all be over and the South would drive the Yankees back, and when I could go home and make Mary my wife. I wrote regularly to my mother and to her, and usually I heard right regularly, and everything seemed to be going on as well as I could expect. But one day our division received orders to cross the Potomac. We went fearlessly and obediently and, uniting with other divisions, our army finally reached the hills around Gettysburg. That was the last of June in '63. And then came the battle. Oh, it was terrible, but it was grand. I can now see Pickett's noble division as they rushed headlong through fire and smoke and death in that awful charge on Cemetery Ridge. And then they fell back, what was left of them, and were almost closed in upon by the enemy. Our division was ordered to charge and save them. We started, something hit me in the shoulder. I fell wounded and was taken captive. A comrade saw me fall, and thinking I was killed told John, for he was by this time in the same army. They carried me away to the North and put me in a prison-hospital in a little town in Ohio. I was not allowed to communicate with anyone outside the prison, nor to write to my people at home. Here they kept me till the war was ended, and I was liberated in May, '65.

"I had no money, so I set about working my way back home as best I could. I reached home in June. I remember

I was walking down the road late in the afternoon, wondering if anybody would know me. Suddenly the road made a turn and I was in sight of the house. Mother was standing in the door there looking up the road as if she were waiting for someone. I saw her lean forward and put her hand to her brow. How broken and how worn she looked! Then she walked out to the gate. Suddenly she flung it wide open and ran out to meet me. Did she know me? Why, yes, you can't fool a mother about a thing like that. She embraced me and wept over me and kissed me and told me she had heard I was dead, and how glad and thankful she was to see her boy again.

"We came on up to the old house. Everything around was familiar, yet it was changed. The house just across the road, or street you might have called it, had been burned, and everything looked lonely and deserted. It was plain the Yankees had been there. I asked about my father. I saw her turn away and brush a tear from her cheek. Then she looked up into my face and said, 'Dick, he never was quite himself after the battle of Gettysburg. You know we heard you were killed there. His health had begun to fail anyway, and he grew feebler and feebler. He died one day that December and I have been living alone ever since.'

"We came into this room and sat down to talk awhile. Somehow she didn't seem like herself, she was so sad and lonesome looking. Somehow the years had wrought a change, and although she was happy because of my return, I was made to feel that mother was growing old and that her days would soon be passed.

"Then we went out into the next room and had supper, a scanty supper too. While we were sitting at the table the ever recurring thought of Mary came back with redoubled power and it seemed that I could no longer suppress my feelings. So I asked about her. Mother looked sadly at me and my heart almost stopped. 'Dick,' she soon said, 'when John

came back with the news that you were dead, she grew pale and thin for awhile, and we all thought she was going to die too. But she braced up after a little time and was soon quite the same Mary that she always was. Then John courted her again and she married him and they live up on the corner now with her mother, for the old man was killed by the Yankees.'

"What was I to do? The fondest hope of all those long years of hardships and suffering was gone; in fact, but for this hope I think I should have given up and died in the prison in Ohio. I could stand it no longer. I arose and left the room, and don't think me weak, for it was the deepest disappointment I ever had, I went out and cried like a child. Then I calmed my feelings and went back and talked with mother till bedtime.

"Next morning I was walking about in the little old village to see how it all looked again, when I suddenly met up with Mary. She did not know me at first, but when she did she screamed and almost fainted. I told her not to be frightened and that I knew the whole story, and then related to her some of the most thrilling of my experiences in the war. Changed she was, yes, but still the same sweet Mary. I walked home with her to see John. What a noble man he was! Disfigured with many a battle scar, but happy and strong and brave and generous. I told him how I had been captured and imprisoned and had finally found my way back home. John, too, had many things to tell, how he had come back to Virginia after Gettysburg, how he had taken part in the fight around Richmond and how he had, with the rest of his comrades, bidden Lee good-bye at Appomattox.

"Well, I rested for a few days and then began the task of caring for mother and building up the old place. I worked on the little lots around through the day and helped her in the house evenings and mornings. But all the time there was a feeling that something had been lost which could never

be recovered and that somehow fate was to blame and not I or anyone else.

"So I lived for a little more than two years and then one day, it was in September, mother died. I buried her beside my father's grave and came back to the old house to live—alone. Could I do it? I tried it for awhile and finally made up my mind to go away to the far West, where I could make a living more easily, as I thought, and possibly forget some of my loneliness and disappointment.

"I shall not worry you with the story of how I made my way out there, of how I rode as far as my money would carry me and then stopped and made money to go farther; or of the hardships and privations I underwent. Winter was settling down on the Rockies as I crossed them, I remember, and I shall never forget their heights that towered so gloomily into the sky, nor my sense of isolation as I reflected that I was so far from home, and indeed that I had no home. Nor can I forget the way I felt as I crossed the Sierras, and as I looked down upon the plains and valleys in front of me, as I went down their western slope. Sometimes the road would wind around a sort of spur and there would lie before me an endless succession of deep valleys, green as in spring-time, and mountain peaks capped with snow. Then again I would be lost in some dark valley, and nothing could be seen but craggy mountains and deep ravines on every hand.

"It was late December when I reached the little mining village of Big Rush, near the foot of the Sierras. Here I found work, not so paying as it might have been, but sufficient to satisfy my needs for the time. I thought I would not stay there long, but prospects were rather good, and I liked the work better than I thought.

"As time passed wages grew better and I fell more and more into the ways of mining life. I didn't form any close friendships with the men out there, for somehow I felt they didn't want to know the story of my disappointments, and I

always felt sure they had troubles enough of their own without bothering with mine.

"So I lived, working day in and day out and saving my money, I know not why. Somehow it was a relief to be always active and it was a pleasure to me to sit in my little cabin at night and count the pieces of pure gold which I knew were all my own. One evening in—let me see—it was in '85, as we were going home from work I noticed a very sad looking man of about my own age in the crowd. There was something about him that seemed familiar, and something about him that called forth my sympathy. But I soon lost him and saw him no more till next day at noon. I managed to fall in with him and began talking. I asked him where he was from. He looked at me suspiciously and then replied that his home was in Virginia. I looked at him for a moment and then I knew him. It was John Walker.

"We arranged to meet again after supper so that we could talk over old times, and John could tell me how things were going on at Owensboro. His story was not long, but oh, how sad it was! It seems that some men get more than their share of ill luck and pain and sorrow, does it not? My own disappointment and my own blasted hopes were enough, but life had never been so bitter for me as it was for John.

"First his little home had been burned, then his first-born son had sickened and died, only to be followed by his eldest sister. Then consumption had laid its fatal hand on Mary and in a few months John's humble home was without its wonted light and his two little girls of five and seven years were left without a mother.

"John said it seemed he could not stay at home without Mary, for without her it was not home. So he left Mabel and Lucy—they were his little girls—with his sister and set out for the West, where he could make some money and leave some of his cares behind. But poor John, how mistaken he

was! So life dragged wearily on for John, he sending most of his earnings home every month, while I saved mine and piled them up in a hidden closet in my cabin. One day in October five years ago I noticed that John looked more worried than usual, and there was a peculiar flush on his cheek. Next morning he didn't go to work and at noon I learned that he was very sick. I went to see him and found, what I feared I should, that he had taken fever, and somehow I felt that it was just about over with him. He lay for about a week and then one night he called me to him and said in a trembling, gasping voice, 'Dick, take all the money I have saved up and send it back to Mabel and Lucy, and tell them that I am going to see their mother over on the other side, and that I want to see them there sometime. God bless you, Dick, and keep my children in this cold, cruel world!'

"The words, 'this cold, cruel world,' kept ringing in my ears, for such it had been to him, and such it had almost been to me. When I looked at him again his life was gone and I was alone in the dimly lighted room.

"We buried him on a hill above the little town, and I went back to work as before. I sent part of his money to his sister and intended to send the rest some time soon. One Sunday afternoon early in November I was strolling about through the woods, as I often did, thinking of—I don't know what—scarcely conscious of which way I was going, when suddenly I ran upon a new-made grave. What could it mean? And then it came to me, it was John's. Somehow it called up thoughts of the old days back in Virginia, of Mary, and of the two girls who I knew were having a hard time to live. Somehow I grew homesick and right there I resolved to come back home and spend the rest of my days in the good old Sunny South. So I gathered all my effects together and by Tuesday was ready to start on the long weary journey.

"Oh, the changes that had come about since I passed be-

fore! Everywhere were thriving towns and well tilled fields, where before had been waving forests and wastes of prairie land. And then when I arrived at Owensboro! Was it the right place? Or was I mistaken? I walked up and down the streets of the hustling little city, and for fear that I should reveal myself would ask no one where I was or how to find the old place here. But finally I saw it. Here it stood, unchanged except for decay, amid these elegant homes around. What a flood of memories came rushing over me? And then I came across the street and walked in. I spent the night here and, as no one had seen me enter, the news went out that a strange old man had come back to the old house in the night. But no one bothered me more than to look at me long and curiously as I was seen about the house or on the street.

"Pretty soon I managed to find out that Mabel and Lucy and their aunt had left Owensboro, and had gone to a cotton mill town not many miles away to work. I found them and told them who I was, giving them, as I told them, part of the money their father had left them. How much like Mary the girls both looked! But they seemed tired and worn and my heart went out in sympathy for them. It would never do for them to work like this. Something must be done. I told them they must go to school, and brought them back here and sent them to the graded schools. They learned well and improved faster than I had even hoped they would. Then I sent them to the seminary over at A—— and they will graduate there next June.

"I am going to tear away this old house a year from this fall, and build a nice house in its place; and when they graduate I'm going to bring them home and have them come here to live, and their aunt shall come along with them and be a mother to them as she has been ever since their own dear mother died. They think it is their father's money that is sending them to school and they shall think it is

their father's money that is to build them a home, but some day before I die I'm going to tell them the whole story. The old people look curiously at me as they pass the street, the younger ones smile and look away, and the bad little boys throw stones at me and call me a wicked old miser, but it may be sometime they'll know that I'm a human being just as they are, and that I don't mean to be wicked after all."

THE EAGLE.

I drink to the American Eagle,
With its emblems of Peace and War;
Both ready to brave the strongest,
And aid the foreign poor.

There are eagles who frequent the mountains,
You can purchase the Eagle Brand collar,
But the eagle of which I am fondest
Is the eagle on the American dollar.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE UPON THE CIVILIZATION OF JAPAN.

BY B. YANAGITA.

No other foreign language is studied with so much zeal as English in Japan. In the 295 middle schools with more than 100,000 students, the English language occupies the most important place of all branches of study. The high schools, too, attach no less importance to the study of this language. Again, in the normal schools, agricultural schools, industrial schools, naval and military academies no candidate is admitted unless he has passed the strict test of an English examination. Indeed, there is no school, except the primary schools, that have not more or less interest in this world-wide spoken language.

Besides these regular students of English, a great number of young men who are clerks of banks, postoffices, employees, railway men, policemen, never fail to pay their due attention to the necessity of this language and put certain part of their leisure hours in educating themselves. It is the opinion of the public that any young Japanese who is born in this glorious age of enlightenment ought to equip himself with the knowledge of English.

So there are hundreds of books published in English; and also magazines and periodicals devoted to the study of English. Almost all the publications of England and America are introduced. The Youth's Companion, Harper's Magazine, The Review of Reviews, The Outlook, and the Cosmopolitan are common among the advanced students. Mr. W. J. Bryan, who last year made a trip to Japan, spoke everywhere in English and his English speeches were fairly, if not thoroughly, understood, Missionaries and other tourists can travel throughout any part of Japan without knowing a single Japanese word, for they may find in the middle school, which is established in every creditable town of Japan, either professors or students, who are more or less versed in English.

By way of illustration I will here give the names of books I had read in my college days in Japan. At the seventeenth year of age, I entered a college. There my first lesson in English was the National First Reader. In course of three years, I went as far as the fifth reader. In the higher course, I studied Irving's Sketch Book, Thomas Carlyle's Hero Worship, Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol, Macaulay's Warren Hastings, and what not. I am not certain if I can understand them now: such is the fact and fashion of our country at the present time. And I think this favorable condition will continue with ever increasing interest. Japan has long since thrown off her exclusive policy. She has put herself forth in the world. She is trying to gain her position in the foremost rank of the civilized world. To attain this object the English language is adopted as the chief instrument with which we may fight our way into the world. What is the result then?

Now English is the embodiment of the thought and feeling of the Anglo-Saxon race. Its literature, its legends, its fairy tales are the faith and fancies of the race. It contains the profoundest human feeling and intelligence. No wonder that the Japanese are great admirers of Anglo-Saxon people. Your love of liberty, your sentiment of righteousness has deeply affected the Japanese mind. We are always imitators of your customs and manners, we are disciples of your spirit and principles.

But, to my great regret, there has occurred an anti-Japanese agitation in California. The trouble seems growing ever more serious. There is even an ominous cry of war between the two nations. What an absurd notion! Some sensational newsmongers may have created it. But to me such a rumor seems to be nothing more than a dream of a fool. There will be no war. We know too much of America—thanks to the study of the English language—but we fear the American people are too ignorant of Japan. The real condition of

our country and the peaceful intention of our people are little known among the Americans. If there were as many Americans who study the Japanese language as there are Japanese who study the English language, or if there were Americans who take half as much interest in the study of Japanese as they do in French or German, no such complication would occur. But this can't be expected from the Americans. It is unkind to compel the Americans to study Japanese. It is not your fault then but ours. We Japanese students of English should endeavor to make known our own life and thought to the world. Yes, we feel it our duty to introduce ourselves among the people of the world. But English is a hard language. It is especially so for us Orientals, whose languages have no similarity in their derivation of words and their construction of sentences, with the occidental languages. But we must overcome this difficulty or we have no means to express ourselves.

Since Japan was first introduced by Marco Polo among European nations very many books have been written about our country. And we find these books usually contain beautiful opinions of us—a charming innocent people of the East—a country of fine arts, pretty flowers, picturesque mountains and rivers. They are all right. But now when our nation has grown to be a power in the world their attitude toward us is not always so favorable. Sometimes we read such provoking articles that we could not bear without saying a word in way of vindication. But we couldn't write English, though there were lots of us who could read or speak it. The deficiency of this capacity of writing allowed the Europeans or Americans to do as they liked. We were just like a people who did not send our members to the "Anglo-Saxon Parliament" (if we say so the English speaking communities) to represent ourselves.

We must study English with might and main and try to express the true significance of our civilization.

CHIVALRY.

BY VAN TWILLER.

Chivalry or knighthood was an institution common to Europe during the middle ages. It had principally for its object the correction of evils peculiar to the social system which then existed. At that time the feudal system prevailed, the disorders flowing from which, connected with the ignorance and barbarism of the people, rendered some such institution as chivalry absolutely necessary. It would hardly be correct to say that chivalry was co-existent with feudalism. Yet each, in all its forms and influences, would have been an impossibility without the other. Chivalry restrained feudal despotism, injustice and greed. It was a support to the weak, a protection to the oppressed, and a restraint to the lawless. It sought most of all to maintain the rights and defend the purity of women. It combined in its elements honor, courtesy, love and religion.

It is impossible to tell the exact time when these elements were framed into a system of thought and action. It was a growth of many years, each year contributing its mite to the immense structure. We know, however, that knighthood was a distinction of society before the days of Charlemagne, but in those days it was destitute of religion. In fact, it could hardly be called a regular institution until it took to itself religious rites. From the days of Charlemagne religion was reverenced by the knights, yet religious rites were not introduced into the order until about a century later.

No institution of its time so absolutely dominated Europe as chivalry. Yet it flourished most in Spain, France and Germany. Its earliest developments were in these countries. England was, however, finally distinguished for her chivalry.

1. The Degrees of Chivalry. In chivalry there were three degrees: Esquires, knights, and knights bannarets.

The first step in the ascending series was the 'squirehood. This rank was composed of a body of efficient soldiers, inferior to the knights, but superior to the regular men-at-arms. Many knights remained in this station during their entire military career. But the most numerous of chivalric heroes were the knights. The general qualification for knighthood was a noble and gentle birth, which signified a state of independence. There was no fixed amount of estate (as some maintain there was) necessary for knighthood. Yet it was a very costly dignity and many, for this reason, were forced to forego it. It was sometimes bestowed as an honor upon the nobility and gentry, still it never lost its character of being a reward for merit. Before a soldier could be classed as a knights bannaret, he must have passed through the ranks of esquire and knight. He must also have served many years in war and with distinction, having under his command a large band of men-at-arms and other soldiers. The privileges of knights bannarets were considerable. They fought under the standard of no baron, but fought under their own. They had equal authority with the barons, even on their own (the barons') estate. Their authority was more extended in that they were not bound to any estate.

2. The Education of a Knight. The place of a knight's education was sometimes a school appointed by the nobles of the country, but most frequently the nobleman's own castle. This education began at the early age of seven or eight. For the first seven years the duties of the boy were chiefly personal. Among the first lessons he learned were those of obedience and usefulness. He attended upon his lord and was taught the dignity and beauty of such service. What intellectual and moral training the boy received was given by the ladies. They taught him the catechism and the arts of love. He was taught to regard some lady of the court as a type of the future mistress of his heart; to her he was dutiful, faithful, and courteous. He was taught by all to regard chivalry

and its honors as the chief ambition of his life. During the first period of training the boy was called a valet, damoisean or a page. In the old English ballads he is called a child. There were often several of these in the same castle, but each had his respective domestic duties, which are beautifully told in the following lines of Spenser:

"There fairly them receives a gentle squire,
Of mild demeanor and rare courtesy
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
In word and deed that show'd great modesty,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
High reverence. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat, no courting nicety,
But simple, true, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squire so great persons to greet."

The softer employments Chaucer delightfully portrays:

"Singing he was floyting all the day,
He was as fresh as in the month of May.
He could songs make, and well endite,
Just and eke dance and well pourtraie and write;
So hote he loved, that by nighterdale
He slept no more than doth the nightingale."

Here he learned to endure hardships, and ride a horse with great ease. Of a genuine knight it could truthfully be said,

"Wel could he sit on horse and fair ride."

3. The Inauguration of a Knight. When a squire reached the age of twenty-one the full dignity of knighthood was conferred upon him. The ceremonies of inauguration were conducted in a very solemn manner. The candidate was clothed in a white gown, symbolical of the purity of his character. Over this was thrown a red garment which marked his resolution to shed his blood in the cause of heaven. Prayer, confession, and fasting was made. When the day of inauguration came the youth appeared in a church or hall and presented his sword to the priest who blessed it. While the priest held the sword the candidate

took the oath of chivalry, which consisted in his vow to defend the church, fight the wicked, respect the priesthood, protect women, defend the poor, and to shed his blood even to the last drop in defense of his country and brethren. After this was done all the outward marks of chivalry were conferred upon him. This was usually done by the ladies of the court. The spur was put on first and the sword was belted on last. The last act of the ceremony was given by the lord in whose house the knight had been trained. This was a slight blow upon the neck, and was thus called the accolade. Then he was proclaimed knight by his lord in the name of God and all the saints.

4. The Equipment of a Knight. A good horse was a knight's peculiar pride. Great skill in managing the animal was deemed worthy of every effort. His offensive instruments consisted of a lance, sword, battle-axe, dagger, and maces. His defensive instruments consisted of his shield and helmet, his body harness made of plates of steel. A long flowing robe extending to the heels constituted the dress of a knight.

5. The Chivalric Character. No one can read the thrilling stories of the faithful knight without feeling a bit of reverence for his manly character. The very strongest bonds of fraternity united him with every one of his fellows. The knights were not only "companions in arms," but they were companions in every relation of life.

> "From this day forward ever mo,
> Neither fail, neither weal or wo
> To help other at need.
> Brother be now true to me,
> And I shall be as true to thee."

A knight had such an ardent thirst for renown that he would sometimes tempt heights of heroism, and engage in the excursion of impossibilities. We all remember the story of the young knights who, during the reign of Edward III, bound up one of their eyes with a silk ribbon and swore

before their lady-love (and the peacocks) that they would not see with both eyes until they had accomplished certain deeds of arms in France. However much a knight loved fame, he never praised himself or vaunted his own deeds. He was humble and meek.

"And of his part as meek as is a maid."

It was no honor to a knight to make war against the defenseless; yet being imbued with religion, he was ruthless towards the infidel or heretic. Against them he knew no defense except the sword, which he "thrust into the belly of an heretic as far as it would go." The knight always performed his vow, even if it cost him his life. All thought that no one could be pious who was not courteous. Likewise they did not behave unseemly.

6. The Chivalric Lady-love.

"A woman plays a part in everything
And so does she in chivalry."

This sketch would not be complete without a word about the lady-love. She was educated very much in the same way the page was. One extra duty was required of her and that was a knowledge of medicine, so that she could take care of her wounded knight. She was taught to repeat the prayers of the church and sing a piece of poetry. In this singular system of manners love was, next to religion, the most influential principle. It seems to me that the true knight was nearer a personification of love than the poets and romancers have ever dreamed he was. The fair object of his passion reigned in his heart in absolute dominion.

"What thing she bid me do, I do,
And where she bid me go, I go."

We boast of reverence and regard for women, but the age of chivalry has never been excelled in this respect. Even were she on the side of the enemy a true knight would never encroach upon the rights of a woman. It is told of the Em-

peror Conrad, after refusing all terms of capitulation to the garrison of Winnisberg, he, true to the chivalric spirit, permitted the women to depart with such of their precious effects as they saw fit to carry with them. Then the gates were thrown open and a long procession of matrons marched out through the applauding multitude, each bearing a father or a brother on her shoulders.

7. The Significance of Chivalry. Chivalry was in many respects a whimsical institution, but it well suited the age in which it arose and flourished. It was without doubt the best system that could have been adopted, to aid the improvement of the manners and morality of the people. A moral conscience, in the modern sense of that term, was absolutely unknown in those days. Morality had no value within itself—it was only useful so far as it was related to something else. This something else was chivalry, which kept alive a reverence for things sacred and beautiful. The practice of chivalry, as almost everything else, was never quite so good as its theory. Yet it softened the feelings, rendered popular courteous service, and deified those who acted the hero. Fosterng these sentiments was a service the value of which can never be over-estimated, especially when humanity was in its marvelous age of transition. When the old things are fast passing away and the charm of new things break upon the vision, men often lose the power to feel deeply, act kindly and live heroically. We should be grateful to chivalry for preservng this power in the life of its age.

H. E. SPENCE, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
HOLLAND HOLTON, - - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

That the Student Conference of the North Carolina Y. M. C. A. recently held here was a success admits of no doubt. It was well attended and the various meetings were very profitable. But aside from the information gained as to the proper methods of work and the secrets of success, another valuable result was the fellowship of the men from various institutions. In the reception given by the college to the visitors the feeling of fellowship was manifested in a high degree. College songs and yells arose from all sides, each heart thrilled with love for its own alma mater, and yet there was a common tie that bound all hearts together,—they were all students with a common aim: that of developing strong, pure manhood.

This feeling of fellowship is very commendable. Too long there has existed among the colleges of our commonwealth a spirit of rivalry and jealousy which in some cases develops into hatred. The state school looks down upon the church school, and this in turn belittles the state school. The spirit of rivalry causes men to oppose other institutions, speak detrimental to their interests, and often excites students to such a state of envy that in contests of various sorts bad blood is shown and strife results.

Such relations between institutions are deplorable. We believe in rivalry—such rivalry as causes each school to try

to place its banner above all others in the various lines of college activity. Let the race be hard and the battle fierce. In athletics in a pure, clean, manly way let the fight be hard and win if you can, but let there be no unkind, unfair dealings, and when the contest is done strike hands and be brothers. All college men should have the spirit of forbearance and fraternalism. A great responsibility is upon them to bear the burdens of their commonwealth. There will be enough failure in their fight against ignorance at the best, without a useless struggle among themselves. The world will misjudge and misunderstand them in their efforts and this should only increase their sympathy for each other and help them bear each other's burdens.

The address by Mr. Henry A. Page on the evening of Washington's birthday struck a note which cannot easily be sounded too often. It was essentially an appeal to the young men of the South to seek the welfare of their section by heeding its call to creative work—especially in manufacturing. In other words, it was a call to activity as opposed to idleness—however scholarly that idleness may appear. In fact, Mr. Page seemed to have somewhat of an idea that scholarship itself was intended to enable a man better to fill a place in the world of activity instead of unfitting him for everything except one of the so-called learned professions. We trust the idea was not altogether startling—especially to the '9019" organization, under whose auspices the lecture was given. That body is known by its primary purpose: "to promote scholarship in Trinity College, to encourage our members to seek to attain it in their chosen field of study, and to show an appreciation of any worthy attainment in those fields." It would indeed be a pity if so fair-spoken an order should have been disappointed in its speaker, if it

should have expected a eulogy on the bookworm and got one on the manufacturer instead.

If such were the case we would say that the scholarship organization received bread when it asked for a stone. The fact is, scholarship is too often understood in college merely as bookwormish attendance upon lectures, as mere learning for its own sake, as the mere ability to make grades from 90 up; while as a matter of fact these are but the incidentals and crude symbols of the true scholarship; banknotes representing the gold, and oftentimes forged banknotes at that. It is when this bad money drives out the good that we have the outcry against education and schooling in general. It was against that false scholarship that Byron leveled his bitter shaft:

> "Knowledge is not happiness, and science
> But an exchange of ignorance for this
> Which is another kind of ignorance."

There is another ideal than that. True scholarship does not necessarily belong altogether or even in part to the man who is merely eminent in learning or of high attainment in literature or science. The man learned in books only, the pedant, the bookish theorist, cannot be taken as an ideal. Never a truer saying was uttered than that of the old sage: "Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without labor is perilous." True scholarship shows itself more in life than in precept, more in firmness of will, mastery of passions, and in the whirl of activity than in the beauty of speech. *The true scholar is the man who thinks and feels and, above all, acts in the light of the knowledge that he has acquired.* It is a false scholarship indeed that, in order to widen the outlook, takes the subject so far above the scene of action that he ceases to be a part of it. It is a false scholarship which, in order to broaden the stream of ideas, renders the man himself shallow and heartless. It is a false

scholarship that merely inspects, compares, weighs, separates, and speculates.

The scholarship that means anything exercises these faculties not as ends, but as means to seize the right and hold it to the last. Education is not a glass to magnify one phase of life at the expense of the others, but to enable men to see it all steadily and see it whole. It comes not to render men mere spectators in the world's battles, but to prepare them to fight all the more effectively in them. The true scholar does his work in the spirit best expressed by Dr. Abbott:

"Endowment of power is equipment for service."

H.

ANNIE E. TILLETT, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The recent biography of Emerson, by Edward Woodberry, makes the fourth American in the English Men of Letters series. This is an interesting sketch of Emerson's life, his work, and the influences and environment with which he was surrounded. Dr. Woodberry shows us that Emerson was, above all, a moralist, with the temperament and imagination of a poet. He gives us his estimation of Emerson's poetry and philosophy, and in such a light as Dr. Woodberry shows our Emerson are we willing to have the world view him.

A book which clearly depicts for us the typical Athenian life in its social and political aspects in classical times, is Mr. T. G. Tucker's "Life in Ancient Athens." Mr. Tucker has confined himself to the life of Athens, and he gives chapters on the house and its furniture, woman's life, the education of boys, citizenship, naval and military affairs, and other topics of interest and importance. This book is equally as good and in a different way as interesting as Mahaffy's "Social Life in Greece."

Preparations are being made for the most elaborate Shakspere festival yet held, to take place at Stratford-on-Avon next April. The performance of Shakspere's plays will be of unusual interest. The season will extend over three weeks, beginning April 22. Then may also be seen at Stratford-on-Avon a great historical pageant, with singing pilgrims carrying offerings to Shakspere's tomb, during which a Shaksperean anthem will be sung.

The May number of The World's Work is to be devoted exclusively to the South. Mr. Walter H. Page, the editor, has been in the South for sometime collecting material for this number. He will show how farming pays and "pays big" in the South. There will be maps and photographs of the sources of wealth and the great chances for manufactures will be spoken of. The purpose of this number of The World's Work is to encourage the immigration of needed classes to the South and to get skilled and wealthy men interested in her resources.

In the Sewanee Review of January is published the address of Dr. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, on Charles D. McIver, delivered at the Memorial Exercises at Greensboro, North Carolina, November 20, 1906. No one knew Dr. McIver better or longer than did Dr. Alderman, and tribute from such a good friend, a tribute which gives "a clear, high story of human idealism and human achievement" of this great statesman should touch the heart of the great number of North Carolinians who knew and loved Dr. McIver.

George Meredith, probably the most famous living prose writer of England, has just celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday. He published his last prose work in 1895 and it seems he intends to write no more novels.

While simplified spelling is so much talked Owen Wister has written a story about it. This story, "How Doth the Simple Spelling Bee Impruv Each Shining Ower," has just been published by the Macmillan Company.

The second volume of "A Literary History of the English People," by J. J. Jusserand, has been published. Mr. Jusserand is the French ambassador at Washington, and is an intimate friend of President Roosevelt. He is an earnest student of English literature and is well fitted for his

task. This volume covers the time from the Renaissance to the Civil War. It is "a work of solid merit and a valuable contribution to the history of English literature."

The publication of the "Court Book of the Virginia Company" has placed in the reach of students of history one of the most valuable manuscripts in the United States. This is not a story of the Virginia Company from its beginning in 1606, but from 1619 on. The early records have been lost. From this document the student may get a clear idea of the motives of the colonists and their ideas of government. Miss Kingsbury, the editor, has given a very good critical introduction.

All that was possible to be found about his subject Mr. John H. Hazleton has found and used in his book, "The Declaration of Independence." He brings in memoirs, letters, state papers and such. It is by far our best work on the Declaration of Independence, though his discussion of the Mecklenburg Declaration, in light of late evidence, is not so good.

JOHN W. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Among the better college literary monthlies of the South there has grown up a tendency to extol the noble qualities and virtues of the old heroes of the South, and to hold their lives and characters up to the youth of the South for study and inspiration. This is quite a worthy movement, when gone about with earnestness and effort. The South is none too rich in historical writing. By the convergence of several hundred men from many different sections, to one center, a college magazine should have a rich field to draw from; and many valuable and interesting bits of local and national history may be gleaned from their dust-covered hiding places, which might otherwise be lost.

So it is with a great deal of satisfaction that we take up the University of Virginia Magazine for January. It is a Lee number from cover to cover; to commemorate the ninety-eighth anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee. There are more than a half dozen personal and unpublished letters of Lee contained in this issue, and every line of them reveals to us more and more the grandly simple character of the South's great hero. Besides, they are models of grace and style and show an elegance of literary diction that is exceeded by few writers of English prose today. One of these letters written in 1869, in which General Lee discusses the question of supplying labor to the reconstructed South, anticipates some of our national ills today. After speaking of the material injury to the country and her institutions which

would be caused by the importation of Chinese or Japanese labor, Lee writes:

"We not only want reliable laborers, but good citizens, whose interests and feelings would be in unison with our own."

The articles on "Lee the Soldier," "Lee the Student," "Lee the Peacemaker," and "Lee the Man," are all well written, and are valuable contributions as sidelights on the character of this great man. Two other original articles impressively show the great gloom that fell upon the State of Virginia and the entire South when Lee died. In Leon Rutledge Whipple, the University of Virginia has a poet of the first magnitude among college poets. I quote three lines from his sonnet to General Lee:

> You loved, forgave, forgiving fought no more,
> And your defeat was turned to victory,
> For in your heart dwelt One from Galilee."

The editors of the University of Virginia Magazine are to be congratulated on their industry in gathering up such an excellent number. It is a great credit to the institution, as well as a valuable historical document.

The Vanderbilt Observer is also a Lee Memorial number. It strikes the keynote to the greatness of Lee in the dedication:

"To
Robert E. Lee,
whose beauty of character,
whose simple Christian faith, and whose
pure, unstained manhood
rises from the shadows of the past
as an inspiration
to coming generations of
the young manhood of the South,
this memorial number is
respectfully dedicated."

The first article is on "Robert Edward Lee—Gentleman." It is a finely written short essay. It recalls to the Exchange Editor's mind the words of Cromwell: "I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a gentleman and is nothing else. I honor a gentleman that is so indeed." After all, then, it is their life of simple grandeur, their pure, unsullied manhood, and above all their sincere faith in God and their high conception of duty that makes men like Lee and Lincoln the ideals of American citizenship. Emerson, I believe it is, who said that a great man had nothing to conceal. So it is with the Christian gentleman—Lee. We marvel, in studying his life, at his grandly simple faith, and the college magazines of the South are doing a great work in bringing us to a higher conception of his life and character.

There are two very good pieces of fiction in this issue of the Observer. We must confess, however, that in "The Twilights," the writer has tackled a very delicate subject, and one which might well call forth the very best efforts of the author of "The Choir Invisible." A boy leaves his backwoods home for the city, leaving his love behind him, who promises to be ever faithful. Twelve years later he is a man of mark and fine education; she is still within the bounds of her backwoods home. The great question is, Shall he go to the woman who has remained faithful to him? But love rules all and he marries this woman, far below his station in life, and refuses the offer which would bring him into the most prominent society. I say this is a delicate subject to deal with—so it is, all marriages in disparagement are. This was what came very near breaking up Jackson's cabinet, and has wrought havoc in all ages. More explanation would not have been inadmissible here. "A Christmas Incident" is an excellent short story. Here, a young fellow had resigned himself to an unhappy Christmas in a large city,

many miles from his home and kindred, hurling many opprobrious words at Fate and Providence. Of course it is bleak outside. But he steps out into the street and Scrooge's ghost comes to him, in a beautiful shape though, and Christmas ends with a happy Fezziwig's ball.

The University of North Carolina Magazine is one of our best exchanges. The sketch of Colonel William L. Saunders is a short biography of one of the State's greatest citizens, whom many North Carolinians had perhaps never heard of, or perhaps forgotten. "Two Public Needs of North Carolina" is a very thoughtful article from the pen of Professor R. D. W. Connor, and should be read by every public-spirited citizen of the State. "No men," he says, "can safely be trusted with the control of the Present who are ignorant of the Past; and no people who are indifferent to their Past need hope to make the Future great." And then he makes a great plea for more care in the preservation of our historical documents. He points out what an anomaly it is in our character as a people to be so proud of an honorable history, and yet so careless of its preservation. As an illustration of this, he cites the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. How proud we are of it, and yet what trouble we have in proving its authenticity. Many valuable records, letters, and documents are moldering right now and liable to be lost for want of proper care in preserving them. Professor Connor makes a plea for a fireproof building built by the State for the storing away of these valuable documents; and in the second place, he pleads for the proper collecting, editing and publishing of all these historical papers. He suggests that a State Department of Archives and Records be created.

These suggestions of Professor Connor are very timely and should be considered very seriously. If we desire to elucidate our history, to make any claim to historical or literary reputation, we must look to the care and preservation of all historical resources. In this respect North Caro-

lina is far behind the New England States, and we all are far behind England and Scotland with their inspiring ballads handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. We would like to reiterate what we said in the beginning, that in this work colleges and college magazines can play a very important part.

"Saunders, Amateur Motor Expert," in the University of North Carolina Magazine, is a neat sketch concerning that eccentric but fast growing and important set of men, the automobile expert or chauffeur. This is one of many good stories that may be written about them. First of all because they are usually an intelligent class of men—mostly Germans in the large cities—and secondly, because of their proximity to us. Because of our close association with him, because of his intense interest in this make of machine, which to him is as a best friend, because of his intelligence, because of his extreme politeness and his delightful bashfulness when the young lady of school girl age speaks to him, because of the curiosity to get at his history or his sympathies, the chauffeur, I say, is an interesting subject for rich and idle hands to write about.

We congratulate the editors of the Hampton-Sidney Magazine and the Emory Phœnix on getting out good editions for January.

We acknowledge receipt of the Criterion, Harvard Monthly, Roanoke Collegian, The Haverfordian, College Message, Converse Concept, Transylvanian, Buff and Blue, St. Mary's Muse, Ouachita Ripples, Erskinian, Central Collegian, Aurora, Clemson College Chronicle, The Collegian, Furman Echo, Guilford Collegian, The Tattler, South Carolina College Magazine, The McMaster University Monthly, Wofford College Journal, Emory Phœnix, Southwestern University Magazine, The Ivy, Emory and Henry Era, and The University Cynic.

TRINITY COLLEGE
NO CAROLINA

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1907.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to H. E. SPENCE, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to F. R. WRENN, Business Manager.

C. M. CAMPBELL, JR., }
MITCHELL B. WADDILL, } - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

(A Drama.)

ACT I.

SCENE—An upper room in the College Big House. Time, midnight, March 31st. Personæ, President and lesser Satellites.

PRESIDENT *(rising, at the same time a death-like stillness pervades the august assembly)*:

In sooth I know not why it is so bad;
It worries me, you say it worries you!

But where they caught it, found it, or came by it
I am to learn.
In such an awful puddle is my head
I scarcely think I even know myself,
And in the solemn stillness of the night
I call once more ye lofty potentates
To contemplate upon this serious thing.
For every Senior 'neath this college dome
Has lost the sacred love of toilsome tasks
And free from care doth hold the college world
A stage where every man may play the fool
And that not arduous.
Tell me learned ones
Where hath the glory of the Senior gone?
What theory can you give that will explain?
What science, logic or philosophy
Explains the stupid slumber of the class?

(All shake their heads despairingly).

Nor they alone, the under-classmen too,
Perhaps because example is not set
By their superiors, flounder listlessly.
The Freshman glows no longer green as grass;
The Soph in midnight mission ever fails,
And for the Juniors, ah! with horror shrinks
My soul aghast whene'er I think of them!
They have no energy except to dress,
Their one ambition is the dough to spend.
The sole oasis in that desert class,
Since they their constitution did destroy,
Hath been one single footrace 'twixt two men
Who over-charged with life burst from the ranks
Of creeping classmates, and in three short hours
Did sprint the distance of a hundred yards.
Why is this lazy languor in the air?

Why sits the Senior like a marble bust,
Asleep while wake? Sir Drama Prof. dost think
That they "a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wondrous gravity, profound conceit
As who should say: "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark?' "

Drama Professor *(smiling smally)*:

If to know were as easy as to know that there's aught to be known
Freshmen would be Seniors and Ph. D.'s would grow in prep-schools.
Your query, I think, is past all mortal knowledge. The brain cannot devise laws for the blood, a love-filled heart may evaporate in a blizzard, while a careless soul may congeal in an August sun.
But perhaps we are mistaken. Let us hear from my colleague of the Chair of Literature.

Professor of Literature *(whiskers glowing in enthusiasm)*:

The secret is, I think, self-evident,
" 'Tis life whereof their nerves are scant
More life and fuller that they want."
And could this life but come into their souls,
Could but their souls respond to master thoughts
The problem would be solved. Their *eyes are good,*
They see the vital lines, but will not quote.
They catch the glimpses of the mountain heights
They hear the roaring of the billowy seas
And yet the mountain paths are far too rough;
The billows threaten with a watery grave,
And so they sit in blank stupidity—
I know not why.

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY:

I see the reason clear
For thou didst read the Lotos-eater song,
They caught the drowsy charms, the soothing tones,
They saw the sun too indolent to set,
They stretched their weary limbs upon the sand
They ate the lotos fruits—

PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE *(interrupting him excitedly)*:

Thou wrong'st me, sire,
Yet thy suggestion brings a thought to me
Ideal Philosophy hath turned their minds
For thou hast taught them that this world of forms
Is but a pilgrim's journey with no goal;
That o'er the roaring billows is no rest,
In climbing mountain tops there is no gain,
That life is but the chasing of a gleam
Without beginning, and the end is void,
And though the way be hard and fierce the strife
The only recompense is strife itself—
Why should they strive and follow knowledge then
If knowledge fail, and life have no reward?

PROFESSOR OF PEDAGOGY:

I'm not so sure my lords that we are right
I don't believe the devil yet is dead.
The class-room work, I will admit, is bum.
But college spirit hath not lost its force,
For in the lonely hours of the night,
Although we've banished hazing from our midst
(An unwise step I am inclined to think,
For in my college days we hazed at will
And college spirit always was at flood!)
I hear the most unearthly, screeching noises
From gosling voice and megaphone and fife.

Professor of Greek *(arising quickly):*

I really cannot help but think, my peers,
That largely lies the fault within ourselves.
Boys will be boys and when you curb the boy
The spirit dies within his boyish heart.
Perhaps a slight remembrance will recall
The ways we've curbed them, drove their football out,
Allowed an annual but forbade a joke.
And pressed their freedom while we freed the press.
Allowed free thought but whispered "think it low,"
And curbed their spirit till their spirit died.

Professor of Esperanto *(lisping sweetly):*

I really *can't* accept such narrow views
I do not doubt with us the trouble lies,
But 'tis because ourselves we have forgot,
Forgot our pomp and former dignity;
And act as though we were but common men.
And there are those of you within our midst
Who take an interest in the students' life,
And deign to notice them as though they felt,
Had human hearts and needed sympathy.
By giving aid you do them injury.
For self-dependence is the law of strength
And character is formed in solitude;
And only they who learn to stand alone
Without dependence on their fellow-men,
With hearts that beat ambitious and survive
All jeers and taunts, disdain and wilful snubs,
Can ever hope to breast the sea of life.
By aiding them our efforts you defeat.
By this I think you harm their leaders, too—
The few unfortunates whose evil star
Upon their shoulders placed the heavy load—
For if they dare to look to you for help

Their fellow students, knowing that the work
Will sure succeed regardless of their aid
Will all neglect them with the brunt to bear
Nor write an essay, story, joke or song
Nor e'er give a sympathizing word
And in no way will reach a helping hand
But let them bear their burdens all alone.
'Tis true 'tis for the honor of the class
'Tis true the college record is at stake,
But 'tis their business, for it were they chose
So let them do the tasks to them assigned.
And if we but refuse to give them aid
Mayhap remorse will overcome their minds
And after much persuasion they perchance
Will write a line or two—

PROFESSOR OF PEDAGOGY *(interrupting excitedly)*:

Don't talk all night
You've said enough, you've said it all, I think,
And told the truth. They tell me noble peers
That some of you to student rallies go
Occasionally attend society
Or even some religious exercise,
I must avow I am ashamed of you.
I never would so far forget myself
And stoop so low beneath my dignity.
But when I name religion, I recall
A tale narrated in the scripture book
Which tells that when complaints were made by those
In bondage, that instead of light'ning tasks
The masters took away the needful straw
And thus increased their burdens, yet they grew
And waxed more noble, aided by their toil.
I trust the application you will see.

Professor of Latin *(speaking in dignified and solemn tones):*

"The devil can cite scripture to his purpose"
(Yet to the devil no offense was meant)
My lords, I think the fault is with the age
And not the students. In the early years
Of college life a practice they acquire
Of shunning work, and making shams of real;
For oft translations come with ready tongues
Yet in construction how those tongues grow dumb,
And nouns have tense, while verbs are vocative
And dire confusion fills the Latin world.
For yellow journalism spoils my work
And Jack-translations thwart my noblest plans
And thus they learn to sham, and slubber work.

Professor of Golly-whoppers:

I quite agree, the fault is with the age
The hand of sham is placed on everything;
The best and fairest of the students sham
Feign dread of mice while using monstrous rats,
Make freckles fair with powder's magic touch
Distort the cheek to make the dimple show.
Of fault the boarding houses have their share.
The so-called porter-house is from the neck
That bore the yoke of toil these many years.
'Twas yester-eve while strolling with my class
I found a fossil rare, or so I thought,
And thought with hammer blow to fracture it
And classify. It thwarted my attempts,
I turned an X-ray's light upon it then
And found no fossil, but a piece of flesh.
By liquefied air-treatment I at last
Detached some tiny bits, when I beheld
A piece of breakfast steak. And then the milk

So pale and blue and chalky, butter too
Is far removed from kinship with the cow
Its one redeeming feature is its strength.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY *(clasping his hands nervously)*:

My brother scientist, you're far from wrong
You've *grasped* the idea, have the concept clear
The milk is H O H+H^2O,
The butter stuff I cannot analyze.
They can't dine thus and keep their energy.
And yet methinks I see another cause:
We give not full attention as of yore
To rouse their spirits, urge them to their work.
For some of us are old and bowed with care
While others, having changed their state of life,
Now toil with *little* troubles of their own.

PROFESSOR OF ANARCHY:

I must protest. I pile it thick and fast
Upon their lazy heads. 'Tis not my fault
If they do not support their magazine.
I give them each and all a paper long
And thus afford them practice with the pen.

COLLECTOR:

I do my part, collect at every chance
For light, for heat and room-rent, broken doors,
And windows too, Commencement fees from all,
Library fee and for gymnasium, too,
Although the ladies never get their share
I think *my* duty *I* perform complete.

PRESIDENT *(rising indignantly)*:

My fellow-workers, ye have done your part,
Let not remorse and anguish fill your breasts,
For these long years we worked and toiled in vain,

Have watched for fruit but only leaves have gained.
We've made them on the gym attend, and bathe,
Required that all of them to chapel go;
Have furnished lady students to inspire,
And yet they have no spirit and no life.
The bird that hath a voice and will not sing
Must first persuaded be, and then compelled.
Increase the tasks and make their burdens more,
Arouse some college life at any cost,
Drive them with fury till a brain-storm rise,
For better madness than this lethargy.
Think master minds devise some potent plan
By which we may again arouse this folk
And cry, "Awake, arise or get forever gone!"

Professor of Drama:

"The quality of mercy is not strained,"
It falleth like a pail of dirty slops
Which hits the boss o'er-seer in the neck
And cools his body while it heats his wrath.
I pray you, gentle sirs, more lenient be
Upon these men, they have *my* sympathy.
The weather is the secret of it all,
The birds are flitting gayly in the trees,
The little lambkins gambol in their joy,
All nature calls for love and joy and ease,
The twinkling stars proclaim the name of love,
The zephyr breezes waft a breath of love,
The feathered songster chirps his notes of love,
The rippling brooklet gently murmurs 'love,'
The little vi'lets whisper softly love,
The silver moonbeams fill the soul with love,
The lovely maidens? Who can help but love?
For nature everywhere inspires to love.
I too recall the rosy age of youth,

The nameless longings of a lover's heart,
And thus recalling them, I sympathize.
"Old as I am, for woman's love unfit
The power of beauty I remember yet."
I therefore pray your mercy—

(All in concert):

Hark, what's that!

(A general confusion, then a shrill yelling).

Awake! get up! the building is on fire,
Fi-er, fi-er! get up, you'll burn to death,
Out, Freshman, quick! Lie still, then, you won't burn,
Fire! fi-er! fi-er! Good golly, boys,
Say, give me some advice, what shall I do?

(Faculty stand horror-stricken for a moment, with lips ashy white. Professor of pedagogy starts to pray. Then they come flying downstairs, coat-tails flying, taking three steps at a time, some sliding the railing, only to find an April-fool joke.)

PROFESSOR OF PEDAGOGY:

I told you that the devil wasn't dead,
What think you, sirs, of college spirit now?
Faculty in concert, ! ! ! ? ? ? ! ! — — —

SOME BIOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

BY J. M. TEMPLETON, JR.

A history of the science of Biology—a science which professes to deal with life or living organisms—would, like a history of its sister sciences, Physics and Chemistry, lead back to an origin in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The processes of observation and generalization, working in its two great divisions, plant life, or Botany, and animal life, or Zoölogy, had accumulated, when Linnæus closed his work in them in the first half of the eighteenth century, a body of systematized knowledge which since that time has stood alone. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, the redistributions of matter and energy in this field of phenomena were generalized on the principle of evolution; a doctrine which bears the relation to Biology that the atomic theory does to Chemistry, and the law of the conservation of matter and energy does to Physics. Towards the middle of this nineteenth century the doctrine of Evolution received a more rational formulation at the hands of Darwin; and Biology also found the unit with which it deals in both plant and animal life, namely, the cell.

For convenience the phenomena presented by living organisms, or plants and animals, as structure, function and development are treated from the standpoints of Morphology, or the form and change of organs; of Physiology, or the functioning of those organs; and of Ecology, or the relation of individual plants and animals to their environment. So much for a suggestion of the history and scope of this science.

In valuing any department of knowledge, there are two interests which should be borne in mind: first, what is the use of the information imparted? secondly, does the acquisition of these facts train or discipline the mind? My purpose is to show that Biology appeals both to the interest which leads

us to acquire useful knowledge, and to the one that leads us to discipline our minds.

First, let us look at it from the standpoint of the utility of some of its truths. It seems to me that from this standpoint it should interest us in two directions: one of these is what I call a general or cultural interest, i. e., the appeal it makes to us as seekers for what is usually called education, education in the sense which implies an acquaintance with the thought of the world; the other interest I call practical, practical in the sense that it leads us to seek anything which fits us to perform life's activities better. Taking up our cultural interest, I say that as educated men and women we should be able to think in a scientific way of the plants and animals which form such an intimate part of our life. We should at least understand such general biological facts as that about all the plants we see are spermatophytes, and about all the animals we meet with are vertebrates. Since such desiderata are not yet realized, I must say that the chief characteristics of a spermatophyte is that it is propagated by seed, and a vertebrate is an animal with a backbone.

Again, this interest makes us desire to keep abreast of the thought of our time. And to do this we should be acquainted with the principle called Evolution, which within less than fifty years has practically revolutionized our thought,—certainly all science dealing with living organisms,—and which bears somewhat the same relation to Science that idealism does to Philosophy; indeed, I believe Messrs. Clifford, Huxley, and Spencer have carried the theory into the field of Philosophy. To give you a suggestion of how evolution is taking hold of modern thought, I call your attention to the fact that the text-books used here in our courses in Psychology, History, Economics, Sociology, and Philosophy, not to mention Biology, accept and use it. Now Biology is the place to get first-hand acquaintance with Evolution; it is most evident among its phenomena; it was first observed by

a biologist; its greatest exponents, Darwin, Huxley, Wallace, Spencer, and Haeckel were biologists.

Furthermore, if Evolution be a true generalization, and it seems to be accepted as such by the leaders in modern thought, then we should have in addition to the interest leading us to desire to be abreast of modern thought, yet another interest in Biology. If evolution is true, then, as Mr. Darwin shows with so much probability of truth in his Descent of Man, our bodies and our mental and moral faculties are developments from some pre-human being. Hence, in an historical sense, animal life, being in a way *ours* in a very rudimentary form, has an interest for us.

For these reasons, namely, to have an intelligent conception of plant and animal life, to be acquainted with modern thought, and to know something of our race's history, we have, or should have, a general interest in biological facts.

I now come to our interest in some of the teachings of Biology, from what I called a practical standpoint, i. e., as they definitely help us to discharge life's duties. I can treat this more expeditiously by using Mr. Spencer's classification of life's activities as given in his work on education. Classed according to importance, life's activities are: first, those which directly minister to self-preservation; secondly, those which, by securing the necessaries of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation; thirdly, those whose end is the rearing and disciplining of offspring; fourthly, those involving proper political and social relations; fifthly, those concerned with the leisure part of life, which we will not consider.

To perform most efficiently those activities which minister directly to self-preservation, as nutrition, for example, requires, as I think all will concede, some knowledge, or at least use, of the facts of Physiology, which is a biological science. I venture the assertion that many of us would now be better off, if we and those who reared us had been ac-

quainted with practical Physiology. To mention only two of many cases in point, how much have we been handicapped as a result of improprieties in eating and exposure to extremes of temperature. Again, a general acquaintance on our part with physiology is important as giving the physican, and guardian of public health a basis on which to treat with us.

Activities which, by securing the means of a living, minister indirectly to self-preservation, or economic activities, come next. Of one group of these, the medical professions, dentistry, pharmacy, bacteriology, and medicine, I can make short work; they are special fields in the great field of Biology, and to them the fundamentals of the parent science are the *sine qua non.*

And Biology has much of practical use to those who are to be agriculturists or farmers, a most numerous and important class since it feeds the race. First, we observe that they deal with plants, the subject of one of the two divisions of Biology, namely, Botany. Of course farmers ought to have at least a general scientific grasp of the life with which they deal. As I understand it, this is what modern agricultural education gives. Again, a large part of a farmer's work is fertilizing. Now, one of the principal fertilizers or plant foods is nitrogen; and the farmer should know that the preparation of nitrogen for plants is done largely by bacteria, a low form of plant life. Further, these two departments of Biology that particularly concern the farmer, namely, Economic Botany, which deals with plants useful to man—in improving our seed, examples of which you will have tonight, it has rendered a great service; and Economic Zoölogy, which deals with animal life as affecting man, in ridding crops of insect and other pests, this science is doing serviceable work.

Yet another calling distinctly dependent on Biology for light, especially on its theoretical side, is teaching. Without doubt, biological laws have application here. We can see

this in recent articles on educational theory in the South Atlantic Quarterly, by Professors Payne and Heck; the latter says he bases his address on a belief in a universal evolutionary process. It seems that educational theory is based on what Professor James calls the biological conception of mind, i. e., the teleology of mutual processes is found in their utility in shaping our reactions on our environment; in Mr. Spencer's words, it consists in the adjustment of inner to outer relations. This involves the biological fact that adaptation is a universal characteristic of animal life. Of similar interest is this statement of Haeckel's, "Ontogeny, or the development (development both physically and mentally) of the individual is a shortened recapitulation of Phylogeny or the evolution of the race."

Brevity prevents me from going into our fourth division of life's activities, those of parent and citizen, further than to say that what was said, under the first division, of our need of knowing Physiology, and what was just said about the development of the individual, physically and mentally, being a shortened recapitulation of the development of the race—the parent should be interested in these facts.

These are not the only biological facts applicable to man. And there are other callings besides those in the medical sciences, farming and teaching, in which a knowledge of them may be put in practice. I would call the attention of those who expect to preach, practice law, be publicists, or deal with social phenomena—I call their attention to Mr. Spencer's statement that "without an acquaintance with the general truths of Biology . . . rational interpretation of social phenomena is impossible," and I refer them to our own course in Sociology for further corroborative evidence. I have already mentioned that Darwin, in his Descent of Man, shows with probability amounting almost to certainty that our mental and moral faculties differ in degree only from those of animals. I believe lawyers, preachers, and

publicists would be profited by a knowledge of Biology by finding there, if nothing else, at least illustrations and analogies applicable to human affairs; lessons could be drawn from such aspects of animal life as their homes and domestic habits, parasitism and degeneration, commensalism and symbiosis, or the fact that widely different animals live together to their mutual benefit. Is there no lesson to be drawn from this biological fact, that as we ascend in the animal scale, increasing care is given the young, and animals that take most care of their young are most successful in life?

In referring to degeneration by way of explanation, I pass to the second division of my subject, the value of the acquisition of the facts of Biology as mental discipline. Notwithstanding the intangibleness of this part of my topic, I think there is something for us here. If we are to believe Professor James, we cannot hope to improve the retentiveness of our minds by just using them in memorizing. But there is this to be said of the memorizing needed in Biology, it is systematized, i. e., there is a rational or causal relation running through it. Other faculties of mind, as judgment, are developed by this science, for, as pointed out, it is one of its laws that the use of an organ tends to develop it, and its disuse leads to degeneration: we have seen this illustrated when an arm becomes soft after lengthy disuse, and later becomes muscular by being exercised. According to this principle, when we strenuously use our judgment and other faculties in the processes of observation and generalization as is required to master this science, we develop them. To use one of Mr. Spencer's ideas we ought not to expect Nature to mar her beautiful economy by requiring us to acquire one sort of knowledge for its usefulness and to acquire another sort for the discipline it gives.

THE SENYIRE.

There was a crowd and it made its boast,
(Even as you and I),
'Twas the wisest gang and the strongest host,
From Freshman green to learned Post;
To its own bright wits it pledged its toast,
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the victories won in the days now done
By their brilliant head and hand!
They have made their record, they need not care.
Why for future fame they should ever care
They could not understand.

A crowd there was and it chose its men,
(Such men as you and I),
O'er monthly and weekly to wield the pen,
O'er glee club and ball team to superintend,
Yet never a helping hand did lend,
(To men such as you and I).

The glee club ailed and the press work failed
For lack of a helping hand,
And the team failed, too, of course you must know.
Why these things all failed the class didn't know
And did not understand!

The class was bright, as it loved to tell,
(Even as you and I),
Could pass without work it knew full well,
When exams came on they were fooled like—well,
A few of 'em passed, but most of 'em fell,
(Even as you and I).

And it's not that they couldn't, but just that they wouldn't,
That stamps with its shameful hand,
But with power to do they did not care,
And why they should ever work or care
They could never understand.

THE CALL OF THE WATERS.

BY "TOLLMANN."

The sun had long since disappeared in the west, but Karl Newgate still sat on the sand, looking wistfully out over the dark waters of the Atlantic. He was in his usual place, and everyone had become so accustomed to seeing him sitting thus at the close of day that no unusual attention was paid him. All around him were pleasure seekers who had come hither to break the monotony of life in the city, and to get a few weeks' benefit of the sea breezes, after so many spent in the close, unhealthy air of their homes. Karl, however, had come for an altogether different purpose, as anyone who would have taken trouble to examine might readily have learned. It was not the sea breezes which he desired so much, for he lived in the country and could get fresh, pure air all the year round; but the waters sang to him of one who was far away on their bosom or possibly, by this time, listening to their song on a distant shore.

Only ten days before, Karl had seen Lucile Benthal board one of those great ocean liners, bound for ports in Europe, whither her aunt was taking her for a few months' tour. With her went all that Karl Newgate held dear, for his mother and father had died when he was still very young. Since then he had lived as the ward of his uncle, who had allowed him to grow up very much as he pleased. His associates were not the best, and he soon became attached to drink. He early saw that he was burning out his life, but the demon had such a strong hold on him that he could not break its shackles.

In the summer of 1897 Karl met Lucile at a house-party in the town near his home. He found her company very pleasant from the first, and as the days went by he felt more and more a desire to be with her on all occasions. He felt that she liked his company, and he had come to think far more of her than of any girl he had ever known, and before

the party was over he knew that he was really in love. 'Tis true he had not yet spoken to her of it, but he had made up his mind to do so before she went away.

The last night of the party was at hand and Karl was present and in high spirits. He chanced to get with Miss Benthal early in the evening, and following his suggestion they went out to the lawn swing in the moonlight. It was an ideal night—such a one as makes all nature appear at its best and all creatures rest in quietude. Karl remembered his determination, but something choked him whenever he tried to approach the question. He put it off from minute to minute, and finally, when Miss Benthal suggested that they had better go in, he had said nothing. Realizing that it was his last opportunity, he hesitated, and finally said, "Wait, Miss Benthal, I have something I want to say to you," and then he poured out his heart to her in the simple words of a youth's first tale of love. He never knew that he could talk so to any woman, but after the first few words it seemed as if his tongue were loosed, and he poured forth his love with an earnestness of one far more experienced. He told her of his life, and how he had been thrown on the world in early boyhood by the death of his parents.

Lucile sat quietly listening to him as he told his story. She was evidently pleased, as might have been seen from her face. She waited for him to finish, and then she assured him that she had begun to feel that he cared for her and that she had found his company very pleasant. She told him that she should often think of him when she went back home.

The weeks went by, and with each week Karl received a dainty little letter, which he always read many times over. He had kept down the demon within him while Lucile was near, but when she left, such a loneliness possessed him that he could not resist the strong temptation, and returned to his glass. News of this reached Lucile and she was troubled, for she had learned to care a great deal for Karl. But,

noble girl that she was, she wrote him that she could not continue writing to him if he continued in his way. She enjoyed his letters so much, however, that she soon forgot his sins and wrote as regularly as before.

Now, Lucile was the only child of her parents, and on her all their affections were bestowed. They soon learned of Karl and their daughter's love for him, and being desirous of her happiness as they were, they could not entertain the idea of her marrying a drunkard. They tried to persuade her to stop writing to him, but found that their pleas did not avail. Then it was that they decided to take her away for a few months where her attention would be taken up by other things.

So it was that soon after seeing Lucile aboard the steamer on which she was to sail, Karl prepared to go to the seashore for a few weeks' stay. Here at least he could see the waters on whose bosom she was sailing, and could hear the song they seemed to sing him of the one he loved. He engaged in some of the sports of the pleasure resort, but it could be seen that his thoughts were far away.

Occasionally Karl heard from Lucile, but it took her letters so long to reach him that he almost went mad from the suspense. He had fought against the sin that was causing him so much trouble, and he had succeeded in so far that he had not taken a drink since Lucile went away. He wrote her of his reform, and when she read it a new light came to her face. She was anxious for the journey to end that she might once more turn her face toward the land of her birth, and toward him whom she loved.

The day at last came for them to sail for home. The sea was calm, and as the sun shone down upon the waters, there seemed to come to Lucile a call from the far shore. Days sped on and the steamer Atlantic plowed her way through the deep. One night at sunset a black cloud was noticed in the west and those accustomed to the sea knew that a storm was

approaching. According to their expectations the skies were soon overspread by the black clouds and small racks went scudding across the heavens. The calm was almost death-like, and all were standing on deck watching the clouds and the lightning as it ripped the clouds asunder and crashed with a terrific sound on the ears of the listeners.

The ship's crew hurried here and there, preparing for the storm which they knew would break upon them in a few minutes. The waters began to roll and the ship to reel, and in a moment the storm was on in all its fury. The ship fought bravely onward, as the great steel prow plowed through the waves and into the blackness of the night. With each passing minute the already mountainous waves rolled higher and the timbers of the great ship creaked as she seemingly sank beneath the waves and then mounted aloft, only to sink again.

The sailors worked bravely as the night wore on. The storm continued to rage, and far on in the night it was discovered that the ship had sprung a leak. The passengers knew nothing of the approaching danger, for the brave seamen worked on in silence trying to save the ship. Despite their efforts, however, the water gained on them and at last the distress signal was given. The signal was seen by other ships that were fighting through the storm, but no aid could be rendered on such a sea as that. The passengers were at last told of the approaching peril, and wild with frenzy they rushed here and there waiting for help.

The night wore on and the ship sank lower and lower. Already the seamen had been forced aloft, and now the chief object was to save the passengers, if possible. The life-boats were lowered from their davits, and all who could were hurriedly placed in them. As the last boat rowed away the mighty steamer sank beneath the waves and nothing was left save the little boats tossing madly on the waves. All realized that these could not endure long such battling as this, but the men fought bravely against their fate. Boat

after boat was lost in the darkness, for it was impossible to keep together on such a sea.

The storm finally passed away and when the next sun arose over the waters the sky was clear, and save for the mighty waves, no sign of the storm remained. The little boats had all disappeared, for one by one they had gone down in the darkness, and now they rested with the great steamer where no storm could molest them.

A few days later Karl Newgate was reading the morning papers when he came across a big headline announcing the disaster that had befallen the steamer Atlantic. "My God!" he cried, as he flung the paper down, "why should it have come to this. I have fought hard to become worthy of her and just when I seem to have conquered, she is snatched away."

He went out from the hotel and paced the beach, unmindful of all that was passing. The sea seemed to be calling him away. He could not rest, and as the day wore on his face grew white and haggard. Night came and still he had not left the shore, save to get his meals. He still paced to and fro, and now and then he walked out to the end of the long pleasure pier that extended far out over the waters. When at the end of the pier he would stop and look out over the moonlit waters, and it seemed that the waters were ever calling, "Karl! Karl!"

Why should he live longer, he asked himself, for he had fought and lost and nothing remained for him to live for. The only mortal he had ever truly loved was somewhere beneath the dark waters. Behind him only an uncle remained, who, while he had been good to him, had never seemed to give himself much concern for his welfare.

The clock rang out the midnight hour, but Karl Newgate was still by the sea. He decided to walk for one last time out on the pier. He came to the end and stopped. The breakers dashed gently on the shore, and far out the rolling

waters glittered in the moonlight. Again he heard the call of the waters, and leaning far out, he closed his eyes and leaped into space. Then followed a sudden splash and all was quiet again, for the waters reveal no secrets.

THE POET'S DILEMMA.

BY "L."

When sitting lone, desponding, sad and mum,
With racking brain I wait for thoughts to come;
And feel amidst it all a longing deep
To rest within the arms of blessed sleep,
To what for inspiration may I sue,
What can my soul with ardor then imbue?
What if with idle pen I sit till late,
"They also serve who only stand and wait!"
Should I this task abandon with a sigh,
Do I deserve no credit if I try?
If wit to write a poem is denied,
Should any one the luckless want wit chide?
Methinks it's rather better to commend,
For bringing senseless rhyme to speedy end!

AMERICUS AND ITS PEOPLE.

(As viewed by the Esquimaux Gulliver.)

BY M. A. B.

When the great explorer Huntley invited me to return to his country with him, I consented to do so only on condition that I should return to the Polar land on the first expedition. As the journey was a very long one, I had ample time to learn to speak the language. The time, being filled with this and various other occupations, passed very quickly, and we landed in Americus in February.

A certain Mr. Cheek, who had been a member of Huntley's party, was kind enough to take me to the various places of interest. He had, I suspect, a great love for talking, and described men and affairs with great gusto. In his company, I went to Washington first. The place, he told me, was the capital of the country. Here, I saw many strange and wonderful sights. As we strolled down one of the principal streets, I looked at everything with eager interest. My companion pointed out the notables and told me who they were.

"Look at that chap in the carriage there," he directed. "That's King Theo I. For the sake of the principles of the Republic, he is called President." I looked quickly at this great man, but only received a rather blurred impression of two enormous rows of teeth, revealed by their owner's broad grin. I asked Mr. Cheek why he carried a large war club, for I had seen a formidable looking stick in the carriage seat, beside the man. My friend enlightened me by explaining that the big stick was not a war club at all, but was a rod of peace in disguise. "It is rather knotted. That is due to the fact that the President sometimes is forced to belabor the craniums of the belligerents in order to instill a love of gentle peace." I was rather astonished by this method of procedure, but admired the gentleman all the more.

The next day my friend took me to see the chief debating

club of the country. Afterwards, I found that this was the Senate House, where men from all divisions of the country meet. We entered the building, just as the meeting began. The chairman, my companion told me, was called the Speaker, possibly because he said so little. Many important questions were discussed, such as, should train porters be guilty of giving rebates if they returned change due to tourists, etc. One senator seemed to be in the last stage of delirium tremens. The only words of his speech intelligible were, "Brownsville," "President," and "liar." I afterwards learned that, unlike the other senators, this one has a purpose in view when speaking. He had his eye on a prospective lecture tour, and took these means of building up a reputation.

Another senator got up to call a vote upon a certain bill. This bill provided for the death by chloroform of all men over sixty years of age. Before this gentleman could address the chair, all the others slipped out, leaving the chairman alone. We left the Senate and walked down town again. On the way, my companion told me something about the political parties of the nation. It seems that the leader of the Democratic party had destroyed his chances by a position he took in regard to the railroads His position was this: Since the railroads own the government, the government should own the railroads. His party admitted the first statement, but said that the latter would be carrying reciprocity to outrageous limits.

Mr. Cheek and I went to New York on a modern flyer, which covered the distance in sixty minutes. This city presented a multitude of wonders to my astonished gaze. Along the streets were platforms upon which travellers might lie on their backs in order to see the tall buildings. One of these buildings was so tall that one might stand upon its top and pull the dog star's tail in order to make him bark. At another building, a crowd of women were rushing madly in

the door. I thought this was a free-for-all fight until I learned that these ladies were simply attending a ten-cent bargain sale.

One of the most interesting sights of the city was the semi-annual auction, held in the parlors of a famous hotel. As one was already in progress, we attended. The auctioneer stood on a raised dais at one end of the large room. Around him were grouped a bevy of rich girls. At the other end stood a group of foreign nobles. Each girl was brought forward and the autioneer named the amount of money to accompany her, while the nobles bid in titles. As each was "knocked down" to the highest bidder, a preacher came forward and united the loving pair.

After spending several months in travelling over the country, I returned to New York in time to depart on Peary's expedition. With all respect to the great and glorious republic, I must say that I drew a deep breath of relief when I arrived home.

THE COLONEL—A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY JULE B. WARREN.

Perhaps every one, in walking up and down upon the earth, has noticed certain persons who were enough unlike the persons around them to be put in that question-mark class of "original characters." No slight is intended in referring to the general class in this way, for the very vastness of the term makes the class, as a whole, an equal quantity.

The term "original characters" includes the ever active Mr. Roosevelt and the chief mogul of a fourth-class post-office, who does little else but chew tobacco, talk politics, and whittle soft pine. If you are an observer of people and their ways, you will see them almost any day. He may be a Kid Sloan, the little printer whom Avery said was a "transplanted eastern philosopher," who had been "hurled laughingly but violently about the world." Perhaps he is a 'Squire——, who used to discharge his carrier boys every morning, and then let the kids tell him they "absolutely refused to be discharged." Many negroes are interestingly original. We once knew a janitor who was a philosopher and a theologian on the side. He once said that "If a lot of people could have it their way, every day in the week would be holiday except one, and that would be pay day."

The Colonel is neither a tramp printer, nor a transplanted eastern philosopher, and he could hardly be called a theologian. He is just a plain man—one of those everyday Mc-Scotchmen that you can see almost any day in the year in some parts of the State.

Just why he was dubbed Colonel is not known. He has never served in the army. He did not come from the land of colonels, Kentucky, although he has some of the characteristics of the famous Kentucky gentlemen. Now, the inference from the Kentucky reference must not be other than that he is a believer in *sobrieties,* for he is always, as the

ebony gent says, "as sober an' as stidy as a jedge." Yet he is not a tee-totler, for he believes that a man can stand up so straight that he will lean backwards. He has, however, that rare and wonderful ability of knowing when to stop using the fire-water.

He is a great fisherman, and says if this fine weather keeps up he is going to get him a "gallon" and go off on the river and fish a whole week. His stories of his fishing exploits and adventures are numerous and very interesting.

"Talking about jacks," said the Colonel one day, "the biggest jack I ever saw was one me and another fellow caught down in —— county one day."

"How large was the fish?" he was asked.

"Well, you know just about how big a cat-fish the ordinary jack can swallow. When we cut this jack open we found that he had swallowed a cat-fish thirteen inches long."

His hearers told him that that story sounded rather "fishy," but he said he could prove it by the man who was with him when he caught the fish.

There goes an old story that a frog hunter once went to his frog-pond to kill some of the greenbacks for breakfast next morning. On reaching the pond he was very much surprised to see a very large tree, that had fallen into the water, moving rapidly about the pond with apparently "no pushie and no pullie." A close examination showed him that a very large bullfrog was sitting astride the log, with his feet hanging off in the water. He was silently giving the motions of swimming, thus rowing the tree along at a very rapid rate. The old hunter killed the monstrous frog by shooting several loads of buckshot into his body. Now the Colonel admits that the above mentioned man has him beat by a narrow margin in the frog business, but he says he did kill a frog once that was as big as his hat—and his hat is not of the Willie variety either, but a number 7 with a three-inch brim.

Tell the story of almost any incident or experience, and

the Colonel can pick a similar incident from his varied experience and tell it much more interestingly than you did yours. One day the conversation was on the ancient town of Hillsboro. Some one mentioned the fact that Cornwallis' troops placed the rocks on the single paved street of the town. "There's a tree," said the Colonel, over in my country that Cornwallis' horse bit the top off. It is living today, and is very large, though very low. The trunk of the tree from the ground to the branches is a little higher than a man's head, but is hollow, and three men can get in this hollow."

When he had finished, the Hillsboro gentleman admitted that he was defeated, and begged leave to retire.

"What in the thunder are you going to do with all that tobacco, Colonel," he was asked one day, as he came in with a great armful of the natural leaf.

"Why, I got it to send to an old lady I know."

"What on earth can a woman do with that bitter stuff? Chew it, eh?"

"Chew it! certainly not. She makes cigars out of it and smokes them."

"She must want to die. I wouldn't think she could stand to do such stunts as that very long."

"Maybe not! This lady has been smokin' those kind of cigars ever since I can remember, and she ain't dead yet, and I have been knowin' her 'bout thirty years. And the funniest part of it is that she always puts the fire end of the cigar in her mouth."

"Colonel, I hope you don't expect us to believe that. It is a pretty good joke."

"No joke about it," he replied. "I don't care whether you believe it or not, but it's so, and I can prove it."

"Oh no! don't put yourself to that trouble, we will take your word for it."

The above are a few samples of the stories told by the

Colonel. Of course they lose much of their zest and interest when told by others than himself. He is always a good story teller, generally telling his stories of place and men and scenes he has actually witnessed. Often he recalls incidents of his own experience and tells in a pleasing way of the tight places in which he has been, and of the girls that he has loved, or of those that have loved him. If one should conclude from this that the man described herein was a crook he would be very sadly in error, for the Colonel is anything but that. He is a reliable man. In the presence of ladies he is as polite as a dancing-master, and he has a heart in him as "big as a barn door," and after all that is what counts. He is a genial fellow, who makes friends wherever he goes and is always ready to play a good practical joke on someone. To be sure he has his faults, for he is a descendant of Adam. There are some better men than he, and many worse, but few with a bigger heart.

A NONPAREIL ATHLETIC RALLY.

BY KELLY EDWARDS.

No school in the entire county of Sapling Ridge had a more enthusiastic student body than Possum Town College, located in Hanging Dog Township. Its magnificent college spirit was attributed by friends of the institution mainly to the interest shown in its athletic sports, chief among which were round cat and mumble-peg. The former was the most popular and was played by the larger number of students, while the latter was indulged in by the more dignified students and the faculty. Just two days prior to the first great match game of the season, which was to be played by the Possum Town "Giants" and a fast team from Star College, when all the students were assembled in the chapel for prayers, the superintendent, a very venerable old gentleman, often referred to by some of his admiring friends as a "pseudo-clerical" professor, announced that there would be no classes until the match game was over, and that possibly the entire college duties would be suspended till the cat season was over, and that the students were to feel at liberty during the time. "However," continued the old gentleman, "you are requested to observe the following official bulletin." And he read as follows: "Every student who loves his old college, and who has her success at heart, is expected to be in this room tomorrow at nine o'clock, a bit before which time the bell will be rung as a signal. The object of the assembly is to discuss plans and methods for the reception of the visiting team, which will reach us on the 'vestibule' at noon, God willing. Let no mother's son do anything betwixt this and then to injure his voice, for there's nothing quite so important in a match game of cat as 'hollerin' for your side."

The next day at the hour named was present every student who could be there. Two youths had made a raid on the culinary department, and were leading the students into the

chapel beating two dish pans, assisted by three boys who were blowing bottles. As soon as they had been seated, Professor Simpkins, the superintendent, arose and spoke some little time on the "vast importance of pure athletics." He expressed his joy at seeing so many young hopefuls interested as the assembly bore proof, and that they felt willing to take a little time from their lessons to develop this "phase of college life, full beyond expression of importance, by all means the most important phase in college to which you can lend your aid. Young men," he said, "it is very commendable in you indeed, and you will doubtless go down on the records of your old alma mater as having established a precedent here that will redound to her glory and fame in the coming years. You do not know how easy you make it for me to be your superintendent under such circumstances. We are proud of our team this year—the best in our history—and we see for ourselves, already, victory in the majority of our games. Let everybody be present this evening at the game. In order to pay some of the running expenses of the 'league' an admission fee of five cents will have to be charged, but I feel sure that the most of you can attend. If there are any, however, who do not feel able to do so, let them see me immediately after the adjournment of the assembly and we will see what can be done. All organizations, especially the Cat League and the Mumble-peg Association are expected to go in body, marching two abreast."

Professor Wiseman, another athletic enthusiast and especially noted for his excellent work in mumble-peg while taking post work at White Oak College, where he won a red cravat and a bandanna pocket handkerchief for the best two out of three games, spoke earnestly about the prospects for a good mumble-peg team second to none in Sapling Ridge County. He was followed by several students, who appeared very enthusiastic over the splendid co-operation of the students with the faculty and how they had the whole matter at heart very

much. Repeated references were made to the manly spirit that seemed to permeate the entire student body in that they did not complain at the recent action of the faculty in suspending all college duties until after the cat season was passed.

The time soon passed, and after appointing ten or twelve young men, the strongest in the number, who were to provide wheelbarrows to meet the team at Gumfork flag-station, and hoping that the game would be played with such dignity and that the team would be treated with such courtesy as would reflect credit on the institution and especially on the league, Professor Simpkins declared the meeting adjourned.

LIFE.

Of all things made by God, the man stands king,
For He to man gave life which from Him springs.
O man, why dost thou live, and dare lament,
Or, Swift-like, rage at God omnipotent?
For man had better be a living dog,
Than raging dean at head of synagogue.
Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star;
As dew it shines apace, and flies afar.
O live today! God's on His royal throne,
And bids us live a life of mirth, not moan.

H. E. SPENCE, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
HOLLAND HOLTON, - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

George Washington *couldn't* tell a lie; the modern newspaper *can* tell the truth, but—. A discussion of the evils of sensational journalism would require more time and ability than this editor possesses. Then, too, the pages of a college magazine should not be polluted with phrases, adjectives, and "cuss-words" appropriate for the subject. We must bewail the fact, however, that our modern newspapers find nothing quite so nice to print as the latest lynching, a shooting scrape, or some high-society scandal. The paper may be excused on the ground that it simply prints the things that the morbid mind of the reading public demands. But the editorials are inexcusable. It is disgusting to see the fight that is carried on by these kings of the high-stool. Mud-flinging and muck-raking is indulged in with a pious fervor that would put Carrie Nation to shame. The other party is abused unmercifully. No great man can make a statement which is the least prophetical or ahead of the times but some little editor feels that HE is called upon by a divine bugle-blast, and the cry of the people, to hold men to their old traditions and protect the honor of the commonwealth. And that they may gain cheap praise and pose heroically, they slander colleges, college-presidents and anybody else whom they think too great to deign to notice them in a retort. They curse the taint of a Rockefeller's money, when they are willing to sell cheap news and poison and slander to gain a few new subscribers. They

drag ministers of the gospel into controversies, put them to embarrassing exposure to public gaze, black-guard them and dub them liars and no gentlemen. They are usually authorities on liars, but couldn't distinguish between a gentleman and the Wild Man from Borneo. It is high time for such a state of affairs to cease. If a man wishes to appear higher than his fellow-man, let him climb past them—not drag them in the mire. The paper that publishes things derogatory to the character of party or individual and has no grounds for believing these reports has stabbed a character in the back and stolen a reputation wilfully.

In all the world there is no class of people who are quite so detestable as the chronic fault-finders, those invaluable (?) souls to whom the name of "Maud" should be applied for their kicking capacity. Criticism of the lower type is very easy, very prevalent, and equally condemnable. We do not wish to discuss kickers in general, from the man whose mother always cooked better biscuits than his wife, to the female shopper who wants a reduction on U. S. postage stamps. College kickers are the ones to whom we wish to express our humble opinion. You have no lot nor part here. You don't do anything yourself, and you won't let anybody live in peace around you. You can't play ball yourself, but you're ready to criticise those who do play. You watch a game played, and when the home team has lost, you remark that the other team just simply outclassed them—as if they didn't know it! But I have been too serious. I really mean, however, that you ought not to kick. It shows spirit. Take things easy and they won't hurt you. Perhaps you may have some college work on hand, perhaps you may be so unfortunate as to be the manager of the glee club, and no one will help you make music. Don't kick, just whistle! Perhaps you may be literary manager of the magazine and no one will write for you. Don't kick, write your own maga-

zine. Perhaps your fellow-students will not come to your aid in your endeavors; don't kick, you're supposed to do the work assigned you. If the faculty are stern and dignified, and offer no aid, why, don't kick. It is their business to work you, not you work them, you've got no kick coming. You might arouse excitement if you kick. The old campus sleeps in tranquil indolence. The students are too lazy to eat all they want—if they could get it. There is no college spirit in the air. Don't kick, you might arouse some one. You might—well, there's no telling what you might do. Take things easy. If a man sits on you, hold your breath. If he starts to lick you, get out of the way. But whatever you do, do the work assigned to you—and don't kick.

We append below a clipping from an exchange that tells of the sad fate of kickers. Be careful, don't kick!

"St. Peter sits at the heavenly gates, his hands on the strings of his lyre, and sings low songs as he patiently waits for the souls of those who expire. He hears in the distance a song that swells from the foot of the heavenly throne, and he smiles as the music is wafted along and warbles a lay of his own: "There is room in this region for the millions of souls who by sorrow and woe were bereft; 'tis for these who have suffered the melody rolls, but the kickers turn to the left. There is room for the people who, when they were young, persisted in sowing wild oats, yet boomed up their town with sinew and tongue, but the kicker must go with the goats. There's room for the people who pointed with pride to the beauty and growth of their town, who kept singing their praises aloud till they died, but the kicker will please amble down. They'd say the music was all out of tune and the angelic gown 'hand me down,' and send to the moon for a jeweler to sample the gold in their crowns." So while there is room for a million of souls who, by sorrow and woe were bereft, we want no complaint of the music that rolls, so the kicker must turn to the left."

ANNIE E. TILLETT, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The death of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, New England's well-known poet and prose writer, which took place in Boston, March 19, will bring sadness to the hearts of many Americans. Mr. Aldrich was a native of New Hampshire, and was seventy years of age at the time of his death. He was a graduate of Harvard, and had held many editorial positions. From 1881 till 1890 he was editor of the Atlantic Monthly. He was also author of many books of poetry and fiction.

A curious novel has just come from the pen of Jack London. This book, "Before Adam," is a description of the life and habits of the pre-historic cave-dweller, man's so-called "arboreal ancestor." The story is given by means of dreams to the author, dreams in which the author sees himself like to his hairy, savage progenitors. Of this book the New York Times says: "This most singular stretch of imagination impresses one first as almost absurd, then as fantastic, then as interesting, and finally as a remarkable achievement."

Professor Eberhard Nestle, of Würtemburg, who is so well known as a critic of the New Testament, and who some years ago published a Greek Testament that is as nearly correct as possible, now offers to the public a Latin text of the New Testament, companion to the Greek edition. This Latin text is offered for a small price, with the hope that it may crowd out cheap and incorrect editions.

The March Atlantic Monthly contains two pieces of note on Longfellow. The first is a careful, sympathetic study of Longfellow's genius and place in literature, entitled, "The Centenary of Longfellow," written by Mr. Bliss Perry. Mr. Perry regrets the fact that we are rather slow to commemorate the hundredth anniversaries of our men of letters, but in his mind Longfellow will be remembered most of all. He thinks the works of Longfellow will live and be loved by all Americans of future ages, unless it be by some "of over-educated minds and under-educated hearts." But Longfellow's reputation is in safer hands than that of the critical "grown-ups." He is above all the children's poet and "these wise little people know so well what they like." So true it is that "to find the true audience of a Heine, a Tennyson, a Longfellow, you are not to look in a social register. You must seek out the shy boy and girl, who live on side streets and hill-roads—no matter where, so long as the road to dream-land leads from their gate; you must seek out the working-girls and shop-keepers, . . . you must take a census of the lonely, uncounted souls, who possess the treasures of the humble." Another notable piece on Longfellow is a poem by Aldrich, and with him we say of Longfellow:

> "Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
> Thou holdest chance and time at bay;
> Thou livest in thy living word
> As when its cadence first was heard."

Houghton, Mifflin & Company announce the publication of some more of Kate Douglas Wiggins' delightful Rebecca stories. Rebecca is perhaps the most loved, and jolliest girl in American literature, and those of us who have followed her story with so much interest hitherto, will joyfully welcome "New Chronicles of Rebecca."

"The Second Generation" is another one of David Graham Phillips' stories with a moral. It is the story of men in the

middle west, who have risen to prominence, through their own hard work and character. It is not against the character of these men that Mr. Phillips preaches his sermon, but rather against their style of bringing up their children to love money and despise work. The way Hiram Ranger cut down his daughter's supply of money and disinherited his son, because of which they make a noble man and woman, is offered as a means of elevating the younger generation. The simple life of Ranger and his wife makes the extravagance of the younger set ridiculous. Mr. Phillips brings into this, as he has done into former novels, his methods for promoting reforms. His characters are plainly good or bad, as the case may be, never half-good or half-bad.

"The Cambridge Apostles," by Francis M. Brookfield, is a book of interesting sidelights on the members of the Cambridge Apostles' Club, to which so many great Englishmen of letters belonged. The book is mostly quotations from the men she is writing about and is rich in anecdotes. "It gives the reader a pleasant sense of being on easy terms with great people."

We are glad to note that Ralph Connor's "The Doctor" is the best selling book for this year. Ralph Connor occupies a place peculiarly his own in American literature. His style is original, his descriptions of nature and outdoor life refreshing, and his high moral principles elevating. His books appeal to the religious and the irreligious alike.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1907.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to H. E. SPENCE, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to F. R. WRENN, Business Manager.

C. M. CAMPBELL, JR., }
MITCHELL B. WADDILL, } - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

In the beginning let me state that I am a young lawyer with a fairly remunerative practice, but with no hope of ever attaining eminence in my profession. I received my license in the fall of 1901, and in the spring of 1902 I had my first case—a case that in some particulars was so strange that I have finally decided to give the circumstances of it to the world and let it draw its own conclusion.

I had been appointed by the court to defend a criminal who was charged with having committed murder under very horrible circumstances. My client was Professor Lieter

(I withhold the true name for fear of causing unnecessary pain to his bereaved family), at one time professor of chemistry and biology in one of our famous universities, but owing to an explosion in his laboratory, in which he had the misfortune to lose the use of his eyes, he was forced to retire to his home in a nearby country town, only coming out from his seclusion at irregular intervals, and then only for a week or ten days. It was on one of these excursions that he was found drawing the blood from the body of a man whom he had murdered in one of the principal hotels of New York. He had made no attempt at concealment of his crime whatever, and the evidence against him was so overwhelming that, in spite of all my endeavors, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," and he was sentenced to be hanged on the 25th day of March. I suggested the plea of insanity as his only hope, but the Professor quietly stated that he would not consider such a plea for a moment. I tried in vain to have the supreme court grant him a new trial and haunted the office of the governor for a pardon without avail. Finally I despaired of ever gaining the liberty of my client, and was forced to advise him to prepare himself for the death which seemed inevitable. To my surprise, he really seemed to welcome his tragic end, and I left the prison puzzled to account for his peculiar actions.

On the evening of the 24th, the day before his execution was to take place, I was called up over the 'phone and informed by the sheriff that my client desired to see me immediately. Thinking that he probably wished to make known his reasons for committing the murder, I hurriedly drew on my overcoat and boarded a car for the prison.

When I entered my client's cell, he was half reclining upon his bed, smoking a cigar which I could at once tell was of the very best quality and make. Without changing his position he offered me a cigar and we smoked together, chatting on the various interesting topics of the day, for probably

half an hour. I was beginning to wonder what could have been the object of his message, when he startled me with a question which seemed wholly irrelevant.

"You think that I am blind," he said, turning his sightless eyes in my direction inquiringly.

Blind! Who could look upon his seared, expressionless orbs and not know that God had forever taken from him the power of sight! I readily answered his question in the affirmative.

"Yes," he said with more feeling than he was accustomed to exhibit, "blind to all things which God intended me to see, yet my eyes look out upon a scene more beautiful than this world which you behold—a scene which He had destined for a higher race of beings, but I, in my ignorance and bigotry, broke the divine order of things, and I have paid the penalty. Oh Lord, have I not paid the penalty!"

His speech was so strange that I at once concluded that the close approach of death had turned his mind. He seemed to divine my thoughts, and clasping my knee tightly, exclaimed, "You do not believe me. Yet I am not mad. My story is strange, but listen.

"When quite a young man my thoughts were continually turning towards the spiritual in life. I believed firmly that the world was inhabited by a strange and spiritual race of beings, whose manner of living differed so widely from our own that our dull and gross sensibilities could detect no positive evidence of their existence. Now, I argued, if the optic nerve could be indefinitely quickened and the retina of the eye magnified times innumerable, then, under such conditions, man's sense of sight would be so greatly enlarged that he could readily behold the life of the spiritual world which envelops him. I early determined that the discovery of some way to develop the power of vision should be my life's work, and it was with this end in view that I accepted a professorship in Blank University. For ten long years I made the

most exhaustive investigations of the subject, and at last the Devil crowned my efforts with success. By combining under high pressure chemical properties, the formula for which I have long since destroyed and which I hope will never again be discovered by man, I could attain the ends which I sought."

Here the Professor paused for a moment, and as I glanced at his countenance, it seemed to me that the eyes which I had before thought dull and expressionless, glowed with a strange and peculiar lustre.

"My preparation was a thick, gluish liquid, with a color unlike that of any I had ever seen before. In a bright light, I thought it almost a purple, but in a darkened room, it would glow a sickly green. I was sure it would prove a success. A few experiments soon confirmed my opinion. Still I could not bring myself to apply the potion to my eyes. I longed to behold the life of another world, yet I dreaded the consequences of my rashness. It was almost, or quite, three months before I gained sufficient mastery of myself to make the test. Late one afternoon I was in my laboratory, when, in a sudden spell of bravado, I saturated a sponge with the liquid, and pressed it on my bared eyeballs. The sensation was fearful. Imagine an iron, heated to white-heat, suddenly thrust into your eyes, and you have a faint conception of my sufferings. My agony was so intense that, try as I would, I could not suppress a groan. I screamed aloud, staggered to a couch, and collapsed.

"I was a week or more in this comatose state. They tell me that my life was almost despaired of. Finally the strength of the liquid was spent, and I fell into a refreshing slumber. When I awoke, the clock was striking for noon. I was alone. I looked around me. The room was well lighted, yet the furniture seemed dim and shadowy and the walls indefinitely remote. I put out my hand and touched the table. It felt solid and substantial. Then I seemed to be aware of another

peculiarity which I had before that time overlooked. Two chairs were in my room of a quaint and curious design. I was sure they were not mine and I was about to call the nurse to inquire who the donor could be, when I was struck by another peculiarity. While the other parts of my furniture seemed to be enveloped in fine mist, these two stood out in bolder relief, comparatively distinct, about as if one should look at an object with the eye half closed. I turned to make sure that my other furniture did not share in this peculiarity, and when I again fixed my gaze on the two chairs spoken of, I was greatly surprised to see that two elderly gentlemen had entered my room and were seated in these very chairs. They seemed engaged in spirited conversation, but strain as I would, I could not hear a sound. My nurse came in at this moment, gave me my medicine, and withdrew. I was surprised to see that they paid no attention whatever to my nurse, or she to them. As she left the room, I found myself trying to solve another enigma. While the form of the nurse seemed to be of the same shadowy character as I had first noticed in my surroundings, the gentlemen who kept me company were as substantial in appearance as the chairs in which they sat. They now seemed to have come to some common agreement, and, arising, walked to the door, but as they neared it, I was thunderstruck to see that they ignored the opening and made their exit through the solid wall itself.

It is needless to say that I was astounded. I lay for many minutes revolving the many strange occurrences in my mind, but could come to no sane conclusion. Then it flashed upon me like an inspiration. My test in the laboratory had been successful. But only partly so. The doctors, when summoned, had found me nearly blinded by a supposed explosion, and in my efforts to save my sight, they had half destroyed the efficacy of my application. The result was that I could behold the inhabitants of both the spiritual and material world, yet only in a misty and shadowy form. But owing to

the superior strength of my application, the beings of the *spiritual* world were more distinct to my vision. How I cursed the fools for the pains they had taken! How I cursed them for their philanthropy!

"But I fear I bore you. It is useless for me to say more. For a month I remained at the University. My life now was torment. I ate, clothed myself, and conversed in one world, yet I lived in another. I continually strove to shield my friends from dangers they could not see. My strange antics excited their suspicions I became convinced that they desired to place me in a mad house, and rather than submit, I determined to leave. I purchased a small place in the country, the quietness and loneliness of which was exactly what I sought. Here I again and again decided to let the bullet end it all, yet as many times did my resolution fail me. I finally determined to live out the remainder of my life amid the calm beauties of the country. Yet at times I had an insatiable desire to mix once again with my fellows, and this was the cause of my trip to New York at the time of the murder. You ask why I did it? I can't tell, I seemed goaded to madness by my situation. In a paroxysm of rage and despair, I killed him. Call it insanity, brainstorm, if you will. I only know that I had at last found something substantial. I had tasted rich, red blood."

I drew back in horror and disgust. Could this be man or beast? Surely he was a raving maniac! The Professor puffed quietly at his cigar for a few moments, and then said:

"I see you still doubt my story. Would you believe it if I should give you proof of it after death?"

"Yes," I responded, hesitatingly.

He leaned forward quickly, and before I could protest, had laid his open hand upon my forehead. His touch sent a chill through me like ice.

"Will you remember how that feels?" he asked.

"Always," I said. His forefinger exactly filled the sink of my temple and his ring pressed tightly over my eye.

Soon after we parted. I reluctantly promised to be at my office at 9:00 o'clock on the night of the day of the execution, when he said his manifestation would take place. The next day I spent in a neighboring town. I laughed at myself contemptuously for having made the promise to remain in my office an hour later than usual. Several times I determined to break my word, arguing that a promise to a maniac and a dead man was of no consequence. However, almost against my will, I found myself back in my own town, buying a copy of the evening paper. The Professor had died bravely. There was nothing sensational. He had been hanged as many another man is hanged each year. That at least was something to be thankful for.

After supper, I lounged around still undecided as to what to do. I laughed at myself for a fool and an ass, but I went. I was not wholly at ease. There was something gruesome in keeping an engagement with a dead man, which, sneer at it as I please, I could not discard.

At ten minutes to nine I was exceedingly nervous in spite of my efforts to keep calm. At 9:58 the room seemed stiflingly hot. I threw the windows open wide. Finally the bells began to ring out nine. My whole body became suddenly tense. I dared not breathe. I counted the strokes till the ninth died away. I was right. Nothing had happened. There could be no communication between the spiritual and material worlds. I laughed aloud. At that moment a chill went over me to the bone. I felt on my forehead the pressure of an invisible hand. The forefinger exactly filled the sink of my temple and a ring pressed tightly over my eyes.

REFLECTIONS ON ENTERING THE SOPHOMORE CLASS OF TRINITY.

BY PEARL BRINSON.

Comrades, leave me here a little, and this sadness do not scorn,
While o'er former hopes now blasted, I for just a moment mourn.

'Tis my dear old Alma Mater, loved still as one year ago
When I first did tread its campus with a timid step and slow.

Old Marse Jack still wakes the echoes, stirring in his lofty dome,
Calling out with clang and clatter, bidding me to classes come.

Many a day I've watched the students o'er the campus wend their way,
And I've wondered if their learning would their efforts e'er repay.

Many a day I've seen professors with a weary, careworn mien,
And that they were much disheartened o'er their pupils could be seen.

All these walks that I have traversed, all this grass that I have marred,
But recall the hopes alas! from whose attainment I'm debarred.

Oh, when I was just a Freshman, how the whole world seemed to glow!
Then I thought 'twas not worth learning what a Freshman didn't know!

And, disdaining present labors, toward the future cast my eye,
Dreaming of the coming triumphs which should be mine bye and bye.

In the Freshman year the ideals of a student ever soar,
Words of hope and aspiration from his lips incessant pour.

In the Freshman year he fancies that his destiny is great,
To become a dreaded conqu'ror or a pillar of the state.

Then he sees the boasting Soph'mores moving with majestic stride,
And he wonders if they own the earth, that they should feel such pride.

Many a morning from my window have I watched the glorious dawn,
And compared it to the splendor bright which on my prospects shone.

Many an evening in the twilight, when I thought of folks at home,
Have I stilled my weary yearnings, thinking of success to come.

Oh, my dreams, now gone forever! Oh, my hopes that prostrate lie!
Shattered hopes, to which I pay the passing tribute of a sigh!

"Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,"
Were the ideas that we gathered from the Soph'more's oily tongue!

Is it well to wish them happy, having known, thus to deceive,
Causing fond and foolish Freshmen their coming greatness to believe?

Yet it shall be, I must curb my fretful pinings and submit;
I must rouse myself to action, not in silence musing sit.

What the future holds in store for me, just now I may not know;
—But the chapel bell is ringing, calling me, and I must go.

CRAZY JOHN'S STORY.

BY B. O. D.

Every one has seen a canebrake and will always remember them because of the many happy times spent in them, either hunting, fishing, or exploring. There once lived in one of these canebrakes an old negro, known as Crazy John. He was really not as crazy as people thought, but had lots of "good hard common horse sense." He owned about 300 acres of land, for the most part canebrakes, marshes, lakes and stagnant ponds, but with several acres of cultivated land and a small hill. This was a very peculiar hill. It was only about 200 feet square at the bottom, the sides rose almost perpendicular for 60 feet and on top was a small plain, sloping gently to the sides. The sides were covered with the remains of a forest thickly undergrown with brush and small saplings, which served as a protection against intruders. There were secret paths along under the thicket and one path leading down to a gate, which was locked except when John was expecting visitors, who were very few, for people never went to his house unless they were pressingly invited. I was among these visitors, but I always went up by a secret path, for I went quite often.

His little hut was placed in the center of the little plain on the top of the hill. It was made of logs, with one door and three windows. There were two rooms and a cellar. The first as you entered was his bed and living room, in the two farther corners of which were a bed and a wardrobe, in the center a table and several chairs, while around the walls were hung fishing-tackle, an old musket, powder-horns, a banjo and other things like this. From this room, and near the door you entered, is a door leading to another room which served as kitchen. From this you entered a closet, shaded by the chimney, which formed a partition between the rooms. In here you raised a trap door which revealed some steps

leading to the cellar below. Here he kept his provisions and other supplies. In one corner were two barrels, in which he put up fish for the winter, hanging up on hooks driven into the ceiling were several hams and sides, in another corner were two more barrels, one partly filled with wine, the other with brandy, and on some shelves he spread out his potatoes, turnips, fruits, etc.

The old man, however, with all this would not stay at home, but would wander around on the lake shore, which lay just at the bottom of the hill, pole in hand, fishing his life away, or at his tubs washing. He talked very little to any one, but if you would watch him when alone you could see him talking or raise his hand as if to emphasize something he was seemingly saying to the water or trees. He knew all the best holes, when the fish would bite best, exactly how to put bait on and how to spit on it to make them bite, when they needed coaxing.

It was my delight to go with him, for besides having fun fishing, I knew that he enjoyed having me with him. About the middle of April, five years ago, mamma said I could go bare-footed and I started for the creek to wade, but when I got to the creek, I crossed over, as if something were drawing me and went on to the lake. When I came to the lake there sat John. When he saw me his face brightened, and I knew he was glad to see me. He at once began to fix me a hook and line on a cane which he cut in a nearby thicket. He then baited and cast it in a good place for me. We waited long and patiently for a bite, but never a one. We changed and still no luck. Then he began to talk and this is the story he told:

"I wuz bo'n on Ol' Marster Wentworth's place twenty-three years 'fo' de war. I wuz al'ays one o' ol' marster's pets, 'cause I al'ays tried to do like he wanted me to. I would run on erran's for Ol' Mistis an' she got so she liked me fust rate an' learned me to read an' write a little bit.

Dey lent me all de books I wanted, an' I got so as I could read pretty well. I'd read de Bible to de niggers. On a Sunday 'bout dat time Marse Jim wuz bo'n an' when he got big enough dey give him to me to nuss. Soon as he got big I made him all so'ts o' toys an' playthings an' we got to be great fren's. When he wuz about five years ol' I learned him his A, B, C's. Nex' year he went to school over at Miss Pinky's. De fust day I took him over dar an' he jus' cried when I lef', an' all de boys laughed at him. I 'member when he seed dem laughing at him, he doubled up his fists an' scattered dem boys right and lef'. At fust he didn't like school, but den he began to love Miss Julie an' he wanted to go Sat'day an' Sunday too. One day when I took his pony over dar he tol' me to put Miss Julie on his hoss an' let him have mine. I wouldn't 'a' done it fo' nobody but him; cause I liked him, fo' he wuz so good to me. Frum dat time on I didn't have to do nothin' but wait on him. Sometimes I'd take him fishin' an' agin I'd go huntin' wid him. One day he wuz invited to a candy-pullin' over at Mr. Sweet's—dat wuz Miss Julie's pa—an' he said he'd go. He wuz den 'bout fo'teen an' had jus' put on long briches an' so he tol' Midget—dat's my sister—to press dem fo' him an' she laid dem pants flat out an' ir'ned dem. Dey wuz white pants an' stiff ones. When he put on dem briches, I thought I'd die laughing, 'cause he looked as flat as a tin cint piece. When he walked, de stiff creases on de insides made a noise like walkin' in shucks. Well, he didn't like dem pants one bit, but he wo' dem jus' de same. When he got dar, some boys frum de city begin to make fun of him an' he got jus' as red as Miss Pinky's hair. He didn't have much of a good time dat night, an' when we wuz goin' home, he tol' me he'd make Marse Ralph sorry fo' what he had done, 'cause Marse Ralph had helped make fun o' him.

"Well, it wan't long fo' he knowed mo'n Miss Pinky, an' so Ol' Marster sent 'im off to school. He fo'got all 'bout Miss

Julie an' got to luvin' a city gurl, an' one day hyar come a letter sayin' fo' me to bring Dandy—dat's his hoss—up to school. Well, Ol' Marster tol' me to take 'im, an' so I went to dat school too, but I didn't go to learn no mo', 'cause I knowed mo'n most niggers, but to tend to Dandy. Befo' I had al'ays rode him some, but now Marse Jim an' dat miss Oliver just rode him all de time. One day he tol' me to take Dandy up to Miss Oliver, his gurl, an' give him to her with his comp—something. Well, I didn't want to do it, but he said so an' dat wuz law an' gospel wid me. I took him up dar an' tol' her what he say an' give her a note. She looked at me so't o' funny an' den read de note an' turned aroun' an' went in de house. Fust thing I knowed, hyar she come wid anuder note an' bowed an' kissed de hoss—I wished I had been de hoss—an' said to me, 'Tell Mr. Wentworth I cannot accept his horse, but I am much obliged just the same.' Well, I went back an' tol' Marse Jim what she said an' he tol' me to put him back in de stable. He didn't ride any mo' fo' a long time an' so I had to give dat hoss some exlecise to keep him frum gettin' stiff in de knee an' it sure did feel good to my feelin's to ride dat hoss.

"De war wuz jus' startin' an' one day a letter come sayin' fo' Marse Jim to come home. Marse Jim was dead in love an' so he wuzn't in no hurry to go. But one day about two mon's a'ter dat he got a letter frum Miss Julie, tellin' him de Yankees had killed Ol' Marster an' Ol' Mistis an' burned dey bodies wid de house. Well, Marse Jim didn't lose no time, but set right out on Dandy, an' reached home de nex' day jus' fo' dark. Dar he saw de house burnt an' ole hosses an' cows all gone an' de whole plantation robbed. He went over to Marse Ralph's an' dar he seed some o' Ol' Marster's an' Mistis' bones what dey had found in de ashes. When I got home dey wuz fixin' to bury 'em. I thought Marse Jim wuz agoin' to kill hisself cryin'. Well, we stayed over at Marse Ralph, fo' our house wuz burnt.

Well den he decided to go an' fi't dem Yankees fo' killin' his people, an' one day he rode away on ol' Dandy, an' we never seed him any mo' fo' three years. While he wuz gone Marse Ralph took his lan' and dey had a fuss about it when Marse Jim come back. Marse Jim was 'bout to shoot Marse Ralph, but Miss Julie came in an' begged him not to do it. Marse Jim loved Miss Julie an' 'cause he liked her he didn't kill her brother.

"Things kept gettin' wuss an' wuss an' finally one day I seed dat he wuz mighty sad 'bout sumpin'. I tol' him not to be sad 'bout Ol' Marse an' Mistis, fo' dey wuz in a better place'n he wuz. He said he knowed it, an' den I as'd him whut he wuz so sad 'bout an' he tol' me to meet him down at de spring dat night 'bout midnight. Well I went down to de spring like he said, but he wuzn't come yet, an' I sit down on de grass. A'ter I had waited awhile, I heared ol' Dandy comin'. He came up, looked around an' got off an' tied de hoss. Den he went over an' set hisself down on de bench, fo' he hadn't seed me yet. I got up an' went over to'ds him an' saw him sittin' dar shiverin' an' shakin'. I tho't sumpin' wuz wrong, so I went up an' touched him, an' when I did he jumped an' looked so't o' scared. When he saw it wuz me he said to sit down, fo' he had sumpin' to tell me. I sit down on de bench an' a'ter a while he said, 'John, I am going away. Nobody knows it but you. I want you to take care of the rest of my land and be kind to Julia. She needs sympathy now, for she is ruined and I am to blame for it.' He sot dar a while an' den he got up an' tol' me to untie Dandy. He got on, an' takin' my hand in his, he said, 'John, you have been my faithful slave, you were made free, but you did not forsake me. When I come back I'll reward you. If I never get back, take this, it is a deed giving all my property to you. May God bless you!' Wid dat he rode away."

It was near noon. We, John and I, had been sitting there

on the shore unmindful of our hooks for a long while. All at once there was a splash and I saw a huge catfish floundering on the bank behind us which John had just pulled out. He took it off and proposed that we go to his hut and get dinner. I went with him, after he had promised to finish his story. We climbed the hill by one of the secret paths and while I built a fire in front of the fireplace, he cleaned and prepared his fish for cooking. My fire was now burning good, and he stuck a clean stick through the fish and hung it over the fire. When the fish was done, he fixed me a place to eat on a small flat rock. On this he put me some bread, half of the fish, an apple and a cup of wine. He ate about the same thing, sitting in the cabin door. After he had finished, he lighted his old pipe and smoked for a while.

At last he said he was again ready to go on with the story. He went in the hut and lighted a lantern. We went down into the cellar, where he gave me the lantern, while he began to move the fish barrels. These moved, he raised the platform on which they had stood and showed another room below. We went down and found here a large chest. He opened it and showed me all sorts of things, a watch, a ring, pistols and huge packs of letters. He said they all belonged to his Marse Jim. Taking the letters on his knee, he began:

"A'ter Marse Jim lef' me dat night, he rode to Charleston, where he sold Dandy and next day sailed to Africa. Dar he went to tradin' wid de niggers in skins, feathers, iv'ry an' diamonds. He made lots o' money an' got to be a rich man. Den he begin to send out agents to buy stuff fo' him an' he jus' tried to have a good time, but he still 'membered 'bout what he done over at his ol' home. He knowed he'd done wrong, an' he wanted to do what wuz right if he could. One day I got a letter an' I jus' knowed it wuz from him. Well, I opened it an' here is whut it said:

Cape Town, South Africa, March 11, 1876.

Dear John:—I have sold out my all in South Africa, preparatory to coming back home again. I am now a rich man and am coming

back to make up, if it is possible, for my great sin. Go to Julia if she is still living, and say to her that I am coming back for her alone. Ask her to forgive me. Do this, John, and when I arrive on my native land again, I will reward you as I promised years ago.

Yours,

JAMES WENTWORTH.

"Dis wuz de fust time I had heard frum Marse Jim fo' nearly ten years. Right a'ter I got de letter I went an' showed it to Miss Julie an' she commence cryin'. I knowed by dat, dat she still liked him. He came back an' dey married. Dey wuz as happy as anybody could be, but when Marse Ralph heard 'bout it he got his pistol an' shot 'em both. Miss Julie died right away, but po' Marse Jim lived 'bout two hours. He tol' me to go an' get a lawyer an' he tol' him to give me three hundred acres o' lan' an' $1,000. He gave de rest to Miss Julie's little boy, James. Marse Jim died an' we buried him beside Ol' Marster an' Ol' Mistis. He wuz a mighty good man, an' he gave me all my lan' an' I will al'ays love him. May God rest his soul; 'cause he never did but one real bad thing, an' he tried to make up fo' dat."

MY VIOLET DELL.

BY I. T. MANN.

I know a nook where the violet grows,
It's a shadowy and silent dell;
And only the stream beside me knows
This spot where the pretty violets dwell.

'Tis a corner where twilight fancies hide,
And here, too, the sleepy shadows dream;
Where only the blue-eyed violets guide
Each lazy movement of the stream.

Here I lie in the beautiful spring,
'Mid the violets all abloom;
And list to the bells of evening ring
As they call far o'er the gloom,

HOW CASEY WON THE DAY.

BY R. M. NORMENT.

Two men down with bases full
And it was Casey's turn at the bat;
Responding to the mingled cheers,
He lightly doffed his hat.

He was Mudville's heavy "swatter"
And they knew he was in trim;
So they pinned their faith on Casey
To bring those three men in.

The pitcher soon made ready,
And swiftly the ball it sped,
"That's not my kind," said Casey,
But—"Strike one," the umpire said.

The twirler let another come
And straight the spheroid flew;
Casey struck and hit—the air
And the umpire said "strike two."

Now Casey saw that maddening throng,
How they looked to him in vain,
He gripped his bat determined
The ball should not pass again.

Still again the horse hide came,
Casey met it fair and square,
Far over the fence the spheroid sailed,
And away up in the air.

In Mudville there was shouting,
And all the boys were gay,
Even now the folks will tell you
How Casey saved the day.

A FALSE WORLD TRANSFORMED.

BY C. L. BIVINS.

Arnold Carew was a handsome, easy-going man of the world. Life to him so far had meant no more than the pleasure he could get out of it. With this aim in view, he had thrown himself upon society and become at once the favorite of flirts and coquettes, who monopolized for a period both his time and talent. And for a time he was happy, but not happy in the sense that lovers are happy, for he had never thought seriously of loving any woman. He was simply amusing himself and getting, as he thought, the most out of life. But at heart Arnold Carew was a noble, manly fellow, and in time his manly spirit began to assert itself. The outcome of it all was, he came to loathe his old life; the shallowness of it disgusted him. But alas, too late! Society had done its work and he left his old circle with a low estimate of woman. Only flirts and coquettes were numbered among his acquaintances, and he made the natural mistake of judging womankind by the few whom he had known. And afterwards as he listened at his little band of college friends, vieing with each other in praising their several queens, Arnold would only smile—for here he was a heretic and a skeptic. They often railed upon him, but he was immovable and deep down in his heart he pitied them—for did he not know dangerous ground?

Time passed on; Arnold had braved the perils of the freshman year, had been the artist of the sophomore class, and had become an insignificant junior. While he was a favorite with many of the boys, his one great friend was Roy Hurley. For nearly three years they had been the best of college chums. They shared together their joys and their disappointments. But here it all ended—a bitter quarrel and then a separation. It happened just before commencement. At first there were angry words, but when the heat

of their passion had spent itself, they calmly discussed their difference and agreed to disagree. To Roy Hurley it did not matter much, but to Arnold Carew all was different. In his heart of hearts he had loved Roy Hurley and trusted him as he did no one else, and when he proved false to him and betrayed the sacred ties of friendship, Arnold's faith in his fellowman was shaken, his sunny nature was soured, and he was never quite his old self again. Man he now branded as fickle, heartless, and as void of all he valued in life as woman.

Thus matters went till commencement, when, through the recommendation of a friend, Arnold Carew secured work as a private surveyor far back in the mountains of Western Carolina. Delighted with the prospect of spending his vacation in the mountains, Arnold went directly from college to his work. After traveling for three days over mountain roads, he reached his destination. Mr. West, his employer, he found to be a kindly faced man, somewhat past the prime of life; a man whose life, as he himself said, had not been all sunshine. After seven years of happiness, his young wife had died and a shadow come over his life, which he was never quite able to dispel. Arnold took in his surroundings at a glance. The little mountain cottage was cozy within and charmingly situated. On every side the scenery was wild and grand. A smile overspread his manly face as he inwardly congratulated himself on the prospects of a delightful vacation, spent here, far away from the deceitful, maddening world.

He stood thus lost in thought till a step roused him, and a maiden just budding into womanhood stood before him with outstretched hand and addressed him: "Mr Carew, if I mistake not." A shade of annoyance crossed his face as he acknowleged his name and took the proffered hand. He saw at a glance that she was pretty; more he did not care to know. He did not notice that the hand she offered him was perfectly

moulded. Her face glowed in the mountain sunlight and the gentle breezes fanned the brown ringlets as they clustered about her forehead, but her charms were all lost on Arnold Carew, while annoyance was plainly visible on his face. This was uncalled for and spoiled the prospects of his vacation. Yet he did not forget to be his old polite, gallant self, but inwardly he was determined to play the woman-hater from the outset, for to have his vacation spoiled by this mountain girl was out of the question. Ruby West read his thoughts, and with a graceful sweep she entered the open door, and from that moment it was war between them. She decided it was her part to teach him a few things.

When Ruby West met him again there was nothing in her manner to betray her resolve. She was as blithe and frank as ever, but beyond that she did not go. All conversation of a personal or sentimental nature she studiously avoided. She had read in the expression of his face his estimate of her, and she disliked him for it. She did not court his attention neither did she avoid him; she simply treated him as she would any other guest of her father's. Arnold Carew at last noticed her indifference and was a little piqued by it and began to study her. But his study of this mountain girl was perplexing; he was completely baffled and was honest enough with himself to admit it. To be sure, he still judged women as a whole, by the few whom he knew; Ruby was merely the exception to the rule. Day by day he saw a new type of womanhood unfolding to his view. She was quite different from the flirts and coquettes of his acquaintance, and unconsciously he loved her for that difference. But at last, when he did come to know the true state of his feeling toward her, it seemed to him a hopeless love, for there was a coldness in her manner that forbade hope.

The day came at last when his work was finished; on the morrow he was to leave the little cottage, for his work now lay farther back in the mountains. And now that the time

for parting had come, he saw how dearly he had come to love this girl whom he had branded as deceitful and unschooled. But he would speak to her and justify his mistake, even if her manner forbade it. With this determination he went in search of her and found her in the little vine-covered bower at the end of the house, lost in the pages of "The Princess." His face glowed with passion as he looked into those brown eyes and told his story; how his youth was spent, how society had been his ruin, how his friend had betrayed the sacred ties of friendship, and last of all, how he had misjudged her and later learned to love her. Her face brightened as she listened to his story, and a mischievous light shone in her eyes.

"I see," she said, "that you cling to my old Greek professor's derivation of the word 'virgin.' "

He begged her to explain, and a smile crossed her fair face as she continued: "He gave two derivations of the word, and gave us our choice, but only one is applicable here. 'Vir' in Latin, you know, is man and 'gin' is trap, and woman, as you see her, is a vir-gin."

"But you do not hate me for that old belief?" he asked; "you will not send me away to climb that mountain without a ray of hope in my soul; you will let me see you again on my return; you do care for me?"

"I do not hate you," she said, "and for once I will not be cruel and I will forgive you on two conditions, for you are not wholly to blame for the estimate you held of woman; yet some of the fault is yours. I too have spent years in college, and mingled with men and seen them practice deceipt and flattery, yet men as a whole I never branded as fickle and worthless." And with some hesitation she added, "Of course you may see me on your return, for I do—not hate you." As these last words fell from her lips, Arnold made a suspicious move and she divined his purpose.

"But hold," she commanded, "you have forgotten the con-

ditions. First, you must promise to look up the other derivation of the word 'virgin.'"

"I solemnly promise," he said.

"And second, when you go back to your little band of college friends you must—"

"Must join them in praising the queen," he added. "I accept the conditions."

THE SOPHOMORE.

BY HOMER H. WINECOFF.

According to tradition all concede,
In realms of learning, none can supersede,
The Sophomore: and only for his sake
A little poem I did undertake.
Now you must note that he is very wise;
Then why should he give heed to one who tries
To equal him in wisdom? He knows best
The path of knowledge; why need you to jest?
To him alone belongs the liberty
To haze the Freshmen, rule the faculty;
To him it is that you should always go
To find out anything you wish to know.
Behold him as he goes from place to place
With eager look, and laughter on his face!
He knows no rest, but always labors on
Until he finds his tasks completely done.
Now, if you wish to cast aside his lot,
Just be a Junior; would you rather not?

SOME N. C. LEGENDS.

FANNING'S ESCAPE.

BY J. S. WRENN.

There is a place on Deep River, in Randolph County, North Carolina, known as Fanning's Leap. A large flat rock, on the right side of the river, bears a mark which is almost identically like the print of a horse's hoof. The story as to the cause of this impression has been told for a number of years. I was visiting in that vicinity last year, when an old gentleman told me the story, which I shall relate.

During the Civil War, General Wheeler's division of the Confederate army passed through the Piedmont section of North Carolina on their way to re-enforce some troops in the eastern part of the State. The march was through a rough country, and it was exceedingly hard on the soldiers. Occasionally Wheeler was troubled with deserters. They had camped near the line which separates Randolph County from Chatham, when it was discovered that a certain officer by the name of Fanning had deserted. He had been gone only a few hours when the discovery was made, so Wheeler ordered a party to go in immediate pursuit.

Fanning was mounted on a beautiful black horse which he had stolen soon after his desertion. His pursuers searched for him all one night, but did not strike his trail till early next morning. After following this trail for some hours, they saw him about a mile ahead. But Fanning had a keen eye, and on seeing his pursuers, urged his horse on as fast as possible. He thought if he could only reach Deep River, he would be safe. After a few hours of hard riding, he came in sight of the river, but discovered, much to his horror, that it was swollen to a great height, on account of the spring fresh-

ets. He also found that he had come into a bend of the river, where, seemingly, there was no chance of escape. His pursuers were now only a short distance away. There was no way of retreating, and in front of him was a sheer fall of thirty feet into a surging torrent. It looked like madness to leap into the river, but rather than be captured and court-martialed for desertion, he decided to risk it. Urging his horse to the top of the precipice, he forced him to jump into the flood below. Horse and rider were lost for some time in the mad waters. Fanning lost his seat in the saddle after the leap was made, but fortunately for him, the rushing waters carried him ashore some distance below. The poor horse, wearied by his long run, was unable to reach the bank and thus perished in the flood. The pursuing party reached the scene in time to fire a few shots at Fanning, but the distance was too great for them to be effective.

Thus, it is told that when the perilous leap was made the print of the horse's hoof remained on the rock. Certainly, I cannot testify as to the truthfulness of this story, but I do know that there is an impression similar to the print of a horse's hoof at the place described.

THE LAME TAILOR.

BY H. A. WILLEY.

The following legend has been verbally handed down for years, at Edenton, North Carolina.

In the days of Governor Eden, of this State, there lived near Edenton a very peculiar old woman, called Mistress Betsy Stonely. She came to Edenton in its earlier days, bringing with her a considerable fortune, partly consisting of a number of very valuable jewels. Of her history before this time but little was known. It was whispered by the village gossips, that she had been deserted by her lover and for this reason had left England for the New World. She

lived in a plain two-story brick house, which in those days might be called a mansion. Her only companion was Mistress Maria Jones, who was a match for her mistress in eccentricities.

Mistress Stonely died at the age of seventy-six, and having been shrouded by Mistress Jones, was buried in the churchyard just out of town. The report went that many of the jewels, supposed presents from her false lover, had been buried with her. These jewels had been for years the town talk.

Two very worthless fellows, who had been in Edenton only long enough to learn of the jewels, and their interment with Mistress Stonely, decided to rob the grave and quit the town. The third night after the burial of the good woman, the two thieves came with pick and spade to rob the corpse.

As only one could use the spade at a time, it was mutually agreed that the other should steal a sheep from a pasture near by. The first thief having duly secured the jewels and winding sheet reburied the corpse, and wrapping himself in the sheet sat down on the church steps to await his comrade.

A farmer, Pat Smith, was walking into town to hear the usual gossip at the village store. As he neared the church, he noticed the horrible ghost sitting at the church door. The thief, in order to prevent detection, began to wail and moan in a manner calculated to terrify Smith. His wails had the desired effect, and Smith ran the remaining half mile to town. He rushed into the store and told his tale. As he had a reputation of being good on both jokes and yarns, no one believed this tale of Mistress Stonely's mourning her false love. He begged that one of them should go with him and verify his statements. No one would go. Finally, Sam Green, a little lame tailor, who for twenty years had not taken a step, offered to accompany him, provided he would carry him on his back. This Smith readily agreed to do.

In this manner they approached the silent ghost. The

thief sat quietly awaiting his comrade. Smith declared in a whisper that he would go no further, but Green replied that it was only one of Smith's jokes, and that he would not be convinced unless they went entirely to it. This they did. Smith trembled and Green held tightly. Then the ghost, thinking it his friend, said, "Is he fat?" The farmer stood with open eyes, until the thief said again, "Is he fat?" At the second putting of the question Smith replied, "Darned if I know, but fat or lean you may have him." He dropped the lame tailor, and taking the main road to town, ran as never man ran before. When he rushed into the village store the second time, with a worse tale to tell, he found the story half told by the tailor, who took a nearer cut through a plowed field. The fright of the tailor restored the use of his limbs, which had been of no use for twenty years.

AN OLD HOUSE.

BY C. L. BIVINS.

'Tis just an old house that would long ago have been used for lightwood, but for the sacred memories that cluster about it. It is a large, two-story house, a typical specimen of ante-bellum architecture. This, they told me, was the home of my grandfather, a physician. But when I first remember the house, it was occupied by "Uncle Shade," as I was taught to call him, an old slave of my grandfather's, who, after he had gained his freedom, chose to remain on the old plantation and serve his old master. Here, in the "big-house" of his beloved master, he continued to live till his death. Since then the old house has been deserted.

While the quaint old house was occupied by "Uncle Shade," there was something of a charm and wonder about it. Yet, the house was no less a wonder than the old negro himself. Often have I seen him take his banjo from the old nail on the wall and gather his bow-legged grandchildren

about him and teach them the marvelous arts of "shuffling" and "short-dogging." How I longed to learn the art, but somehow my feet would never keep time to the tune of "Old Jimmie Sutton;" and it was no fault of the music, either. He knew his banjo and seemed to talk to it; indeed his music was heavenly compared with the mandolin and violin solos with which the Duke Building boys are favored.

But all is different now. There is about the old house an atmosphere of gloom. Nothing is suggestive of human life. Even the birds, as they perch themselves on the topmost branches of the giant oaks, seem to sing nothing but requiems. The yard, that was once a flower-bed, shows no trace of the tender hands that once made it a place of beauty, except an old cedar post that once supported the sweet-scented honeysuckle. Nothing remains of the orchard except the stumps of a few old trees, while of the log cabins that once formed a semi-circle about the house, but one remains to suggest to us the fascinating tales of slavery.

If the house is gruesome and uninviting from without, it is even more so within. Little wonder that the simple, superstitious old negro declared it to be the abode of haunts. The very floors sway beneath your tread, the crooked stairway groans beneath your weight and the empty rooms in turn echo these groans, while the shutters, as they squeak on their hinges, give that weird, unearthly sound that he might well attribute to haunts. And that gloomy little doctor's office, high on the second floor, where the dread skeleton used to hang, might well be sought by spirits, that hate light and dwell in darkness.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN READING.

THACKERAY'S ENGLISH HUMORISTS.

BY PEARL BRINSON.

For a long time my ideas of Thackeray as a writer were based upon the impressions which I received on reading his famous novel, Vanity Fair. As a child I had, of course, heard older people discuss books and authors, and naturally became familiar with the names of those of most prominence. In my home the reading of the children was considered of serious importance, and my parents were wise enough to prevent our reading such literature as the popular dime novel, and to try to cultivate in us an appreciation of better books.

So, being of a naturally inquiring disposition, and also very fond of reading, I very early began to peruse some of the better class of novels, and became much interested in the writings of such men as Cooper, Scott, and Dickens. These were of the most absorbing interest for me, and I employed most of my spare time in poring over them. My sympathy was greatly attracted by such characters as David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Little Nell, and numerous other creations of Dickens; while for tales of former ages and people, in my childish opinion, Scott had no equal; but most interesting of all, probably because most exciting, were the tales of Cooper which told of the terrifying experiences which the early settlers of this country had to undergo.

Having heard Thackeray spoken of as a brilliant and forceful writer; and Vanity Fair as the masterpiece of this distinguished author, I determined to read it. In the first place, it was very long. And I was a child. These were, I suppose, the chief reasons why I was not favorably impressed with the book. Then, too, the characters were entirely dif-

ferent from what I had become accustomed to. On first beginning the story I was not at all sure that I liked them as well; by the time I had read a good part of it, I was decidedly of the opinion that I did not; and when I was half through it my sole reason for finishing the reading of the book was to learn who did and who did not succeed in the aims which each was pursuing.

So I concluded that Vanity Fair was not for such readers as I, and, supposing that Thackeray's other works were of the same type, I left them and returned to Dickens and Lytton. I had become so much impressed with the seemingly cynical attitude of Thackeray, when he seemed to argue that all the fortune and success in life fell to the share of unworthy people, and that those who were true to the principles of right and justice were the unfortunate ones, that I had no desire to read further in his works.

When, therefore, I learned that we were to study one of his books in our literary course, I was not, to speak in moderate terms, particularly overjoyed, but trusted that it would be good since it was work required in this famous Sophomore spring term of English. I did not, then, receive the "English Humorists" with many hopeful anticipations and joyful expectations. But when we began to read the lectures, those delightful lectures so abundant in expressions of human interest and sympathy, my opinion of their author was greatly changed, and I looked upon him in an entirely different light from that in which I had hitherto viewed him. He came to typify for me, not the heartless, cynical critic of mankind, despising and condemning them for their faults and petty foibles, but rather a kindly, sympathetic observer, pitying the weaknesses while praising the virtues of his fellow mortals.

The first lecture was on Swift, the bitter, sarcastic satirist, and never, I think, have I read anywhere a more vivid portrayal of a human soul, raging and gnashing in its self-

imposed, but terrible loneliness and isolation. Who could express the horrible suffering of this great genius in a more startlingly real way than does Thackeray, when he says: "He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah, in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! What a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant." And again in speaking of the last days of his life: "His age was bitter, like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in a lonely exile."

We are glad to know that in a life so bitter and full of disappointments, there was one ray of sunshine which lightened the gloom and at times lifted the cloud of despair from his soul. And it is in describing this love of Swift for Stella, that Thackeray shows the depth of his sympathy and reveals the tenderness in his nature, for what can be more pathetically tender than the passage beginning with the words: "Only a woman's hair"?

Yet notwithstanding the wealth of love which Stella lavished upon Swift, one can but realize the utter hopelessness of his situation, and I was glad to turn away from this terrible figure to the milder ones which follow. All of these are presented by Thackeray in a thoroughly entertaining and instructive way, but, though I enjoyed reading each of the lectures, none of them appealed to me more than the one on Steele. I must, of course, admire Addison's stately bearing and life, the kindly satire of Fielding, who, as the author declares, "could not be so brave, generous, and truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful and tender," the generous and affectionate though restless nature of Goldsmith, and the brilliant genius of Pope; but none have affected me so much as this "thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy," who looked upon Addi-

son with such admiring devotion and who was so fond of company and taverns. He was so intensely human and had so many faults and virtues, was so lovable and gentle withal, that the study of his life and character is one which constantly presents something new and unexpected in its development.

In his delineation of character, Thackeray speaks with such sincerity and insight that he makes the reader almost unconsciously adopt his own views and opinions, until, like himself, we are ready to forgive a man his faults in consideration of his virtues and come to "like Dick Steele the man and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors," and to like best of all the author who so well portrays the character of others, and say of him, as he did of Steele, "Let us think gently of one who was so gentle; let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness."

ON READING FROM "THE COMPLETE ANGLER"

BY G. SILER.

In this day of strenuous living, one who wishes to withdraw himself from "turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts" and think quietly for a while on restful things, can scarcely do better than take down a volume of The Complete Angler from his library shelf and inhale the fragrance of a fine English morning and share the peace of mind and soul of one who also lived in tumultuous times. His was no time of floating stocks, but of streaming blood, and yet a more serenely untroubled man never let himself be known. His mind was so honest and quiet that its working soothes men yet.

And his thoughts ran in channels which are indeed conducive to a calm and healthy view of things. I have never felt the charm that the mellowness of landscapes centuries old

alone can give, but I have sought the speckled beauties far back in the heart of the mountains, and under the influence of the magic spell of towering peaks and rushing torrents, have caught the charm of angling. It is quiet there: the stream rolls, tumbles, and roars, but it seems scarce to disturb the silence. And it is a different silence here that the angler meets with. In England the peaceful landscape surely permits one to bring his thoughts from the noisy world, here he is compelled. Lowing herds, steaming furrows, busy barnyards are miles away and apart from the deep monotone of the stream, no sound disturbs the mystic harmony of the sighing trees save the whir of the pheasant by day and the mournful cry of the owl at night.

In regions like these have I learned how wary the trout is and what time there is between catches to think. Yet of all the times I have thought I could tell least of what I was thinking when I was casting and casting and casting again, to tempt some wise old inhabitant of the pool to forsake his experience and taste the lusciousness of the silk and feathers which I offered him. The lulling gurgle of sparkling water and the wisdom of a crimson spotted trout forty miles from civilization start one to depths of musing that leave no thread to retrace the way. Still every time I go I find them not so plentiful as before, the charm that heightens all the beauties of the forest is disappearing. And I cannot now but have an added touch of sorrow; for I see this means a fewer and fewer number to come into a larger sympathy with one who loved to "be quiet and go a angling."

MY LIBRARY.

BY H. A. WILLEY.

If I were asked to name two facts in regard to my inner self, I would say that first, I am a man of moods, and second, that I take great delight in associating with my friends. In

a certain mood I enjoy a conversation with John, while in another the company of James is preferable, and in yet another mood neither of these is desirable and Harry alone can comfort me. It is much this way with my library. While scant as it may be, there are friends for all hours and moods.

A little six volume set of Poe makes excellent company for the weird hour of midnight, while a set of American short story classics introduces to me the leading short story writers in America today. There are a few writers of the Shaksperian age, among them Shakspere himself, who is represented by an international set of thirteen half-leather volumes, which at almost any time are excellent company. Then, too, there are Milton, Goldsmith, Ruskin, Byron, Thackeray, Lamb and Arnold. Tennyson, also, is there in three neat volumes.

Among my friends there are authors who are not Englishmen. A dozen or so of these are French, and of the little foreigners I am very fond. Hugo thoroughly understands human nature and in Les Miserables, shows us every phase of it. Notre Dame and Hernani are equally interesting. Balzac sees human life from a different viewpoint, but sees it with equal clearness. While reading Pierre Loti one can but see in his mind's eye the green fields of Breton contrasted with the snowy shores of Iceland. Daudet makes me familiar with the life of the laboring Frenchman and his dialect, while Dumas thrills me with the exciting tale of La Tulipe Noire. Camille, Erchmann-Chartrain, Merimee and others are there. There is also a translation of Goethe's Faust. Several authors speak in Latin, but I am ashamed to confess that I hold intercourse with them only when I must.

When in a religious mood the Bible is there for my comfort, when churchly there are Brooks, Talmage and others. There are also church histories and doctrinal works. In several histories are stored the facts about past ages.

For every mood and every hour, there is sure to be some book to interest me, some friend to whom I may turn. In life I have for friends those who live here and now, in books I make friends in all ages and climes. If this be the blessings of a small library what benefit might not be gained from a large one!

COLERIDGE'S "ANCIENT MARINER."

I don't think there is a poem in the English language, with the exception of one or two of Tennyson's, that appeals to me so much as does Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." I can't remember the first time I read it. From the time that I could first talk, my father was accustomed to take me in his lap and read selections from the English poets. I remember that Tennyson was his favorite, but at first I was too young to appreciate him. The great depth and beauty of the poet, which I later learned to love, did not touch my childish fancy. I could not appreciate the lyric; I wanted a story, and in the "Ancient Mariner" I found it. Not alone a story, though, for my "Arabian Nights" would have given me that, but with it a depth of feeling, an undercurrent of emotion, that filled my childish soul with awe. The picture of the old Mariner with his gray beard and glittering eye was very vivid to me, and the deep tones with which he told his story, so full of feeling, held me as it did the wedding guest. But I could not see it all; it was years before the full magnificence of the poem burst upon me, and what a delight I then took in reading it. I never tired of it, and read it over and over again until I almost knew it by heart.

The setting of the poem is a little out of the ordinary. The Mariner is seized at times with a feeling that he must tell his story to someone, and the poem opens with his stopping a man on his way to a wedding feast. The guest resists, but fascinated by the tone of the old man, he finally quiets down

and hears him through. The Mariner had been on a voyage in the south seas and in a moment of folly killed an albatross, a bird of good luck. Immediately the consequences of his deed were seen; the wind died down, and struck by the pangs of starvation the crew saw death staring them in the face. One by one the men dropped down, until only the Mariner remained. The ship still lay becalmed and the Mariner lingered on. Finally a generous thought penetrated his hard heart, and immediately the dead albatross, which the sailors had hung about his neck, fell off, a stiff wind sprang up, and he was driven to land and life.

There is a good deal of the supernatural and weird imagery in the poem, typical of the romantic movement of the time, but without these the poem would lose much of its effect. The whole tone of the poem may be gathered from one stanza:

"O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

AT THE BASEBALL GAME.

BY W. T. B.

Sometimes I think I'd rather yell
And be a rooter, than to play
And be a player. But I can't tell.

Rooters can holloa, they can yell,
Which seems fair for players can play,
Which means the most. Still I can't tell.

Players of one thing should rejoice,
That they don't have to spoil their voice,
For rooters have to yell enough
To burst their throats were they not tough.

There's lots of players who can't play,
And lots of rooters who can yell,
So, maybe, rooters make the day,
It looks that way. Still I can't tell.

A POEM.

BY "L."

I can not write;
I'm not so bright;
The reading world would want to fight,
If I should write!

What! I to write!
Bright things endite!
Why, should I try with all my might,
I couldn't write!

I will not write!
Let other light
Dispel the intellectual night,
But I'll not write!

H. E. SPENCE, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
HOLLAND HOLTON, - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

With the Sophomore debate closes what has been a very successful year in the literary societies of Trinity College. The standard of work done has been excellent. Within the society halls the contests have been close and spirited. Much interest has been manifested. In the public debates the standards of former days have been maintained. In contests with other institutions we have made a brilliant record winning both of our intercollegiate debates.

We are glad to note that there is an increase in the interest taken in debating. The outlook for the future is encouraging. It is true that some of our best debaters go out with the present Senior class, but still there remains a strong debating force. It is noteworthy that one of our intercollegiate debaters was a Sophomore, and two of the intersociety contestants were Freshmen.

The spirit of what might be termed the "scrub debaters" is also significant. In the preliminaries, although in some cases it was almost a foregone conclusion as to who would be successful, they worked faithfully and well in the face of almost certain defeat. And having failed once they did not grow disheartened, but tried again. Such spirit and persistence will eventually make a success out of what promised to be a complete failure.

However, we must say that there is a deplorable lack of

interest among the mass of students with regard to literary work. We go wild over athletics, follow the ball team to the train, beating drums and yelling ourselves hoarse, and when they return we are ready to give them a reception. All of this is well enough. The men who train all the spring in the hot sun, when they might be loitering in pleasant shady nooks, and sacrifice their own good for the sake of the college should be idolized. The college owes them much. One of the best advertisements that we could have is our crowd of gentlemanly ball players, who play hard, act square, and keep cool in defeat or victory. Such aggregations are hard to find, especially such batteries as can let down the teams of the largest institutions with two little hits. All honor to them. We're behind them, win or lose. But does not the debater deserve some notice, too? Is it not a glory to our college that we have won three straight debates from the largest institutions in the South? Is not the work of the debater just as important as the hurling of the horse-hide? Yet the debater toils for long months over dry technical facts, works hard and does his best, only to be allowed to go away without half of the boys knowing that he is gone, and no one to receive him when he returns. "Honor to whom honor is due." Let us make these faithful debaters feel that their work, too, is appreciated, while we honor the other defenders of the blue.

The faculty lectures are perhaps the most generally enjoyable feature of college life. They not only promote the educational interest of the student body, but they furnish a wholesome diversion from the weary monotony of study.

The instructor can, by means of these lectures, do more towards inspiring the students with a genuine desire for work, thereby accomplishing better results than by all the easy threats and mild persuasions made use of in the class-

room. The student will be benefited by having infused into his mind an inspiration for knowledge, which he will satisfy by seizing hitherto neglected opportunities, while the teacher will be spared so many dreary hours in trying to interest indifferent people.

The instructor is thus given an opportunity to teach the students in other ways than by the regular classroom work. He can broaden the student's perspective by his superior knowledge and varied experiences. Thoughts and truths which he has been gathering up all through life, can in this way be utilized successfully, instead of being treasured up in books to adorn some unused library.

While this may seem over-taxing to the faculty, nevertheless if each one would give his support, the task would fall less heavily upon all, and the results obtained would doubtless repay them for their undertaking.

Although these lectures have been more or less frequent, yet, the writer, for these reasons, believes that one lecture each week would do more towards furthering interest in all things, and education in particular, than any other method just now apparent. A. G.

Several years ago we were made the gift of a handsome library, well equipped with every advantage that a student could wish. Those who have the advantage of this library with the number of valuable volumes and many periodicals it contains should count themselves fortunate. But there are many who cannot take advantage of this vast opportunity, whose doors could be thrown open to us with a very little cost on the part of the college. But instead, there stands many times these heavy doors between the searching scholar after knowledge, and the untrodden fields of information beyond. Why is it that at six o'clock each day those doors must close, keeping in knowledge that might be imparted to

those who during the day do not have equal opportunity of frequenting the library? The need of its staying open several hours after dark is seen more at this time of year than at any other. There are men in college who have work from nine o'clock in the morning till four in the evening, and if these men are interested in any phase of athletics they get no time to frequent the library.

If this library had been given us on the Carnegie plan, we might see some reasons for its being closed, but as one of our Trinity friends was liberal enough to donate the entire building and furnishings, why cannot the college expend the necessary amount to keep open its doors after dark?"

L. E. B.

JOHN W. HUTCHISON, - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

At the present time the theatre is more popular than ever before. There are many people today who are far more regular in their attendance on the play than even that versatile genius, Mr. Samuel Pepys, was in his day. Could Mr. Pepys be alive today he would welcome with interest his observations on the modern play. We are sure that he would not find the playwright to be doing anything towards the uplifting of the stage, much less the enrichment of dramatic literature. We even doubt whether he would say the modern play to be decent, much less instructive. On the contrary, he would see for the most part, a jumble of street phrases or commonplace sayings put into a connected whole, with just enough background to point out a proper time or place for the actors to come on and exeunt.

So, with the great majority of college magazines, for the last month to be filled with what may be termed Freshman themes on an observation or an experience; such titles as Mr. Brown's Gray Mule, or My Experience with Girls. Such sketches make no pretense to literary style, are frivolous and fruitless, and have neither depth nor thought. To these magazines and the modern play, therefore, may be applied the words of La Bruyere in his observations on the manners of the French stage of the seventeenth century: "These characters," they say, "are natural. Thus, by this rule, they will occupy very soon the entire amphitheatre with a lackey

who whistles, a sick person in her————, a drunken man who sleeps or hiccoughs: Is there anything more natural? It is the characteristic of an effeminate person to arise late, to pass a part of the day at her toilet, in looking in the mirror, in perfuming herself, in putting some patches on her face, in receiving some letters, and in replying to them. But this role in the scene. The longer the time you endure it, one act, two acts, the more natural will it be and conform to the original, but colder and more insipid also will it be." And if young writers will persist in writing about Mr. Pickwick Running After his Hat, and put it into a separate sketch, let them at least study Addison and Mark Twain, where they will see there is style and expression, humor and novelty.

The University of North Carolina Magazine is one of the best of the month. "President Polk's Visit to the University," is a series of reports, written by their brilliant correspondent, whoever he was. They are interesting from beginning to end. This is the second time they have been published, and should be read with interest by every loyal alumni of the University. The commencement of 1847 was truly a great occasion, both for students and visitors. Of the valedictory delivered by J. Johnson Pettigrew, the writer in his fine style, says: "Other honorary degrees were conferred, after which we had the valedictory of Mr. Pettigrew, a profound young thinker and a favorite of the University. It was solemn, sincere, and deeply affecting, bringing tears from many a stranger's eye, as well as from the associates of his studies. The very difficulty under which he labored to repress his feelings the more deeply awakened the feelings of those around." "The Socialistic Movement" is a fine presentation of the origin and development of socialism and its meaning, with the arguments for and against it. It is written in a very simple style, shows plenty of thought, and the writer gives his own opinion in well expressed views.

We welcome to the field of college literature and to our exchange table the Acorn. It has started out very auspiciously, as a reading of the first issue will readily show. "The Hand of the Invisible Empire" is really an excellent piece of writing. But the writer, instead of saying Southern white men, might have said Peto and Ponis, and others which would sound more like the Bully Boy and George Gentle of the Salisbury lynching scene, and the cause of action should have also been changed. A good piece of writing is spoiled, because the writer is merely opening an old wound. For the sake of struggling humanity don't let Thomas Dixon's influence enter the colleges and universities. "Historic Homes in North Carolina" describes the fine old homesteads of the State, which, though few people may know it, we have as well as colonial Virginia.

The Wofford College Journal contains one of the most interesting pieces of fiction of the month. "Violetta—A Tale of the Blue Ridge," has a very good plot, does not exaggerate human weakness or human character; but is a touching story of love and faithfulness, with a most dramatic ending. The beautiful Gypsy girl, Violetta, has nursed the wounded traveller back to life, but he proves unfaithful to the love he has inspired in her, when he gets back to bustling civilization. Remorse fills his soul and he returns to the lonely Gypsy home, far off in the mountain recesses. He sees the grave which he has been the cause of digging. A rifle cracks, and with a wild shriek the remorseful lover falls dead over the side of his canoe. On the jagged cliff overhead, the old Gypsy godmother turns away from the smoking rifle; "Revenge is a Gypsy's happiness." "The Red Terror and the Red-cart" is an excellent humorous sketch. It reminds us very much of the stories of Huckleberry Finn. But the funniest thing we can see in this of a wild escapade is the following description of the Red Terror and his negro

companion on their way home from a hunt: "Behind him (the Red Terror) followed Rant with two or three rabbits, a squirrel and a large turtle—the results of the day's hunt. Turning to the negro, the Red Terror drawled out: 'Rant, if I had a pot of peas and a big hoecake of corn bread, be do! I believe I could eat it every bit.' To this Rant only runted his approval, and they marched on." Now this has nothing to do with the story related, but we believe it to be real humor. The Wofford Journal, on the whole, is a very good number.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., June, 1907.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to H. E. SPENCE, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to F. R. WRENN, Business Manager.

C. M. CAMPBELL, JR., }
MITCHELL B. WADDILL, } - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

CLASS HISTORY.

In the days of Kilgo the Great the decree went out that things were getting dry at Trinity, and some new, fresh, green material was desired. And behold there came a responding cry from the Dismal Swamp and the other ends of the earth—even as far away as Arkansas and Charlotte—and the supply exceeded the demand. We will never forget those days. Some of us who come from town felt very important—we were going to the renowned kingdom of Trinity. Others of us from the country didn't feel so large; we had come from some little prep-school in which we had been the chief figure,

and in our conceit we saw little reason why we should go to college. It is unnecessary to undertake to describe the feelings of that crowd upon their early arrival. Some had never been away from home a week in their lives except when they went to grandma's, some had never ridden on a train or seen an automobile, some came with their fresh young faces still glowing with the flush of a farewell kiss and with minds that held the image of a pair of shy rosy lips, a trembling eyelash under a little sunbonnet, and—but what's the use of writing of the stifled emotions, the gnawing of homesick hearts, the yearnings for one more glimpse of the little schoolhouse or the rose-covered arbor—nobody is willing to believe that this unemotional, matter-of-fact crowd ever had a sentiment or could ever be stirred by fact or fancy.

Suffice it to say that our feelings soon changed, the riding of the train was gentle compared with the riding of a rail, the hooting of the owls in the lone swamps was sweet music compared with the ominous hoot of the '06 owls, the snarl of a savage cur made music in comparison with the spiteful strains of "Freshman, you'd better lie low," and when in the wee small hours of the night a timid voice could be heard singing "Home, Sweet Home" there was a genuine ring about it that was unmistakable.

Our first class meeting wasn't very pleasant. It would have been peaceful probably, but others interfered. Some few important Seniors undertook to dictate to us and we kicked out of traces and chose to run our own shooting match. They left with a pitying contempt for the fresh ingrates and turned us over to the tender mercies of the Sophs. We had a rush and—won. A few sprains and bruises was the price of it all. (How cheap in comparison with the rush when we were Sophomores and tore up a few doors and had them to pay for!)

We stayed fresh and scared both, until the year was done. But we were game all the same and talked back in the day

time, if we kept quiet at night. The Sophs could black us, but we could beat them playing ball. Our first contest was on the gridiron, where (with all due respect to the historian of last year's class) we held the Sophs down and neither side scored. But on the diamond they met their Jonah. In spite of guying and taunts we won—17 to 7. And thus ended the first fit.

The second year dawned bright and promising. We were Sophs, and we did not forget the lesson of the expulsion of a goodly number of the '06 class. We couldn't be good, but we were careful. We were as diligent as any of our predecessors in correcting the Freshmen, but were never caught. "Discretion is the better part of valor."

We also took the Freshmen down upon the diamond by the very close score of 13 to 11. But the victory of which we were proudest was the winning of the football game with '06. They were our most hated rivals and the way that our boys rushed over them was refreshing to the sight. And the second fit was over.

Again we came to the campus, this time without enthusiasm; "standing between two worlds—one dead, the other powerless to be born." Football was abolished, and we could only play baseball, but again we took vengeance on our old enemies and sang them a dirge of 15 to 10. We had interesting times electing editors, managers, etc., for the coming year, and lived in glad anticipation of the "years that bring the philosophic mind." We gladly resigned the third fit and awaited the fourth eagerly.

What a delusion! The fourth fit has been tame. Our fondest hopes of making all phases of college life excel have vanished. We are still singing "Hang the faculty," and like Mr. Micawber, we are "waiting for something to turn up." Our magazine has probably fallen below the standard, but we are not interested enough to seek the cause of it. "Take life easy," is our motto. We look back on our college course with

little regret. "Don't grieve over spilt milk." We have furnished our quota of men in the various departments of college life. If we have not, it's too late to worry. Our chief regret is that we lost the game of ball with the '08 class. We didn't mind getting licked, but it makes us feel so much like Lazarus. We can't tell what the next few days or years will bring. We haven't graduated yet. When we do—another problem arises. From the Faculty, the Devil, and the cold, cold, world, good Lord deliver us!

A POEM.

BY BERLE J. FAUCETTE.

Darkness without and darkness within,
Everything is blackened by the stain of sin;
Not so, while yet we mourn and weep
The good in men's bosoms is but asleep,

And soon again will break forth in strength
When God's own time has come at length;
Then shall there be in each fair land
Happiness at our and their command.

ODE TO THE LIBRARY.

BY D. W. NEWSOM.

Set for the years, with sturdy, stately mien,
Thou look'st out upon our Southern life
And seemest glad that 'gainst the blightful strife
Of ignorance thou can'st toil, silent, serene.
Amid the culture of thy large demesne
Lift thou the growing mind to regions rife
With universal truth. With heartless knife
Prune thou the clinging shackles and make clean
Our thought; but let not wrinkled knowledge chill
Appreciation's glow. Unto the mind
New beauty wake; let human thought grow still
The bolder; build ambition large; but bind
High knowledge to a childlike heart that will
Revere Almighty God and love mankind.

A TRANSLATION—THE PEACHES—THURIET.

BY JULIA BRENT MINOR.

The recent death of Thuriet at the age of 74 calls attention to the work of this poet and novelist, whose active career embraces the last half of the 19th century. Thuriet is not one of the great figures in French literature, but as a poet and novelist he has taken a distinctive place in the literature of his time. He is a painter and interpreter of the bourgeois life in the small French towns, and also of the woods and flowers and trees which form its environment. His characters are not, perhaps, great creations of unusual power; they are slight and simple-minded. Their passions and emotions are those of the quiet class to which they belong; they become significant, however, when taken in their setting. It is the fresh genuineness of this life interpreted in close sympathy and union with nature which gives them their charm. Are not these characters of middle life the real strength of a country, and especially of France? If this be so then a genuine interpretation of this life has its place. The story here translated does not represent Thuriet as the artistic interpreter of this bourgeois life in the charming setting of semi-rural France. The canvas is not large enough for the picture to be complete, but it may give a glimpse of the society in which his characters move.

A TRANSLATION.

At the reunion of the former pupils of the country high school which I had attended I met my old friend Vitol Herbelot, and after having a cup of coffee we left the banquet hall. While smoking a cigar we walked along the canal in the heat of an afternoon near the end of August, and he told me this story of his experiences since we were last together:

"You know," said he, "that my father, an old employer, has never seen anything comparable to these government

clerkships. Also since I was rid of my bachelor's examination, there was nothing more pressing than taking upon myself the position of supernumerary in place of my father. I did not feel any special vocation determined for me, and I engaged docilely in this new mercenary highway of the bureaucracy, over which my father and grandfather had slowly but surely travelled. I was a hard working boy, well disciplined, reared from the cradle to be respectful of the higher employers, and to pay them the deference due to those in authority. I was then well known by my employers and rapidly obtained my first administrative ranks. When I became twenty-five my director, who had taken a great fondness for me, gave me a position in his office, and my comrades became envious of my good fortune. They were already speaking of me as a future employer, and were predicting a freat future for me. It was at that time that I married. I married a very pretty young girl, and that which is worth a great deal more, one who was very good and amiable, but without fortune. It was a very grave mistake in the eyes of all the employees with whom I worked. They were very positive; they saw marriage only in the light of a business transaction and took for their rule that 'if the husband brought the breakfast the wife ought to bring the dinners.' My wife and I had scarcely enough to sup stingily. They cried out very loud that I had acted the fool. More than one brave man of my associates declared plainly that I was a fool and that I had destroyed wittingly a fine situation. Nevertheless, as my wife was very pretty, and very lovable, and since we lived moderately, being forced by poverty, we succeeded in making both ends meet. They thought no longer of condemning my lack of foresight, and the local society continued to welcome us.

"My director was rich, he loved official entertainment, often entertained, gave superb dinners, and from time to time invited to a dance the families of the public officials and the

aristocratic ones in the town. At the time of one of these functions my wife was very ill and was compelled to remain at home, and although I greatly preferred remaining with her, I was obliged to be present at his political receptions, for my employer would not allow any one to decline his invitations, and at his house his employees ought to amuse themselves by order.

"One evening there was a great ball at the director's house; it was then necessary, willing or not, to wear my evening dress.

"At the time for departure, making quite artistically the knot in my white cravat, my wife reminded me very forcibly of a number of things. 'It will be very grand. Do not forget to look closely, so that you may tell me in detail the names of the women present, their toilets, and the supper menu. For they will surely have a supper—it seems that they have gotten a lot of good things from Paris—some of the first fruits; they talk of peaches which have cost *trais francs pièce*. Oh, those peaches!—you know! if you were sweet, you would bring me one.' I tried to show her that that would never do, and besides, how difficult it would be for a man in evening dress to put one of those peaches in his pocket without a great risk of being seen and excluded from society. The more objections raised the more determined did she become in her whim.

" 'On the contrary, nothing could be easier! In the midst of going and coming from supper no one would see you do it. You will take one as for yourself and conceal it at once. Don't shrug your shoulders! It's true its only childishness, but what I ask is such a little thing. Promise me you will bring me one, at least; say that you will!'

"What way to oppose a proper refusal to a young woman that you love, who is ill, and who is going to pass the evening alone thinking of those who are dancing there?

"I ended by murmuring a vague promise and hastened to depart, but when I had my hand on the door-knob just ready to go out she called me back. I saw her pale face and her large blue eyes turned sweetly towards me, and she said again, with a smile, 'You will promise me?'

"A very beautiful ball, flowers everywhere, handsome gowns, an excellent orchestra. The chief, the judge, the officers of the garrison—in fact all the best society was there. My director had spared nothing in order to give splendor to this feast of which his wife and daughter graciously did the honors. At midnight supper was served and in couples the dancers promenaded into the dining hall. I stepped in, my heart loudly beating. Scarcely being within the room, I perceived in the middle of the table, the famous peaches sent from Paris.

"They were magnificent! Arranged in a pyramid in a crockery basket from Lunéville, separated by green vines, they displayed with pride their appetizing color, where dark red variegated the light green of its velvety stem. Only to see them one could divine the fine savor of the pink fruit. From a distance I gazed longingly at them and thought of the joyous exclamations which would welcome me on my return, if I succeeded in bringing with me a sample of these exquisite fruits. They excited the admiration of everyone; the more I contemplated the more my desire took the form of a fixed idea, and I determined to take one or two. But how? Servants were appointed to watch these rare and costly fruits. My director had reserved for himself the pleasure of offering his peaches to a few privileged persons. From time to time, by a signal from the chief, the master of the house took a peach delicately, cut it with the aid of a silver knife and presented the two halves, on a plate, from leaves, to the person designated. I eagerly followed this trick, and trembling, saw the pyramid tumbling down. Nevertheless, they did not exhaust the contents of the basket. The order

had either been adroitly executed or it had been made with discretion. When the guests, recalled from supper by a prelude on the orchestra, hastened into the parlor, a half dozen of the beautiful peaches still remained on the bed of green.

"I followed the crowd, but it was only a sham exit. I had left my hat in a corner,—a high silk hat which had troubled me considerably during the entire evening,—I went back under pretext of getting it, and as I belonged somewhat to the house, the servants did not mistrust me. Besides, they were busy in conveying to the pantry the dishes and glasses with which they had served supper—and at a certain moment I found myself alone near the basket. There was not a minute to lose. After a hasty glance to the right and left, I drew near the basket, rolled two peaches in my hat, which I hid with the aid of my handkerchief; then, very calm in appearance, very dignified, although my heart was beating frightfully fast, I left the dining room, holding carefully the opening of my hat against my breast, and keeping it there by the aid of my right hand, which passed into the opening of my vest, giving me a very majestic attitude—almost Napoleonic. My project was to slowly go across the parlor, take French leave, and once outside to carry to my wife the two peaches wrapped in my handkerchief.

"The thing was not as easy to do as I had at first thought. They had just begun the cotillion. All around the hall there was a double row of dress suits, and some elderly women surrounding a second circle formed by the chairs of the ladies who were dancing, then in the middle a large empty space where the couples waltzed. It was necessary that I should cross this space to reach the door of the vestibule. I turned by, slipped between the groups, and wound among the chairs with the suppleness of a snake. I trembled every minute, fearing that a brutal blow of an elbow was going to disarrange the position of my hat and make my feathers fall. I felt them knocking about in my hat, and my ears burned and

flushed even to my hair. Finally, after great trouble and fright, I entered the circle just at the minute when they were arranging for a new figure; the lady is placed in the center of the dancers, who move around her in a ring with their backs towards her; she ought to hold a hat in her hand and put it on the head of that one with whom she wishes to dance when he passes her. Scarcely had I taken two steps when the daughter of my director, who was leading the cotillion with a young councilor of the prefecture, cried out:

"'A hat! We have no hat!'

"At the same time she perceived me with my stove pipe hat held close to my breast. I met her gaze and my blood froze.

"'Ah! said she, you came just at the right time, Mr. Herbelot! Quickly, your hat!'

"Before I had been able to utter a word she had taken possession of my hat, so rapidly that at the same time the peaches rolled on the floor, carrying along with them my handkerchief and two or three green leaves.

"You see the picture. The dancers laughed in their sleeves while contemplating my misdeed and my confused look; my director frowned, the servants whispered to each other and pointed their fingers at me; I felt my legs give way. I wished that I might have gone through a hole in the floor and disappeared.

"The young girls pinched their lips in order to suppress a burst of laughter, then handing my hat back to me: 'Mr. Herbelot,' said she, in an ironical voice, 'now pick up your peaches!'

"Laughter then came from every corner of the parlor, the servants even had to hold their sides, and pale, haggard and staggering, I fled, crazed by confusion. I was so bewildered I could hardly find the door, and I went away, death in my heart, to tell my disaster to my wife.

"The next day the story ran through the town. When I entered my office my comrades accosted me with: 'Herbelot,

pick up your peaches!' which made my face redden with humiliation. I could not risk a step on the street without hearing behind me a scoffing voice whispering: 'He is the gentleman with the peaches!' The place was no longer bearable, and eight days later I handed in my resignation.

"My wife's uncle cultivated an estate near the vicinity of my native town. I begged him to take me as an assistant. He consented, and we installed ourselves at Chauteraine. What more shall I say? I began resolutely to put my hands to labor, getting up with the dawn and not regretting my work. It seemed that I had more talent for farming than for papers, for in a short while I became a serious farmer. The domaine prospered so well that at his death, by his will, it was left to us. Since then I have enlarged it and brought it to the satisfactory state in which you may now see it."

TO TRINITY.

BY E. R. WELCH.

Our own Alma Mater, we fondly adore thee,
Thy glory-flag lifted to breezes unfurled
Betokens the flight of the night-hordes before thee,
Pretyping the conquest of truth o'er the world.
Thy children, tho' scattered to four winds, will ever
Of thee make their Mecca, to fall at thy shrine,
And wheresoe'er wand'ring no other shall sever
Our heartstrings which round thee devoted entwine.

The great heart of Craven much labored to found thee,
And others but fashioned the pattern he gave;
While every step upward and outward around thee
God sheds His Shekinah, thy prospect to save.
If through painful pathways His Father-hand led thee,
By flame shaft and cloud to thy present success,
Be firm; for the future holds nothing to dread thee,
The God of our fathers is with thee to bless.

For trinitied manhood fulfill thy commission,
All truth leads to God, Him all visions should show;
Then, fostering mother, to truth's quest and vision
We'll pledge heart and hand as the years come and go.
Then long wave thy banner and loud swell the chorus,
That presages vict'ry for love and for light;
With narrowness, ignorance cowering before us,
We'll herald the day dawn that vanquishes night.

PROPHECY—A VIEW OF HADES.

My last dope was gone. Horrors! what should I do? For these long years I had kept myself alive by means of vitelox. It had been a queer life, a life of dreams and visions, of smiles and laughter. Men had said I was weak and childish, but if they could have seen within the life of reality that I lived they would have forsaken their old life of shams and forms and hailed my discovery as a boon to humanity. My vision had been so shaped by this wonderful elixir that all the world was covered with joy and sunshine. I had the true philosophy of life. Through the dark clouds my sure eye would pierce and see the sunshine. All evil appeared good and the skies of old age were colored with the roseate hues of dawn. But now it was disappearing. My tonic was gone, and with it all strength left me. And what was worse, I was becoming like other men, the pang of mortality seized me. I weakened, became frantic—then all was dark.

When I recovered my senses I was in a strange place, so wild and lonely, bleak and desolate. The sun shone pitilessly upon me, wild snakes with thousands of wings were soaring about, shooting electric sparks from their fiery tongues, millions of queer frog-shaped insects wheeled through the air making queer streaks of noise that sounded red and blue. All sorts of vapors filled the air—some smelling cold, others almost suffocating one with a sense of loudness. My senses were mixed. I almost fainted. Suddenly I felt a reviving presence, and turning, I heard a red vision that filled the air with a sound like silence. I pursued the guiding gleam and found to my surprise that it was my old friend, Jim McGheé, catching dicocleptywigs for biological experiments. I learned to my joy that he had just come from Hades and was going back now, and would gladly show me the way. We walked along, I silent with admiration of Jim and the new honors that had been bestowed on him. He had been elected a mem-

ber of the Royal Scientific Society of Hades, and after a considerable discussion with Thomson, had defeated that worthy in a debate concerning the electron theory and had proven once for all the superiority of biology over physics. He was now president of that august body. He had been nominated for gymnasium instructor, and after a hot campaign had succeeded in defeating Goliath for that position, and had tied the ballot with Samson, but kindly withdrew in favor of Samson since Delilah threatened to scalp him if he didn't, and he thought his hair was too pretty to sacrifice for such petty honors.

I was glad to arrive at Hades and find all things restored to their natural order. I left Jim and went to the boarding house. I was almost famished with hunger. I eagerly rushed into the hall to be met by a sickening odor of onions. A protest was being raised and finally the inn keeper came and carried them out to feed to the little tame lions. A general hubbub ensued. "Rummy" Wrenn was calling for Irish potatoes. "Dick" Kelly, unreasonable as ever, asked for rare steak, as if one could expect anything rare in this hot place. Only one sign of improvement could be noted. "Jerry" Jerome doesn't forget to turn up his glass for water in time now and doesn't put gravy in his coffee any more.

They seemed terribly glad to see me. Bill Bryan wanted to know where I had been and when someone said I was late because I had just come from the Woman's Building, he sighed a plaintive sigh, and then cheered up and whickered and said, "Yes, begravy, I wish I was there." Things progressed finely for a few minutes and I asked for some ice-water—it was getting hot. The inn keeper said that it had turned cooler by a fraction of a degree, and we didn't need any. I missed my old friend, Mac Campbell. "Rummy" said that he was sorry, but Mac had cut acquaintance with them, not wilfully, to be sure, but owing to his likeness to Henry VIII he had been mistaken for royalty, and since they

couldn't be told apart Henry was afraid he'd get mixed with Mac sometimes, and eat at the Senior table, and he couldn't stand that crowd. So to avoid mistakes, Mac ate with royalty. He says he can make out pretty well since Helen of Troy sits just opposite and makes him feel sort of at home.

The meal was disgusting, so Rummy and I started down to the cafê to get supper.

Suddenly a familiar lisp struck my ear: "Oh, Wummy, Wummy, can you tell me what stweet Wuth lives on?" It was "Johnny," who, like Dante, was seeking his sweetheart in the infernal shades. A policeman offered the desired information, and Johnny was soon oblivious to the heat of this unpleasant place. (A man in love can stand anything).

I was surprised to find that these people were so natural. I myself began to have my old doubts and fears and loves and hatreds. I asked if they had found any solution to earth's problems yet. "Rummy" told me that there was a philosophic meeting that very afternoon. It was to be a discussion as to "What is all this worth," or, "Why do men think?" "Dick" Peele was the champion of Schopenhauer's philosophy. Dick was a noted orator in college, and his favorite subjects were philosophic subjects. He had gained high marks by affecting an interest in these things. He now rose to speak. In his characteristic way he put his hand on his hip, and smoothly began to speak of the chasing of the shadows, the pursuit of the will of the wisp and the fleeting of the rainbow. (Upon the mention of the rainbow, a howl of rage burst from every throat except Stedman's, for it was *hot* there, and "sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"). Dick showed the failure of all things and wound off by quoting the Scripture, "We shall know as we are known," and maintained that it was false, that we did not yet know. Stedman, in answering, showed clearly that the Scripture was true, that it only said "as we are known" and that Dick always was an unknown quantity, and a slick article. He proved that a man's will could so adjust him to

circumstances that he could "thrive in evil and work good out of pain," triumphant though in ruin. Other divisions of the subject came up. Time and space were freely discussed. Miss Minor said she could not entirely give up her old ideas. She was willing to give up *space,* but couldn't part with *"Time."* Cyrus Steward now had the floor, and with great zeal stood out for the old order of things. He would defend not only time but space. "Now," said he, "I'll use an illustration. In my college days there were two girls very different in size. Do you mean to tell me that it took as much room for Miss Brown as for—" "Be keerful, Si," came a voice from a portly lady whom I at once recognized. But my mind involuntarily went back to the funny edition of the Atlanta Constitution, to the series headed: "And her name was (?) Mrs. —— next spoke. She had found philosophy a failure. While she did not study it in school, yet she tried experiments along that line. She had hoped to remain *young* forever, but finally yielded to the persuasion of a '07 man as he quoted, "Grow old along with me," and so she is *young* no longer. Claude Hicks presided over the meeting. (He won his position by being philosophically minded. In college he made fair grades on philosophy and never read a page). He announced that much study "was a weariness to the flesh" and where "ignorance was bliss 'twas folly to be wise." He declared his preference to optimism and tried to rule out further questioning, but that would interfere with Jerome's chief pastime, so it was decided to leave the meeting open for discussion. The question arose now as to who was the greatest lawyer, Moses, Blackstone, or Dick Kelly. After a heated discussion Moses won the decision on the ground that he made the right side of the Red Sea appear to be the wrong side, and that he who could run a "four card flush" the cleverest, was the best lawyer. Kelly appealed from the decision of the committee on the ground that he had bluffed the shrewdest professor on the campus into giving

him high grades when he hadn't even bought a book. The appeal was granted on this ground, and since the court of appeals consists of ex-Governor Holton, Chief Justice Hutchinson, and District Attorney Jerome, Kelly will likely win. They know him pretty well. The meeting adjourned without anyone being convinced. I then went to the office of the Chronicle, and what was my surprise to discover that my old friend Hoffman was still editor. He says he is still troubled with the resignation of associate editors, and to make matters worse he has no local editors as good as he had in college. He had one then who knew what visitors were attractive and what not. The Chronicle had some very interesting items, especially in the alumni notes, which department was still edited by Mr. Bryan. One announcement was to the effect that J. M. Templeton, Jr., beat Napoleon in arguing history from what might have happened. Napoleon was talking about what might have been if his marshal had been on time at Waterloo. Templeton easily convinced him that the issue was slight compared with what might have been if P. Wyche had fanned out at the Junior-Senior baseball game. Another controversy with the ancients was won by Portlock Wilson. Jacob claimed to be the most faithful and patient lover in the history of the world. Portlock proved that his friend Benton had waited longer and loved more faithfully and patiently than Jacob.

An announcement was made that the Hades Glee Club would give an entertainment on fifth day of December (counting in world terms). J. R. McPhail, Jr., was manager, but he said he got mighty poor backing. No one would help him but Wells, and he was too busy running the dyferno and explaining his nickname to help much. Mac wasn't flushed with time. His punishment was extra hard because he had flirted with so many women on earth.

I asked for the girls (mirabile dictu). They had all lost their identity, of course, but "what's in a name?" "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." To their credit be

it said that they had no desire to vote. They were content with henpecking their husbands and shaping their politics. The only heiress that we had did not do foolish as so many rich girls do, and sacrifice love and wealth for a title. She might have been in a Duke's family, but preferred to give a name for love.

Upon leaving the Chronicle office I met the business manager, who was formerly the president of our class. He told me there would be a class meeting in the next ward on the morrow. Upon arriving I found all there but Culbreth, Cole and Guthrie. They were on a picture committee. Upon calling the meeting together Mr. Hutchinson stated that its object was to reconsider the purchase of the coldstone bench. He much preferred a fountain. The subject was referred to a committee. Mr. Page was congratulated on his success as manager of the team and Mr. Wrenn upon his being selected as all-Hades catcher. Phillips was tried for collecting a dollar and not giving it back to the man who gave it to him. It was proven that he was right and he was acquitted. A class banquet was suggested, but since hot beer wasn't good, it was decided not to have one. Jerome made a hot speech in favor of the banquet, which was probably the reason they decided not to have it. Great men are always misunderstood. About this time the picture committee reported and the debate on full face or profile began. Phillips began a famous appeal to sit and look the world square in the face. It was the only thing to do. He appealed to their conscience—conscience! I was startled at the mention of the word. I shrieked and fell off the edge of the bed. I was only dreaming.

N. B.—Several people were not mentioned. I have no recollection of seeing them in my dream. Two at least I'm sure. Whitley and Peanut Pender were too innocent to go to such a place. I dare say they are in the Paradise of Fools. How I miss them!

TRINITY.

BY J. H. HIGHSMITH.

Trinity, my Alma Mater,
O, how precious is thy name!
Name that ev'ry son and daughter
Loves with great delight to claim.
May thy children e'er prove worthy
Of the name which thou dost bear.
Trinity, go forth in glory,
Evermore the truth declare.

On the field of battle gory
Thy brave sons have bled and died;
Died to give their country glory,
And that peace might e'er abide.
In the busy marts of commerce
Thy true sons are active there.
Trinity, go forth in glory,
Evermore the truth declare.

In the halls of legislation
Thou hast ever found a place;
Thou hast e'er upheld the nation,
And imparted to it grace.
Then thy ministers, and teachers,
Ever doth their duties bear.
Trinity, go forth in glory,
Evermore the truth declare.

Standing on a height exalted,
Trinity, send forth thy light;
Be unto all souls benighted
Mighty beacon, strong and bright.
Send thy rays till Carolina
Nevermore shall know despair.
Trinity, go forth in glory,
Evermore the truth declare.

YE CHRONICLES OF YE NOUGHTY SEVENS.

"History is the biography of great men," says Carlyle. In another place in this magazine is a record of what this class has accomplished as a whole; it will probably interest some to know the individual work of its members. The record of the class as a whole is due in some measure to men who are not in college; we wish to know the story of the faithful few who persevered and came up through great tribulation from the green Meadows of Freshmanism to the Land of Diploma. There were more than a hundred who set out upon the weary pilgrimage to this fair land, but some fell in the slough of flunkeyism, others feared to pass the professor-lions (not knowing that they were less harmful than they looked), and only two score have arrived at the goal, to lay their weary burdens down and take up the crown of sheep-skin.

To judge the class by its first member one would not expect a very great nor fair record, for she was a small *Brown* maiden, but appearances are deceiving; she was "so womanly benign and meek" that she straightway won the favor of the professors and the heart of a classmate, and she has persisted in keeping both till now.

Beyond the Alps lies Northampton, and it was from this region that Billy Bryan came like Troilus, sighing his soul toward the sand hills where his true love lived. And when the moon softly lingered over the fountain he could be heard softly crooning the strains of Juanita. But "time that strengthens friendship weakens love" and Bill has forgotten the other girl and applies himself diligently to his books—and the Woman's Building. He has managed to edge into favor with all the faculty (probably due to his good looks) and likes the place so well that he has decided to take his M. A. (ry) degree if possible. He will probably teach.

From the last place he hung up his hat Mac Campbell

came swaggering down the pike. Mac, too, has a faculty of telling more than he knows and running a bluff, so he has made a fair record. He has been an all round college man. He has "a heart with room for every joy." He would probably have made the glee club but for the fact that a strain of melancholy cracked his voice when, as a Freshman, he was entertaining Sophomore visitors. He still attempts to sing occasionally, his favorite song being "Of all the girls that e'er were seen, there's none so fine as Nelly." He will probably have a time getting a better half. "A camel drinks only every seven days; who wants to be a Campbell." He is a little unsettled as to what to do, but from his peculiar affinity for chairs one might infer that he would go in the chair business.

The "Old Man Eloquent" is a valuable addition to the class. He can "make the worse appear the better reason." He has won debating honors for his class on four different occasions. He is the only Cole that can't be caught by a young girl in evening dress.

Frank Culbreth came from Fayetteville and is going to get married if he can. He is one of those silent men who never parade their worth, but wait for it to be discovered.

"Time" Daniels came from historic Roanoke Island. He has a special liking for mathematics and has elected it through his entire course. He likes music, too, but can sing only in the *minor* scale.

Hoffman belongs to that class of gentle "men who write with care." He will never be successful as a journalist. He tells the truth. No man can be a successful newspaper man who would not make an acceptable member of an Ananias club.

Holton will succeed everywhere. He has done his work thoroughly in all phases. He nearly worried Perrow to death by causing him to read a history paper four times before he could find a mistake. He has a peculiar attachment

for the ladies, but believes that "distance lends enchantment to the view." He will probably teach, preach, study law or get married. He can do any of the four. "And still they gazed and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew."

John Hutchison started from Charlotte just five years ago next September (nobody said so, but he must have started that early to get here in time). His favorite maxims are "It's better late than never" and "Haste makes waste." His life has been "checkered shade and sunshine." He has swung sheets to the flag-pole, blown up his fingers with cannon-crackers, and caused billy goats to butt out the chapel windows. But he has lost his childish fun and gone to studying. He will probably be a judge, if he escapes justice himself.

Jerome must have fallen out of a balloon in college. He hasn't ceased to ask questions and wonder yet. His favorite expression is, "Say ye did?" He is jolly and good natured, considering his trials. He, like Atlas, carries the world on his shoulders. Jerry is not very brilliant, but conquers by sheer force of persistent work. He will make a star success in life. He will probably keep a combination peanut stand, bookstore and question box.

Jones will be a fowler and make his living catching snipes for the market. His policy in work is "Enough is as good as a feast."

Miss Jordan has a world-vision. She has made a specialty of foreign languages, and will probably be a missionary to China.

Dick Kelly has been among the quietest and gentlest of Trinity students. His time has been spent in a diligent study of law and sociology. He is just a little bit of a bluff and prides himself on being able to run a four card flush. He will probably rank with Blackstone as a jurist.

Jim McGhee spent his college course catching bugs and bull-frogs. He has been fortunate enough to obtain favor in

the sight of the faculty. He will be physical director in Harvard University.

Joe McPhail was not dull, but was too much of a society man to make grades. He worked in the office four years free of charge just to get a monopoly on the telephone. He loves so many women that he will probably reform and be a Mormon elder.

Miss Minor has been occupied in studying philosophy. She is very industrious and doesn't believe in killing *"time."*

Johnny Nathan couldn't work for going to see the women. He made quite a reputation by driving away a burglar from the house of his beloved. He will make a good newspaper reporter, since he can readily detect the attractiveness of all guests at sight.

The brightest *Page* in our class is Henry. He knows more than he gives himself credit for. He can write things that he can't tell. He has to carry a writing pad along and write when he gets hungry so that he will find it out and won't starve to death.

Dick Peele came from nowhere and is going to nothing. He will fool Gabriel at the gates of Paradise. He read second year Greek and learned the alphabet at the same time. He believes that Longfellow was wrong in his statement that "Things are not what they seem."

Pender will probably succeed in life. He will go into joint partnership with Jerome in order to get magazines cheap. He has a bright end in view (and will have until he becomes bald-headed).

Pendergraph will succeed. He has proven himself a stayer. The man who can court for sixteen long years will revolutionize the world some day. Patience must have its reward.

Phillips will be a wealthy man. His care and dignity attract universal attention. He does things on a square basis and is very conscientious. He is a jolly good fellow and can often be heard singing some merry song such as: "I wish I

was a married man and had a wife whose name was Fan," or "Give my regards to Broadway."

George Pope, the Arkansas traveller, came in on a slow train from Arkansas with his red head poked out in front of the locomotive in place of a head light and he has been painting the town red since he arrived. He is something of a dude, and is very fastidious in his dress, his *waistcott* being the only thing that suits him.

"It" Spence came from the depths of the Dismal Swamp and still retains his swampy verdure. He has been a regular sucker, biting at everything except Collier's. He is egotistical enough to think that he can succeed in any phase of life. He is a preacher, politician, first-rate doctor, and thinks of entering the law school and taking his M. L. degree.

Stedman will probably be a livery stable man or a philosopher.

Portlock Wilson has proven himself capable of carrying a heavy course in college and attending to a Parish at the same time. He has reversed Wesley's motto: "The world is my parish," and says, "My Parish is the world" (to me).

"Rummy" Wrenn came swaggering in from Siler City, with his trunk packed with rabbit hides to pay his tuition, and his clothes in a baseball sack. Since rabbit skins were at a low price, he sold part of the campus to make up the deficiency. He has been a first-class ball catcher and has practiced jerking down balls to make them look like strikes until he can fool the professor umpire and slide in home without earning a run. He will divide his time between playing ball and reading magazines, but will one day fan once too often, for he will fan some pretty girl and forfeit the game of bluff which he has been playing these many years. "Things are not what they seem." "Rummy" is not as cold as he appears to be. May his troubles be little ones, his trials few, and may he always manage his affairs as well as he has managed the Archive and the faculty.

Ye chronicles are ended.

A SMILE AND A FROWN.

BY ANNIE H. BROWNING.

They were both angry, of that I'm sure,
Though I don't know what it was all about;
But the smile said, "Not much more I'll endure,
You understand, you had better get out."

Then wisely the smile invoked the aid
Of a merry, dancing, bright sunbeam,
Which had stolen out in the leafy glade
To play awhile on the rippling stream.

"O, come and help me, please," she cried,
"To banish the frown from May's dear face;
To drive it alone I've vainly tried,
And I shudder at such a rude grimace."

Then the sunbeam gladly gave his aid;
He thought that it would be but merest play
To smooth the lines which the frown had made,
And clear and brighten the cloudy day.

I need not tell of the frown's defeat,
Nor how she hastened to fly away,
And leave that we're always glad to greet,
A happy smile and a sunny day.

QUIT KICKING.

BY S. F. PEARCE.

Quit kicking just because you think
The old world's going wrong,
There is always something somewhere
Of happiness and song.
Besides, you never made the world;
Life's scheme is not your own;
Quit kicking, take what happens, and
Just reap what you have sown.

Quit kicking, man. The world's not bad;
At least it could be worse,
We live and dream, that's worth the while;
We ponder themes and verse;
We sing and love, we hate and feel;
We laugh, sometimes we weep—
So all the pulsing passions are
Compassed in the sweep.

TO WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY EDWIN M'INTOSH.

I love the West, the "Land of the Sky,"
Where the rollicking rills sing a sweet lullaby;
Where the deep, cool draughts of fresh, balmy air
Make one forgetful of every care;
Where the deep blue hills in a sunset of gold
Are an every-day sight that never grows old.
There the grandeur and beauty of mountain heights,
The radiant splendor of starlit nights
Make the heart beat faster with a wild desire
To do something greater, and nobler, and higher.

H. E. SPENCE, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
HOLLAND HOLTON, - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

With this issue, the twentieth volume of the ARCHIVE is finished, but not completed. We had hoped to make this number something of a Senior edition, but we have been disappointed. The entire volume is miserably poor compared with our ideals. We have no apologies to offer, no criticisms to make. Matters were never mended with words. It's too late to correct mistakes. If you have supported us we are grateful. If you have failed to help us because you can't write, then that's more of your misfortune than your fault. If you have failed because you don't like us that's our fault, but not our misfortune. We have no wish to place the responsibility on other shoulders. Criticise us all you please, if you have done your best to help us. If you criticise without having helped to remedy the defects we still wish you no harm, we would ask his Satanic Majesty to give you an easy place—make you editor of the Inferno Argivus with an ice-factory ad on the first page. What is written is written.

Date Due

Apr 21'36			
Apr 17'37			

L. B. Cat. No. 1137

Duke University Libraries
D02600588T

Tr.R.
378.756 T833Q v.20 33376

Trinity Archive

Tr.R.
378.756 T833Q v.20 33376

Duke University Libraries
D02600588T